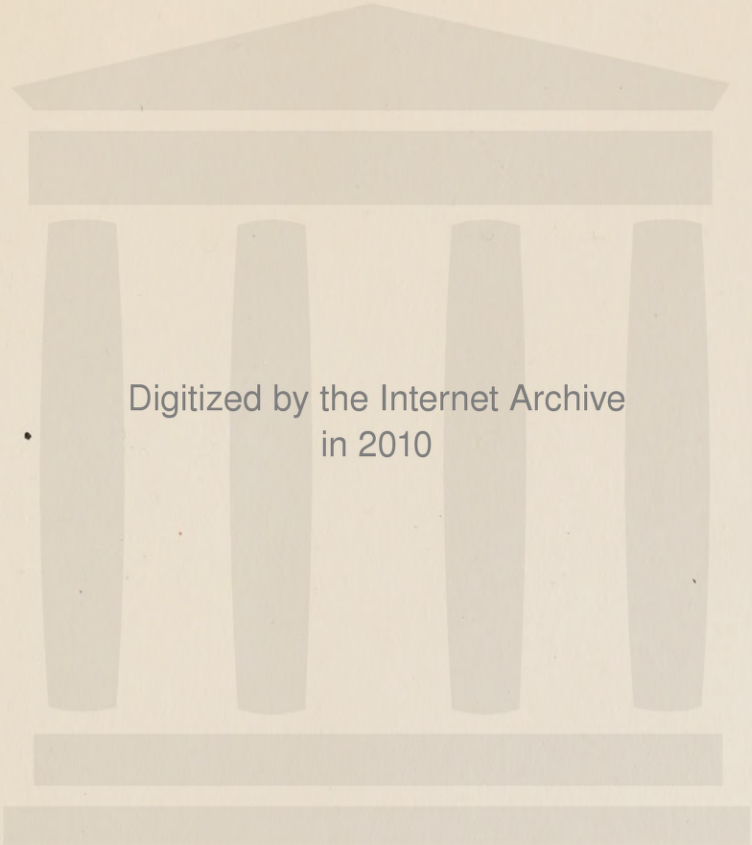
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A THOUSAND HOURS OF ENTERTAINMENT
WITH THE WORLD'S GREAT WRITERS

"ALFOXDEN," WORDSWORTH'S HOUSE, NEAR THAT OF COLERIDGE

By JOHN L. STODDARD

Vol. III

ILLUSTRATED

CHICAGO AND BOSTON
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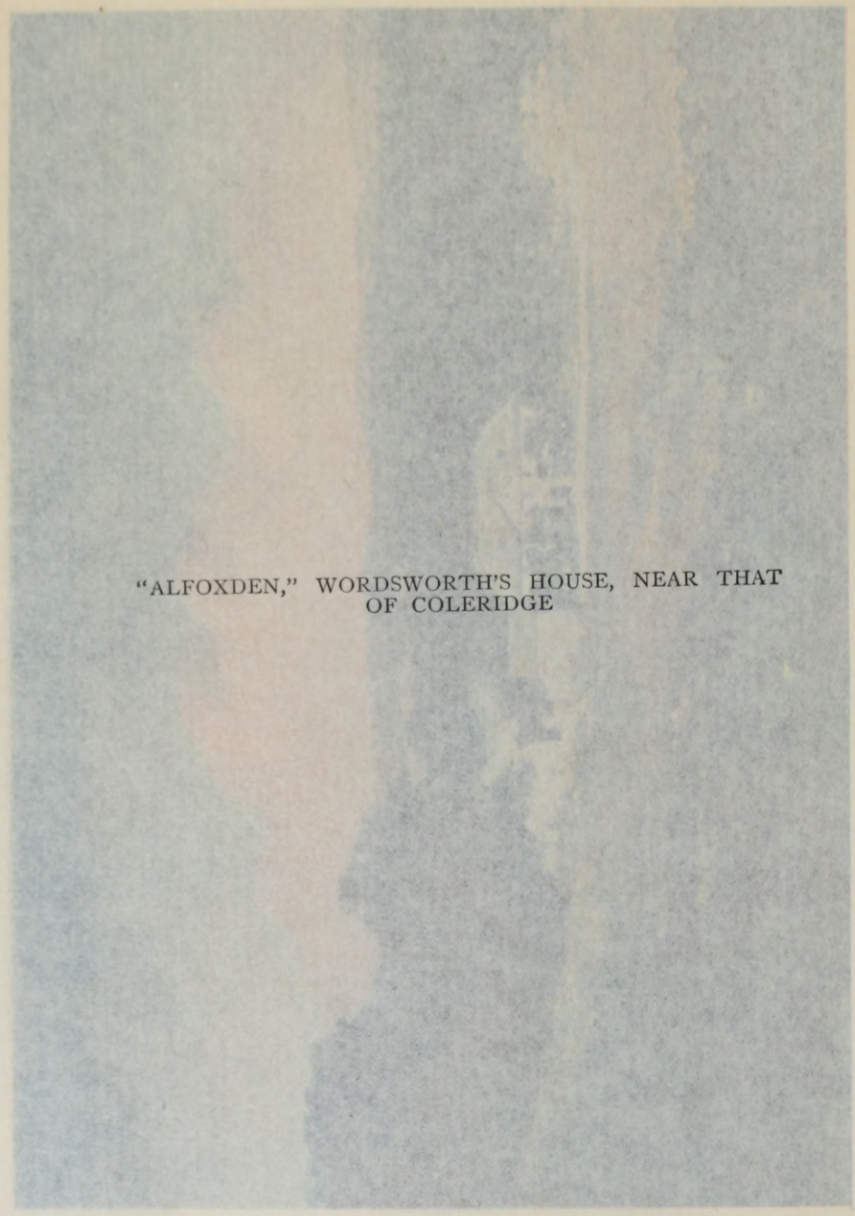

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THOMAS HENRY HALL CAINE

THOMAS HENRY HALL CAINE. Born at Runcorn, Cheshire, England, August, 1853. Author of "Recollections of Rossetti," "The Shadow of a Crime," "A Son of Hagar," "The Deemster," "The Little Manx Nation," "The Scapegoat," "The Manxman," and "The Christian." The author's home is at Greeba Castle, Isle of Man.

Among the novelists of the day, Caine stands in the very front rank for striking incident, picturesque environment, spiritual insight, dramatic power, and character studies of a high order.

(From "THE BONDMAN")

STEPHEN ORRY, SEAMAN, OF STAPPEN

H. JORGEN JORGENSEN was Governor-General of Iceland. He was a Dane, born in Copenhagen, apprenticed to the sea on board an English trader, afterwards employed as a petty officer in the British navy, and sometime in command of a Danish privateer during an alliance of Denmark and France against England. A rover, a schemer, a shrewd man of affairs, who was honest by way of interest, just by policy, generous by strategy, and who never suffered his conscience, which was not a good one, to get the better of him.

In one of his adventures he had sailed a Welsh brig from Liverpool to Reykjavík. This had been his introduction to the Icelandic capital, then a little, hungry, creeping settlement, with its face towards America and its wooden feet in the sea. It had also been his introduction to the household of the Welsh merchant, who had a wharf by the old Canning basin at Liverpool, a counting-house behind his residence in Wolstenholme Square, and a daughter of five-and-twenty. Jorgen, by his own proposal, was to barter English produce for Icelandic tallow. On his first voyage he took out a hundred tons of salt, and brought back a heavy cargo of lava ballast. On his second voyage he took out the Welshman's daughter as his wife, and did not again trouble to send home an empty ship.

He had learned that mischief was once more brewing between England and Denmark, had violated his English letters of mark, and run into Copenhagen, induced the authorities there, on the strength of his knowledge of English affairs, to appoint him to the Governor-Generalship of Iceland (then vacant) at a salary of four hundred pounds a year, and landed at Reykjavík with the Icelandic flag, of the white falcon on the blue ground — the banner of the Vikings — at the masthead of his father-in-law's Welsh brig.

Jorgen Jorgensen was then in his early manhood, and the strong heart of the man did not decline with years, but rode it out with him through life to death. He had always intended to have a son and build up a family. It was the sole failure of his career that he had only a daughter. That had been a disaster for which he was not accountable, but he prepared himself to make a good end of a bad beginning. With God's assistance and his own extreme labor he meant to marry his daughter to Count Trollop, the Danish Minister for Iceland, a functionary with five hundred a year, a house at Reykjavík, and another at the Danish capital.

This person was five-and-forty, tall, wrinkled, powdered, oiled, and devoted to gallantry. Jorgen's daughter, resembling her Welsh mother, was patient in suffering, passionate in love, and fierce in hatred. Her name was Rachel. At the advent of Count Trollop she was twenty, and her mother had then been some years dead.

The Count perceived Jorgen's drift, smiled at it, silently acquiesced in it, took even a languid interest in it, arising partly out of the Governor's position and the wealth the honest man was supposed to have amassed in the rigorous exercise of a place of power, and partly out of the daughter's own comeliness, which was not to be despised. At first the girl, on her part, neither assisted her father's designs nor resisted them, but showed complete indifference to the weighty questions whom she should marry, when she should marry, and how she should marry; and this mood of mind contented her down to the first week in July that followed the anniversary of her twenty-first birthday.

That was the month of Althing, the national holiday of four-

teen days, when the people's law-givers — the governor, the bishop, the speaker, and the sheriffs — met the people's delegates and some portion of the people themselves at the ancient Mount of Laws in the valley of Thingvellir, for the reading of the old statutes and the promulgation of the new ones, for the trial of felons and the settlement of claims, for the making of love and the making of quarrels, for wrestling and horse-fighting, for the practice of arms and the breaking of heads. Count Trollop was in Iceland at this celebration of the ancient festival, and he was induced by Jorgen to give it the light of his countenance. The Governor's company set out on half-a-hundred of the native ponies, and his daughter rode between himself and the Count. During that ride of six or seven long Danish miles, Jorgen settled the terms of the intended transfer to his own complete contentment. The Count acquiesced, and the daughter did not rebel.

The lonely valley was reached, the tents were pitched, the Bishop hallowed the assembly with solemn ceremonies, and the business of Althing began. Three days the work went on, and Rachel wearied of it; but on the fourth the wrestling was started, and her father sent for her to sit with him on the Mount and to present at the end of the contest the silver-buckled belt to the champion of all Iceland. She obeyed the summons with indifference, and took her seat beside the Judge, with the Count standing at her side. In the space below there was a crowd of men and boys, women and children, gathered about the ring. One wrestler was throwing every one that came before him. His name was Patriksen, and he was supposed to be descended from the Irish, who settled ages ago on the Westmann Islands. His success became monotonous; at every fresh bout his self-confidence grew more insufferable, and the girl's eyes wandered from the spectacle to the spectators. From that instant her indifference fell away.

By the outskirts of the crowd, on one of the lower mounds of the Mount of Laws, a man sat with his head in his hand and his elbow on his knee. His head was bare, and from his hairy breast his woollen shirt was thrown back by reason of the heat. He was a magnificent creature — young, stalwart, fair-haired, broad-chested, with limbs like the beech tree, and muscles like

its great, gnarled round heads. His coat, a sort of sailor's jacket, was coarse and torn; his stockings, reaching to his knees, were cut and brown. He did not seem to heed the wrestling, and there rested upon him the idle air of the lusty Icelander — the languor of the tired animal. Only when, at the close of a bout, a cheer rose, and a way was made through the crowd for the exit of the vanquished man, did he lift up his great slow eyes — gray as those of a seal, and as calm and lusterless.

The wrestling came to an end. Patriksen justified his Irish blood, and was proclaimed the winner, and stepped up to the foot of the Mount, that the daughter of the Governor might buckle about him the champion's belt. The girl went through her function listlessly, her eyes wandering to where the fair-haired giant sat apart. Then the Westmann islander called for drink that he might treat the losing men; and having drunk himself, he began to swagger afresh, saying that they might find him the strongest and lustiest man that day at Thingvellir, and he would bargain to throw him over his back. As he spoke he strutted by the bottom of the Mount, and the man who sat there lifted his head and looked at him. Something in the glance arrested Patriksen, and he stopped.

"This seems to be a lump of a lad," he said. "Let us see what we can do with him."

And at that he threw his long arms about the stalwart fellow, squared his broad hips before him, thrust down his head into his breast until his red neck was as thick as a bullock's, and threw all the strength of his body into his arms that he might lift the man out of his seat. But he moved him not an inch. With feet that held the earth like the hoofs of an ox, the young man sat unmoved.

Then those who had followed at the islander's heels for the liquor he was spending first stared in wonderment at his failure, and next laughed in derision of his bragging, and shouted to know why, before it was too late, the young man had not taken a bout at the wrestling, for that he who could hold his seat so must be the strongest-limbed man between the fells and the sea. Hearing this Patriksen tossed his head in anger, and said it was not yet too late, that if he took home the champion's belt it should be no rue-bargain to master or man from sea to sea, and,

buckled though it was, it should be his who could take it from its place.

At that word the young fellow rose, and then it was seen that his right arm was useless, being broken between the elbow and the wrist, and bound with a kerchief above the wound. Nothing loath for this infirmity, he threw his other arm about the waist of the islander, and the two men closed for a fall. Patriksen had the first grip, and he swung to it, thinking straightway to lay his adversary by the heels; but the young man held his feet, and then, pushing one leg between the legs of the islander, planting the other knee into his stomach, thrusting his head beneath his chin, he knuckled his left hand under the islander's rib, pulled towards him, pushed from him, threw the weight of his body forward, and like a green withe Patriksen doubled backwards with a groan. Then at a rush of the islander's kinsmen, and a cry that his back would be broken, the young man loosed his grip, and Patriksen rolled from him to the earth, as a clod rolls from the plowshare.

All this time Jorgen's daughter had craned her neck to look over the heads of the people, and when the tussle was at an end, her face, which had been strained to the point of anguish, relaxed to smiles, and she turned to her father and asked if the champion's belt should not be his who had overcome the champion. But Jorgen answered no — that the contest was over, and judgment made, and he who would take the champion's belt must come to the next Althing and earn it. Then the girl unlocked her necklace of coral and silver spangles, beckoned the young man to her, bound the necklace about his broken arm close up by the shoulder, and asked him his name.

"Stephen," he answered.

"Whose son?" said she.

"Orryson — but they call me Stephen Orry."

"Of what craft?"

"Seaman, of Stappen, under Snaefell Jökull."

The Westmann islander had rolled to his legs by this time, and now he came shambling up, with the belt in his hand and his sullen eyes on the ground.

"Keep it," he said, and flung the belt at the girl's feet, between her and his adversary. Then he strode away through the throng,

with curses on his white lips and the veins of his squat forehead swollen and dark.

It was midnight before the crowds had broken up and straggled back to their tents, but the sun of this northern land was still half above the horizon, and its dull red glow was on the waters of the lake that lay to the west of the valley. In the dim light of an hour later, when the hills of Thingvellir slept under the cloud-shadow that was their only night, Stephen Orry stood with the Governor's daughter by the door of the Thingvellir parsonage, for Jorgen's company were the parson's guests. He held out the champion's belt to her and said, "Take it back, for if I keep it the man and his kinsmen will follow me all the days of my life."

She answered him that it was his, for he had won it, and until it was taken from him he must hold it, and if he stood in peril from the kinsmen of any man let him remember that it was she, daughter of the Governor himself, who had given it. The air was hushed in that still hour, not a twig or a blade rustling over the serried face of that desolate land as far as the wooded rifts that stood under the snowy dome of the Armannfells. As she spoke there was a sharp noise near at hand, and he started; but she rallied him on his fears, and laughed that one who had felled the blustering champion of that day should tremble at a noise in the night.

There was a wild outcry in Thingvellir the next morning. Patriksen, the Westmann islander, had been murdered. There was a rush of the people to the place where his body had been found. It lay like a rag across the dike that ran between the parsonage and the church. On the dead man's face was the look that all had seen there when last night he flung down the belt between his adversary and the Governor's daughter, crying, "Keep it." But his sullen eyes were glazed, and stared up without the quivering of a lid through the rosy sunlight; the dark veins on his brow were now purple, and when they lifted him they saw that his back was broken.

Then there was a gathering at the foot of the Mount, with the priest for judge, and nine men of those who had slept in the tents nearest to the body for inquest. Nothing was discovered. No one had heard a sound throughout the night. There was no

charge to lay before the law-givers at Althing. The kinsmen of the dead man cast dark looks at Stephen Orry, but he gave never a sign. Next day the strong man was laid under the shallow turf of the church garth. His little life's swaggering was swaggered out; he must sleep on till the resurrection without one brag more.

The Governor's daughter did not leave the guest room of the parsonage from the night of the wrestling onwards to the end of the Althing holiday, and then, the last ceremonies done, the tents struck and the ponies saddled, she took her place between Jorgen and the Count for the return journey home. Twenty paces behind her the fair-haired Stephen Orry rode on his shaggy pony, which was gaunt and peaky and bearded as a goat, and five paces behind him rode the brother of the dead man Patriksen. Amid five hundred men and women, and eight hundred horses saddled for riding or packed with burdens, these three had set their faces towards the little wooden capital.

July passed into August, and the day was near that had been appointed by Jorgen Jorgensen for the marriage of his daughter to the Count Trollop. At the girl's request the marriage was postponed. The second day came nigh; again the girl excused herself, and again the marriage was put off. A third time the appointed day approached, and a third time the girl asked for delay. But Jorgen's iron will was to be tampered with no longer. The time was near when the Minister must return to Copenhagen, and that was reason enough why the thing in hand should be despatched. The marriage must be delayed no longer.

But then the Count betrayed reluctance. Rumor had pestered him with reports that vexed his pride. He dropped hints of them to the Governor. "Strange," said he, "that a woman should prefer the stink of the fulmar to the perfumes of civilization." Jorgen fired up at the sneer. His daughter was his daughter, and he was Governor-General of the island. What low-born churl would dare to lift his eyes to the child of Jorgen Jorgensen?

The Count had his answer pat. He had made inquiries. The man's name was Stephen Orry. He came from Stappen under Snaefell, and was known there for a wastrel. On the poor glory of his village vogue as an athlete, he idled his days in

bed and his nights at the tavern. His father, an honest thrall, was dead; his mother lived by splitting and drying stock-fish for English traders. He was the foolish old woman's pride, and she kept him. Such was the man whom the daughter of the Governor had chosen before the Minister for Iceland.

At that Jorgen's hard face grew livid and white by turns. They were sitting at supper in Government House, and, with an oath, the Governor brought his fist down on the table. It was a lie; his daughter knew no more of the man than he did. The Count shrugged his shoulders, and asked where she was then, that she was not with them. Jorgen answered, with an absent look, that she was forced to keep her room.

At that moment a message came for the Count. It was urgent, and could not wait. The Count went to the door, and, returning presently, asked if Jorgen was sure that his daughter was in the house. Certain of it he was, for she was ill, and the days were deepening to winter. But for all his assurance, Jorgen sprang up from his seat and made for his daughter's chamber. She was not there, and the room was empty. The Count met him in the corridor. "Follow me," he whispered, and Jorgen followed, his proud, stern head bent low.

In the rear of the Government House at Reykjavík there is a small meadow. That night it was inches deep in the year's first fall of snow, but two persons stood together there, close locked in each other's arms — Stephen Orry and the daughter of Jorgen Jorgensen. With the tread of a cat a man crept up behind them. It was the brother of Patriksen. At his back came the Count and the Governor. The snow-cloud lifted, and a white gush of moonlight revealed all. With a cry of a wild beast Jorgen flung himself between his daughter and her lover, leapt at Stephen and struck him hard on the breast, and then, as the girl dropped to her knees at his feet, he cursed her. "Bastard," he shrieked, "there's no blood of mine in your body. Go to your filthy offal, and may the devil damn you both."

She stopped her ears to shut out the torrent of a father's curse, but before the flood of it was spent she fell backward cold and senseless, and her upturned face was whiter than the snow. Then her giant lover lifted her in his arms and strode away in silence.

THE MOTHER OF A MAN

THE daughter of the Governor-General and the seaman of Stappen were made man and wife, and the little Lutheran priest who married them, Sir Sigfus Thomson, a worthy man and a good Christian, had reason to remember the ceremony. Within a week he was removed from his chaplaincy at the capital to the parsonage of Grimsey, the smallest cure of the Icelandic Church, on an island separated from the mainland by seven Danish miles of sea.

The days that followed brought Rachel no cheer of life. She had thought that her husband would take her away to his home under Snaefell, and so remove her from the scene of her humiliation. He excused himself, saying that Stappen was a poor place, where the great ships never put into trade, and that there was more chance of livelihood at Reykjavík. Rachel crushed down her shame, and they took a mean little house in the fishing quarter. Stephen did no work. Once he went out four days with a company of Englishmen as guide to the Geysers, and on his return he idled four weeks on the wharves, looking at the foreign seamen as they arrived by the boats. The fame of his exploit at Thingvellir had brought him a troop of admirers, and what he wanted for his pleasure he never lacked. But necessity began to touch him at home, and then he hinted to Rachel that her father was rich. She had borne his indifference to her degradation, she had not murmured at the idleness that pinched them, but at that word something in her heart seemed to break. She bent her head and said nothing. He went on to hint that she should go to her father, who seeing her need would surely forgive her. Then her proud spirit could brook no more. "Rather than darken my father's doors again," she said, "I will starve on a crust of bread and a drop of water."

Things did not mend, and Stephen began to cast down his eyes in shame when Rachel looked at him. Never a word of blame she spoke, but he reproached himself and talked of his old mother at Stappen. She was the only one who could do any good with him. She knew him, and did not spare him. When she was near he worked sometimes, and did not drink too much. He must send for her.

Rachel raised no obstacle, and one day the old mother came, perched on a bony, ragged-eared pony, and with all her belongings in the pack behind her. She was a little, hard-featured woman; and, at the first sight of her seamed and blotted face, Rachel's spirit sank.

The old woman was active and restless. Two days after her arrival she was at work at her old trade of splitting and drying stock-fish. All the difference that the change had made for her was that she was working on the beach at Reykjavík instead of the beach at Stappen, and living with her son and her son's wife instead of alone.

Her coming did not better the condition of Rachel. She had measured her new daughter-in-law from head to foot at their first meeting, and neither smiled nor kissed her. She was devoted to her son, and no woman was too good for him. Her son had loved her, and Rachel had come between them. The old woman made up her mind to hate the girl, because her fine manners and comely face were a daily rebuke to her own coarse habits and homely looks, and an hourly contrast always present to Stephen's eyes.

Stephen was as idle as ever, and less ashamed of his sloth now that there was some one to keep the wolf from the door. His mother accepted with cheerfulness the duty of breadwinner to her son, but Rachel's helplessness chafed her. For all her fine fingering the girl could finger nothing that would fill the pot. "A pretty wife you've brought me home to keep," she muttered morning and night.

But Rachel's abasement was not even yet at its worst. "Oh," she thought, "if I could but get back my husband to myself alone, he would see my humiliation and save me from it." She went a woman's way to work to have the old mother sent home to Stappen. But the trick that woman's wit can devise woman's wit can baulk, and the old mother held her ground. Then the girl bethought her of her old shame at living in a hovel close to her father's house, and asked to be taken away. Anywhere, anywhere, let it be to the world's end, and she would follow. Stephen answered that one place was like another in Iceland, where the people were few and all knew their story; and, as for foreign parts, though a seaman he was not a sea-going man,

farther than the whale-fishing about their coasts, and that, go where they might to better their condition, yet other poor men were there already. At that, Rachel's heart sank, for she saw that the great body of her husband must cover a pygmy soul. Bound she was for all her weary days to the place of her disgrace, doomed she was to live to the last with the woman who hated her, and to eat that woman's bitter bread. She was heavy with child at this time, and her spirit was broken. So she sat herself down with her feet to the hearth, and wept.

There the old mother saw her as often as she bustled in and out of the house from the beach, and many a gibe she flung her way. But Stephen sat beside her one day with a shamefaced look, and cursed his luck, and said if he only had an open boat of his own what he would do for both of them. She asked how much a boat would cost him, and he answered sixty crowns; that a Scotch captain then in the harbor had such a one to sell at that price, and that it was a better boat than the fishermen of those parts ever owned, for it was English built. Now it chanced that sitting alone that very day in her hopelessness, Rachel had overheard a group of noisy girls in the street tell of a certain Jew, name Bernard Frank, who stood on the jetty by the stores buying hair of the young maidens who would sell to him, and of the great money he had paid to some of them, such as they had never handled before.

And now at this mention of the boat, and at the flash of hope that came with it, Rachel remembered that she herself had a plentiful head of hair, and how often it had been commended for its color and texture, and length and abundance, in the days (now gone forever) when all things were good and beautiful that belonged to the daughter of the Governor. So making some excuse to Stephen, she rose up, put off her *hufa*, her little house-cap with the tassel, put on her large linen head-dress, hurried out, and made for the wharf.

There in truth the Jew was standing with a group of girls about him. And some of these would sell outright to him, and then go straightway to the stores to buy filigree jewelry and rings, or bright-hued shawls, with the price of their golden locks. And some would hover about him, between desire of so much artificial adornment and dread of so much natural disfigurement, until

like moths they would fall before the light of the Jew's bright silver.

Rachel had reached the place at the first impulse of her thought, but being there her heart misgave her, and she paused on the outskirts of the crowd. To go in among these girls and sell her hair to the Jew, was to make herself one with the lowest and meanest of the town, but that was not the fear that held her back. Suddenly the thought had come to her that what she had intended to do was meant to win her husband back to her, yet that she could not say what it was that had won him for her at the first. And seeing how sadly the girls were changed after the shears had passed over their heads, she could not help but ask herself what it would profit her, though she got the boat for her husband, if she lost him for herself? And thinking in this fashion, she was turning away with a faltering step, when the Jew, seeing her, called to her, saying what lovely hair she had, and asking would she part with it. There was no going back on her purpose then, so facing it out as bravely as she could, she removed her head-dress, dropped her hair out of the plaits, until it fell in sunny wavelets to her waist, and asked how much he would give for it. The Jew answered, "Fifty crowns."

"Make it sixty," she said, "and it is yours."

The Jew protested that he would lose by the transaction, but he paid the money into Rachel's hands, and she, lest she should repent of her bargain, prayed him to take her hair off instantly. He was nothing loath to do so, and the beautiful flaxen locks, cut close to the crown, fell in long tresses to his big shears. Rachel put back her linen head-dress, and, holding tightly the silver pieces in her two hands, hurried home.

Her cheeks were crimson, her eyes were wet, and her heart was beating high when she returned to her poor home in the fishing quarter. There, in a shrill, tremulous voice of joy and fear, she told Stephen all, and counted out the glistening coins to the last of the sixty into his great hand.

"And now you can buy the English boat," she said, "and we shall be beholden to no one."

He answered her wild words with few of his own, and showed little pleasure; yet he closed his hand on the money, and getting up, he went out of the house, saying he must see the Scotch

captain there and then. Hardly had he gone when the old mother came in from her work on the beach, and Rachel's hopes being high, she could not but share them with her, and so she told her all, little as was the commerce between them. The mother only grunted as she listened, and went on with her food.

Rachel longed for Stephen to return with the good news that all was settled and done, but the minutes passed and he did not come. The old woman sat by the hearth and smoked. Rachel waited with fear at her heart, but the hours went by and still Stephen did not appear. The old woman dozed before the fire and snored. At length, when the night had worn on towards midnight, an unsteady step came to the door, and Stephen reeled into the house drunk. The old woman awoke and laughed.

Rachel grew faint and sank to a seat. Stephen dropped to his knees on the ground before her, and in a maudlin cry went on to tell of how he had thought to make one hundred crowns of her sixty by a wager, how he had lost fifty, and then in a fit of despair had spent the other ten.

"Then all is gone — all," cried Rachel. And thereupon the old woman shuffled to her feet and said bitterly, "And a good thing too. I know you — trust me for seeing through your sly ways, my lady. You expected to take my son from me with the price of your ginger hair, you ugly bald-pate."

Rachel's head grew light, and with the cry of a baited creature she turned upon the old mother in a torrent of hot words. "You low, mean, selfish soul," she cried, "I despise you more than the dirt under my feet."

Worse than this she said, and the old woman called on Stephen to hearken to her, for that was the wife he had brought home to revile his mother.

The old witch shed some crocodile tears, and Stephen lunged in between the women and with the back of his hand struck his wife across the face.

At that blow Rachel was silent for a moment, and then she turned upon her husband. "And so you have struck me — me — me," she cried. "Have you forgotten the death of Patriksen?"

The blow of her words was harder than the blow of her husband's hand. The man reeled before it, turned white, gasped for breath, then caught up his cap and fled out into the night.

PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA

PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA. Born in Madrid, January 17, 1600; died May 25, 1681. Author of more than one hundred plays, among them: "The Fairy Lady," "Comedies of the Cloak and the Sword," "'Tis Better than it Was," "'Tis Worse than it Was," "The Mock Astrologer," "The Wonder-working Magician," "Life is a Dream," "No Magic like Love," "The Weapons of Beauty," and "Three Judgments at a Blow."

(From "THREE JUDGMENTS AT A BLOW")

SCENE I. *A Wild Place. — Enter* MENDO *and Officers of Justice armed.*

1*st Officer.* Here, my lord, where the Ebro, swollen with her mountain streams, runs swiftest, he will try to escape.

Men. Hunt for him then, leaving neither rock nor thicket unexplored. (*They disperse.*)
Oh, what a fate is mine,
Having to seek what most I dread to find,
Once thought the curse of jealousy alone!
The iron king will see my face no more
Unless I bring Don Lope to his feet:
Whom, on the other hand, the gratitude
And love I bear him fain would save from justice.
Oh, how —

Enter some, fighting with DON LOPE.

Lope. I know I cannot save my life,
But I will sell it dear.
Men. Hold off! The king
Will have him taken, but not slain. And I,
If I can save him now, shall find a mean
To do it afterwards —
Don Lope!
Lope. I should know that voice, the face
I cannot, blind with fury, dust, and blood.

Or was't the echo of some inner voice,
Some far-off thunder of the memory,
That moves me more than all these fellows' swords!
Is it Don Mendo?
Men. Who demands of you
Your sword, and that you yield in the king's name.
Lope. I yield?
Men. Aye, sir, what can you do beside?
Lope. Slaying be slain. And yet my heart relents
Before your voice; and now I see your face
My eyes dissolve in tears. Why, how is this?
What charm is on my sword?
Men. 'Tis but the effect
And countenance of justice that inspires
Involuntary awe in the offender.
Lope. Not that. Delinquent as I am, I could,
With no more awe of justice than a mad dog,
Bite right and left among her officers;
But 'tis yourself alone: to you alone
Do I submit myself; yield up my sword
Already running with your people's blood,
And at your feet —
Men. Rise, Lope. Heaven knows
How gladly would your judge change place with you
The criminal; far happier to endure
Your peril than my own anxiety.
But do not you despair, however stern
Tow'rds you I carry me before the world.
The king is so enrag'd —
Lope. What, he has heard!
Men. Your father cried for vengeance at his feet.
Lope. Where is my sword?
Men. In vain. 'Tis in my hand.
Lope. Where somehow it affrights me — as before
When giving you my dagger, it turn'd on me
With my own blood.
Men. Ho there!
Cover Don Lope's face, and carry him
To prison after me. (*Aside.*) Hark, in your ear,

Conduct him swiftly, and with all secrecy,
To my own house — in by the private door,
Without his knowing whither,
And bid my people watch and wait on him.
I'll to the king — Alas, what agony,
I know not what, grows on me more and more! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in the Palace. — Enter* KING.

King. Don Mendo comes not back, and must not come,
Till he have done his errand. I myself
Can have no rest till justice have her due.
A son to strike his father in my realm
Unaw'd, and then unpunisht!
But by great Heav'n the law shall be aveng'd
So long as I shall reign in Aragon.
Don Mendo!

Enter MENDO.

Men. Let me kiss your Highness' hand —
King. Welcome, thou other Atlas of my realm,
Who shar'st the weight with me. For I doubt not,
Coming thus readily into my presence,
You bring Don Lope with you.
Men. Yes, my liege —
Fast prisoner in my house, that none may see
Or talk with him.
King. Among your services
You have not done a better.
The crime is strange, 'tis fit the sentence on it
Be memorably just.
Men. Most true, my liege,
Who I am sure will not be warp'd away
By the side current of a first report,
But on the whole broad stream of evidence
Move to conclusion. I do *know* this charge
Is not so grave as was at first reported.
King. But is not thus much clear — that a son smote
His father?

Men. Yes, my liege.
King. And can a charge
Be weightier?
Men. I confess the naked fact,
But 'tis the special cause and circumstance
That give the special color to the crime.
King. I shall be glad to have my kingdom freed
From the dishonor of so foul a deed
By any extenuation.
Men. Then I think
Your Majesty shall find it here. 'Tis thus:
Don Lope, on what ground I do not know,
Fights with Don Guillen — in the midst o' the fray,
Comes old Urrea, at the very point
When Guillen was about to give the lie
To his opponent — which the old man, enrag'd
At such unseemly riot in his house,
Gives for him; calls his son a fouler name
Than gentleman can bear, and in the scuffle
Receives a blow that in his son's blind rage
Was aim'd abroad — in the first heat of passion
Throws himself at your feet, and calls for vengeance,
Which, as I hear, he now repents him of.
He's old and testy — age's common fault —
And, were not this enough to lame swift justice,
There's an old law in Arragon, my liege,
That in our courts father and son shall not
Be heard in evidence against each other;
In which provision I would fain persuade you
Bury this quarrel.
King. And this seems just to you?
Men. It does, my liege.
King. Then not to me, Don Mendo,
Who will examine, sentence, and record,
Whether in such a scandal to the realm
The son be guilty of impiety,
Or the sire idle to accuse him of't.
Therefore I charge you have Urrea too
From home to-night, and guarded close alone;

It much imports the business.
Men. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt severally.*

. . . . . .

Enter MENDO.

Men. Anguish, oh! anguish!
Violante. My father!
Men. Aye, indeed,
And a most wretched one.
Viol. What is it, sir?
Tell me at once.
Men. I know not. Oh, 'tis false!
I know too well, and you must know it too.
My daughter, the poor prisoner who lies there
Is my own son, not Blanca's, not Urrea's,
But my own son, your brother, Violante!
Viol. My brother!
Men. Aye, your brother, my own son,
Whom we must save!
Viol. Alas, sir, I was here
On the same errand, ere I knew — but hark!
All's quiet now. (*A groan within.*)
Men. Listen! What groan was that?
Viol. My hand shakes so, I cannot —
Lope (*within*). Mercy, O God!
Men. The key, the key! — but hark! they call again
At either door; we must unlock.

(*They unlock the side doors. — Enter through one* BLANCA *and* BEATRICE, *through the other* URREA *and* VICENTE.)

Urr. Don Mendo,
The king desires me from your mouth to learn
His sentence on my son.
Blan. Oh, Violante!
Men. From me! from me! to whom the king as yet
Has not deliver'd it? —
But what is this? Oh, God!

(*The center door opens and* DON LOPE *is discovered, garroted, with a paper in his hand, and lights at each side.*)

Urr. A sight to turn
Rancor into remorse.
Men. In his cold hand
He holds a scroll, the sentence, it may be,
The king referr'd you to. Read it, Urrea;
I cannot. Oh, my son, the chastisement
That I alone have merited has come
Upon us both, and doubled the remorse
That I must feel — and stifle!
Urr. (*reading*). "He that reviles and strikes whom he believes
His father, let him die for't; and let those
Who have disgrac'd a noble name, or join'd
An ill imposture, see his doom; and show
Three judgments summ'd up in a single blow."
— *Translation of Edward Fitzgerald.*

THOMAS CAMPBELL

THOMAS CAMPBELL. Born in Glasgow, Scotland, July 27, 1777; died at Boulogne, France, June 15, 1844. At twenty-two, his "Pleasures of Hope" sold nearly one hundred editions, four within one year. His reputation was heightened the next year when he was present at the battle of Hohenlinden, which he graphically described in verse. At twenty-four, he added greatly to his fame by "The Exile of Erin" and "Ye Mariners of England." His best poetic work was achieved early in life, and after thirty he wrote little.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING

WIZARD — LOCHIEL

WIZARD

LOCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!

For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown,
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead,
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed, — for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.

Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshal'd my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array —

WIZARD

— Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors:
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?

Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling: oh! Mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots, that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale —

LOCHIEL

— Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

A NAVAL ODE

I

Ye Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

II

The spirit of your fathers
Shall start from every wave! —
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

III

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below, —
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

IV

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

I

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone:
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on. —

II

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time. —

III

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,

Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back; —
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:
Then ceased — and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom. —

V

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave;
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save: —
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet
And make submission meet
To our King." —

VI

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As Death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

VII

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

VIII

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died; —
With the gallant good Riou:
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave! —

EXILE OF ERIN

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill:
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill:
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger;
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace — where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
Oh! my sad heart! long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, — sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion, —
Erin mavournin — Erin go bragh!

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry." —

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter. —

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?" —

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief — I'm ready: —
It is not for your silver bright;
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry." —

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer. —

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father." —

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her, —
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her. —

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover: —
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! — oh my daughter!" —

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing: —
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

Our bugles sang truce — for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:
'Twas Autumn, — and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fullness of heart.

Stay, stay with us, — rest, thou art weary and worn!
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

HOHENLINDEN

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every tuft beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

THOMAS CAREW

THOMAS CAREW. Born about 1598; an Oxford-bred courtier in the time of Charles I; died 1639. Author of the masque "Cœlum Brittanicum," and of occasional poems, always graceful and sometimes exquisite.

MEDIOCRITY IN LOVE REJECTED

GIVE me more love, or more disdain;
The torrid or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain,
The temperate affords me none;
Either extreme of love or hate
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; if it be love,
Like Danaë in that golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture hopes; and he's possess'd
Of heaven that's but from hell releas'd;
Then crown my joys or cure my pain;
Give me more love or more disdain.

DISDAIN RETURNED

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires:
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes!

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolv'd heart to return;

I have search'd thy soul within,
And find naught but pride and scorn;
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

THE COMPLIMENT

I DO not love thee for that fair
Rich fan of thy most curious hair;
Though the wires thereof be drawn
Finer than the threads of lawn,
And are softer than the leaves
On which the subtle spider weaves.
I do not love thee for those flowers
Growing on thy cheeks (love's bowers);
Though such cunning them hath spread,
None can paint them white and red:
Love's golden arrows thence are shot,
Yet for them I love thee not.
I do not love thee for those soft
Red coral lips I've kiss'd so oft;
Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard
To speech, whence music still is heard;
Though from those lips a kiss being taken,
Might tyrants melt, and death awaken.
I do not love thee, oh! my fairest,
For that richest, for that rarest
Silver pillar, which stands under
Thy sound head, that globe of wonder;
Tho' that neck be whiter far
Than towers of polish'd ivory are.

ASK ME NO MORE

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties, orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies!

HENRY CAREY

HENRY CAREY. An English dramatist and writer of popular songs. Born about 1696; died in London, 1743. He is best known as the author of "Sally in our Alley."

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

OF all the girls that are so smart
  There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
  Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets
  And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
  To such as please to buy 'em:

But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely!
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely —
But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day —
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named;
I leave the church in sermon time
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again
O then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey:
I would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all
  Make game of me and Sally,
And but for her I'd better be
  A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out
  O then I'll marry Sally —
And then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
  But not in our alley.

THOMAS CARLYLE

THOMAS CARLYLE. One of the greatest social critics and reformers that the world has ever seen, who profoundly influenced and molded the thought and character of the nineteenth century. Born at Ecclefechan, Scotland, December 4, 1795; died in London, February 4, 1881. Author of "Life of Schiller," "Sartor Resartus," "The French Revolution," "Chartism," "Heroes, Hero Worship, and the Heroic in History," "Past and Present," "Life and Letters of Oliver Cromwell," "Latter-day Pamphlets," "Life of Sterling," "History of Frederick the Great," "Inaugural Address at Edinburgh," "Reminiscences of my Irish Journey in 1849," and "Last Words."

(From "SARTOR RESARTUS")

THE EVERLASTING NO

UNDER the strange nebulous envelopment, wherein our Professor has now shrouded himself, no doubt but his spiritual nature is nevertheless progressive, and growing: for how can the "Son of Time," in any case, stand still? We behold him, through those dim years, in a state of crisis, of transition: his mad Pilgrimings, and general solution into aimless Discontinuity, what is all this but a mad Fermentation; wherefrom, the fiercer it is, the clearer product will one day evolve itself?

Such transitions are ever full of pain: thus the Eagle when he moults is sickly; and, to attain his new beak, must harshly dash-off the old one upon rocks. What Stoicism soever our Wanderer, in his individual acts and motions, may effect, it is clear that there is a hot fever of anarchy and misery raging within; coruscations of which flash out: as, indeed, how could there be other? Have we not seen him disappointed, bemocked of Destiny, through long years? All that the young heart might desire and pray for has been denied; nay, as in the last worst instance, offered and then snatched away. Ever an "excellent Passivity"; but of useful, reasonable Activity, essential to the former as Food to Hunger, nothing granted: till at length, in this wild Pilgrimage, he must forcibly seize for himself an Activity, though useless, unreasonable. Alas, his cup of bitterness, which had been filling drop by drop, ever since that first "ruddy morning" in the Hinterschlag Gymnasium, was at the very lip; and then with that poison-drop, of the Towgood-and-Blumine business, it runs over, and even hisses over in a deluge of foam.

He himself says once, with more justice than originality: Man is, properly speaking, based upon Hope, he has no other possession but Hope; this world of his is emphatically the "Place of Hope." What, then, was our Professor's possession? We see him, for the present, quite shut out from Hope; looking not into the golden orient, but vaguely all round into a dim copper firmament, pregnant with earthquake and tornado.

Alas, shut-out from Hope, in a deeper sense than we yet dream of! For, as he wanders wearisomely through this world, he has now lost all tidings of another and higher. Full of religion, or at least of religiosity, as our Friend has since exhibited himself, he hides not that, in those days, he was wholly irreligious: "Doubt had darkened into Unbelief," says he; "shade after shade goes grimly over your soul, till you have the fixed, starless, Tartarean black." To such readers as have reflected, what can be called reflecting, on man's life, and happily discovered, in contradiction to much Profit-and-Loss Philosophy, speculative and practical, that Soul is *not* synonymous with Stomach; who understand, therefore, in our Friend's words, "that, for man's well-being, Faith is properly the one thing

needful; how, with it, Martyrs, otherwise weak, can cheerfully endure the shame and the cross; and without it, Worldlings puke-up their sick existence, by suicide, in the midst of luxury:" to such it will be clear that, for a pure moral nature, the loss of his religious Belief was the loss of everything. Unhappy young man! All wounds, the crush of long-continued Destitution, the stab of false Friendship and of false Love, all wounds in thy so genial heart, would have healed again, had not its life-warmth been withdrawn. Well might he exclaim, in his wild way: "Is there no God, then; but at best an absentee God, sitting idle, ever since the first Sabbath, at the outside of his Universe, and *see*ing it go? Has the word Duty no meaning; is what we call Duty no divine Messenger and Guide, but a false earthly Fantasm, made-up of Desire and Fear, of emanations from the Gallows and from Doctor Graham's Celestial-Bed? Happiness of an approving Conscience! Did not Paul of Tarsus, whom admiring men have since named Saint, feel that *he* was "the chief of sinners;" and Nero of Rome, jocund in spirit (*wohlgemuth*), spend much of his time in fiddling? Foolish Wordmonger and Motive-grinder, who in thy Logic-mill hast an earthly mechanism for the Godlike itself, and wouldst fain grind me out Virtue from the husks of Pleasure, — I tell thee, Nay! To the unregenerate Prometheus Vinctus of a man, it is ever the bitterest aggravation of his wretchedness that he is conscious of Virtue, that he feels himself the victim not of suffering only, but of injustice. What then? Is the heroic inspiration we name Virtue but some Passion; some bubble of the blood, bubbling in the direction others *profit* by? I know not: only this I know, If what thou namest Happiness be our true aim, then are we all astray. With Stupidity and sound Digestion man may front much. But what, in these dull unimaginative days, are the terrors of Conscience to the diseases of the Liver! Not on Morality, but on Cookery, let us build our stronghold: there brandishing our frying-pan, as censer, let us offer sweet incense to the Devil, and live at ease on the fat things *he* has provided for his Elect!"

Thus has the bewildered Wanderer to stand, as so many have done, shouting question after question into the Sibyl-cave of Destiny, and receive no Answer but an Echo. It is all a grim

Desert, this once fair world of his; wherein is heard only the howling of wild-beasts, or the shrieks of despairing, hate-filled men; and no Pillar of Cloud by day, and no Pillar of Fire by night, any longer guides the Pilgrim. To such length has the spirit of Inquiry carried him. "But what boots it (*was thut's*)?" cries he: "it is but the common lot in this era. Not having come to spiritual majority prior to the *Siècle de Louis Quinze*, and not being born purely a Loghead (*Dummkopf*), thou hadst no other outlook. The whole world is, like thee, sold to Unbelief; their old Temples of the Godhead, which for long have not been rainproof, crumble down; and men ask now: Where is the Godhead; our eyes never saw him?"

Pitiful enough were it, for all these wild utterances, to call our Diogenes wicked. Unprofitable servants as we all are, perhaps at no era of his life was he more decisively the Servant of Goodness, the Servant of God, than even now when doubting God's existence. "One circumstance I note," says he: "after all the nameless woe that Inquiry, which for me, what it is not always, was genuine Love of Truth, had wrought me, I nevertheless still loved Truth, and would bate no jot of my allegiance to her. 'Truth!' I cried, 'though the Heavens crush me for following her: no Falsehood! though a whole celestial Lubberland were the price of Apostasy.' In conduct it was the same. Had a divine Messenger from the clouds, or miraculous Handwriting on the wall, convincingly proclaimed to me *This thou shalt do*, with what passionate readiness, as I often thought, would I have done it, had it been leaping into the infernal Fire. Thus, in spite of all Motive-grinders, and Mechanical Profit-and-Loss Philosophies, with the sick ophthalmia and hallucination they had brought on, was the Infinite nature of Duty still dimly present to me: living without God in the world, of God's light I was not utterly bereft; if my as yet sealed eyes, with their unspeakable longing, could nowhere see Him, nevertheless in my heart He was present, and His heaven-written Law still stood legible and sacred there."

Meanwhile, under all these tribulations, and temporal and spiritual destitutions, what must the Wanderer, in his silent soul, have endured! "The painfullest feeling," writes he, "is that of your own Feebleness (*Unkraft*); ever, as the English

Milton says, to be weak is the true misery. And yet of your Strength there is and can be no clear feeling, save by what you have prospered in, by what you have done. Between vague wavering Capability and fixed undubitable Performance, what a difference! A certain inarticulate Self-consciousness dwells dimly in us; which only our Works can render articulate and decisively discernible. Our Works are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, too, the folly of that impossible Precept, *Know thyself;* till it be translated into this partially possible one, *Know what thou canst work at.*

"But for me, so strangely unprosperous had I been, the net-result of my Workings amounted as yet simply to — Nothing. How then could I believe in my Strength, when there was as yet no mirror to see it in? Ever did this agitating, yet, as I now perceive, quite frivolous question, remain to me insoluble: Hast thou a certain Faculty, a certain Worth, such even as the most have not; or art thou the completest Dullard of these modern times? Alas, the fearful Unbelief is unbelief in yourself; and how could I believe? Had not my first, last Faith in myself, when even to me the Heavens seemed laid open, and I dared to love, been all-too cruelly belied? The Speculative Mystery of Life grew ever more mysterious to me: neither in the practical Mystery had I made the slightest progress, but been everywhere buffeted, foiled, and contemptuously cast out. A feeble unit in the middle of a threatening Infinitude, I seemed to have nothing given me but eyes, whereby to discern my own wretchedness. Invisible yet impenetrable walls, as of Enchantment, divided me from all living: was there, in the wide world, any true bosom I could press trustfully to mine? O Heaven, No, there was none! I kept a lock upon my lips: why should I speak much with that shifting variety of so-called Friends, in whose withered, vain, and too-hungry souls Friendship was but an incredible tradition? In such cases, your resource is to talk little, and that little mostly from the Newspapers. Now when I look back, it was a strange isolation I then lived in. The men and women around me, even speaking with me, were but Figures; I had, practically, forgotten that they were alive, that they were not merely automatic. In the midst of their crowded streets and assemblages, I walked soli-

tary; and (except as it was my own heart, not another's, that I kept devouring) savage also, as the tiger in his jungle. Some comfort it would have been, could I, like a Faust, have fancied myself tempted and tormented of the Devil; for a Hell, as I imagine, without Life, though only diabolic Life, were more frightful: but in our age of Down-pulling and Disbelief, the very Devil has been pulled down, you cannot so much as believe in a Devil. To me the Universe was all void of Life, of Purpose, of Volition, even of Hostility: it was one huge, dead, immeasurable Steam-engine, rolling on, in its dead indifference, to grind me limb from limb. O, the vast, gloomy, solitary Golgotha, and Mill of Death! Why was the Living banished thither companionless, conscious? Why, if there is no Devil; nay, unless the Devil is your God?"

A prey incessantly to such corrosions, might not, moreover, as the worst aggravation to them, the iron constitution even of a Teufelsdröckh threaten to fail? We conjecture that he has known sickness; and, in spite of his locomotive habits, perhaps sickness of the chronic sort. Hear this, for example: "How beautiful to die of broken-heart, on Paper! Quite another thing in practice; every window of your Feeling, even of your Intellect, as it were, begrimed and mud-bespattered, so that no pure ray can enter; a whole Drugshop in your inwards; the fordone soul drowning slowly in quagmires of Disgust!"

Putting all which external and internal miseries together, may we not find in the following sentences, quite in our Professor's still vein, significance enough? "From Suicide a certain aftershine (*Nachschein*) of Christianity withheld me: perhaps also a certain indolence of character; for, was not that a remedy I had at any time within reach? Often, however, was there a question present to me: Should some one now, at the turning of that corner, blow thee suddenly out of Space, into the other World, or other No-world, by pistol-shot, — how were it? On which ground, too, I have often, in sea storms and sieged cities and other death-scenes, exhibited an imperturbability, which passed, falsely enough, for courage."

"So had it lasted," concludes the Wanderer, "so had it lasted, as in bitter protracted Death-agony, through long years. The heart within me, unvisited by any heavenly dewdrop, was

smoldering in sulphurous, slow-consuming fire. Almost since earliest memory I had shed no tear; or once only when I, murmuring half-audibly, recited Faust's Deathsong, that wild *Selig der den er im Siegesglanze findet* (Happy whom *he* finds in Battle's splendor), and thought that of this last Friend even I was not forsaken, that Destiny itself could not doom me not to die. Having no hope, neither had I any definite fear, were it of Man or of Devil: nay, I often felt as if it might be solacing, could the Arch-Devil himself, though in Tartarean terrors, but rise to me, that I might tell him a little of my mind. And yet, strangely enough, I lived in a continual, indefinite, pining fear; tremulous, pusillanimous, apprehensive of I knew not what: it seemed as if all things in the Heavens above and the Earth beneath would hurt me; as if the Heavens and the Earth were but boundless jaws of a devouring monster, wherein I, palpitating, waited to be devoured.

"Full of such humor, and perhaps the miserablest man in the whole French Capital or Suburbs, was I, one sultry Dogday, after much perambulation, toiling along the dirty little *Rue Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer*, among civic rubbish enough, in a close atmosphere, and over pavements hot as Nebuchadnezzar's Furnace; whereby doubtless my spirits were little cheered; when, all at once, there rose a Thought in me, and I asked myself: 'What *art* thou afraid of? Wherefore, like a coward, dost thou forever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped! what is the sum-total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, Death; and say the pangs of Tophet too, and all that the Devil and Man may, will, or can do against thee! Hast thou not a heart; canst thou not suffer whatsoever it be; and, as a Child of Freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come, then; I will meet it and defy it!' And as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul; and I shook base Fear away from me forever. I was strong, of unknown strength; a spirit, almost a god. Ever from that time, the temper of my misery was changed: not Fear or whining Sorrow was it, but Indignation and grim fire-eyed Defiance.

"Thus had the EVERLASTING NO (*das ewige Nein*) pealed

authoritatively through all the recesses of my Being, of my ME; and then was it that my whole ME stood up, in native God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its Protest. Such a Protest, the most important transaction in Life, may that same Indignation and Defiance, in a psychological point of view, be fitly called. The Everlasting No had said: 'Behold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the Universe is mine (the Devil's);' to which my whole ME now made answer: '*I* am not thine, but Free, and forever hate thee!'

"It is from this hour that I incline to date my Spiritual Newbirth, or Baphometic Fire-baptism; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a Man."

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THE EVERLASTING YEA

"TEMPTATIONS in the Wilderness!" exclaims Teufelsdröckh: "Have we not all to be tried with such? Not so easily can the old Adam, lodged in us by birth, be dispossessed. Our Life is compassed round with Necessity; yet is the meaning of Life itself no other than Freedom, than Voluntary Force: thus have we a warfare; in the beginning, especially, a hard-fought battle. For the God-given mandate, *Work thou in Welldoing*, lies mysteriously written, in Promethean Prophetic Characters, in our hearts; and leaves us no rest, night or day, till it be deciphered and obeyed; till it burn forth, in our conduct, a visible, acted Gospel of Freedom. And as the clay-given mandate, *Eat thou and be filled*, at the same time persuasively proclaims itself through every nerve, — must not there be a confusion, a contest, before the better Influence can become the upper?

"To me nothing seems more natural than that the Son of Man, when such God-given mandate first prophetically stirs within him, and the Clay must now be vanquished or vanquish, — should be carried of the spirit into grim Solitudes, and there fronting the Tempter do grimmest battle with him; defiantly setting him at naught, till he yield and fly. Name it as we choose: with or without visible Devil, whether in the natural Desert of rocks and sands, or in the populous moral Desert of selfishness and baseness, — to such Temptation are we all

called. Unhappy if we are not! Unhappy if we are but Half-men, in whom that divine handwriting has never blazed forth, all-subduing, in true sun-splendor; but quivers dubiously amid meaner lights: or smolders, in dull pain, in darkness, under earthly vapors! — Our Wilderness is the wide World in an Atheistic Century; our Forty Days are long years of suffering and fasting: nevertheless, to these also comes an end. Yes, to me also was given, if not Victory, yet the consciousness of Battle, and the resolve to persevere therein while life or faculty is left. To me also, entangled in the enchanted forests, demon-peopled, doleful of sight and of sound, it was given, after weariest wanderings, to work out my way into the higher sunlit slopes — of that Mountain which has no summit, or whose summit is in Heaven only!"

He says elsewhere, under a less ambitious figure; as figures are, once for all, natural to him: "Has not thy Life been that of most sufficient men (*tüchtigen Männer*) thou hast known in this generation? An outflush of foolish young Enthusiasm, like the first fallow-crop, wherein are as many weeds as valuable herbs: this all parched away, under the Droughts of practical and spiritual Unbelief, as Disappointment, in thought and act, often-repeated gave rise to Doubt, and Doubt gradually settled into Denial! If I have had a second-crop, and now see the perennial greensward, and sit under umbrageous cedars, which defy all Drought (and Doubt); herein too, be the Heavens praised, I am not without examples, and even exemplars."

So that, for Teufelsdröckh also, there has been a "glorious revolution": these mad shadow-hunting and shadow-hunted Pilgrimings of his were but some purifying "Temptation in the Wilderness," before his apostolic work (such as it was) could begin; which Temptation is now happily over, and the Devil once more worsted! Was "that high moment in the *Rue de l'Enfer*," then, properly the turning-point of the battle; when the Fiend said, *Worship me or be torn in shreds;* and was answered valiantly with an *Apage Satana?* — Singular Teufelsdröckh, would thou hadst told thy singular story in plain words! But it is fruitless to look there, in those Paper-bags, for such. Nothing but innuendoes, figurative crotchets: a typical Shadow, fitfully wavering, prophetico-satiric; no clear logical Picture.

"How paint to the sensual eye," asks he once, "what passes in the Holy-of-Holies of Man's Soul; in what words, known to these profane times, speak even afar-off of the unspeakable?" We ask in turn: Why perplex these times, profane as they are, with needless obscurity by omission and by commission? Not mystical only is our Professor, but whimsical; and involves himself, now more than ever, in eye-bewildering *chiaroscuro*. Successive glimpses, here faithfully imparted, our more gifted readers must endeavor to combine for their own behoof.

He says: "The hot Harmattan wind had raged itself out; its howl went silent within me; and the long-deafened soul could now hear. I paused in my wild wanderings; and sat me down to wait, and consider; for it was as if the hour of change drew nigh. I seemed to surrender, to renounce utterly, and say: Fly, then, false shadows of Hope; I will chase you no more, I will believe you no more. And ye too, haggard specters of Fear, I care not for you; ye too are all shadows and a lie. Let me rest here: for I am way-weary and life-weary; I will rest here, were it but to die: to die or to live is alike to me; alike insignificant." — And again: "Here, then, as I lay in that CENTER OF INDIFFERENCE; cast, doubtless by benignant upper Influence, into a healing sleep, the heavy dreams rolled gradually away, and I awoke to a new Heaven and a new Earth. The first preliminary moral Act, Annihilation of Self (*Selbsttödtung*), had been happily accomplished; and my mind's eyes were now unsealed, and its hands ungyved."

Might we not also conjecture that the following passage refers to his Locality, during this same "healing sleep"; that his Pilgrim-staff lies cast aside here, on "the high table-land"; and indeed that the repose is already taking wholesome effect on him? If it were not that the tone, in some parts, has more of riancy, even of levity, than we could have expected! However, in Teufelsdröckh, there is always the strangest Dualism: light dancing, with guitar-music, will be going on in the fore-court, while by fits from within comes the faint whimpering of woe and wail. We transcribe the piece entire.

"Beautiful it was to sit there, as in my skyey Tent, musing and meditating; on the high table-land, in front of the Mountains; over me, as roof, the azure Dome, and around me, for

walls, four azure-flowing curtains, — namely, of the Four azure Winds, on whose bottom-fringes also I have seen gilding. And then to fancy the fair Castles that stood sheltered in these Mountain hollows; with their green flower-lawns, and white dames and damosels, lovely enough: or better still, the straw-roofed Cottages, wherein stood many a Mother baking bread, with her children round her: — all hidden and protectingly folded-up in the valley-folds; yet there and alive, as sure as if I beheld them. Or to see, as well as fancy, the nine Towns and Villages, that lay round my mountain-seat, which, in still weather, were wont to speak to me (by their steeple-bells) with metal tongue; and, in almost all weather, proclaimed their vitality by repeated Smoke-clouds; whereon, as on a culinary horologe, I might read the hour of the day. For it was the smoke of cookery, as kind housewives at morning, midday, eventide, were boiling their husbands' kettles; and ever a blue pillar rose up into the air, successively or simultaneously, from each of the nine, saying, as plainly as smoke could say: Such and such a meal is getting ready here. Not uninteresting! For you have the whole Borough, with all its love-makings and scandal-mongeries, contentions and contentments, as in miniature, and could cover it all with your hat. — If, in my wide Wayfarings, I had learned to look into the business of the World in its details, here perhaps was the place for combining it into general propositions, and deducing inferences therefrom.

"Often also could I see the black Tempest marching in anger through the Distance: round some Schreckhorn, as yet grim-blue, would the eddying vapor gather, and there tumultuously eddy, and flow down like a mad witch's hair; till, after a space, it vanished, and, in the clear sunbeam, your Schreckhorn stood smiling grim-white, for the vapor had held snow. How thou fermentest and elaboratest, in thy great fermenting-vat and laboratory of an Atmosphere, of a World, O Nature! — Or what is Nature? Ha! why do I not name thee GOD? Art not thou the 'Living Garment of God'? O Heavens, is it, in very deed, HE, then, that ever speaks through thee; that lives and loves in thee, that lives and loves in me?

"Fore-shadows, call them rather fore-splendors, of that Truth, and Beginning of Truths, fell mysteriously over my soul.

Sweeter than Dayspring to the Shipwrecked in Nova Zembla; ah, like the mother's voice to her little child that strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown tumults; like soft streamings of celestial music to my too-exasperated heart, came that Evangel. The Universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house with specters; but god-like, and my Father's!

"With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow man: with an infinite Love, an infinite Pity, Poor, wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tried, and beaten with stripes, even as I am? Ever, whether thou bear the royal mantle or the beggar's gabardine, art thou not so weary, so heavy-laden; and thy Bed of Rest is but a Grave. O my Brother, my Brother, why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thy eyes! — truly, the din of many-voiced Life, which, in this solitude, with the mind's organ, I could hear, was no longer a maddening discord, but a melting one; like inarticulate cries, and sobbings of a dumb creature, which in the ear of Heaven are prayers. The poor Earth, with her poor joys, was now my needy Mother, not my cruel Stepdame; Man, with his so mad Wants and so mean Endeavors, had become the dearer to me; and even for his sufferings and his sins, I now first named him Brother. Thus was I standing in the porch of that '*Sanctuary of Sorrow*'; by strange, steep ways had I too been guided thither; and ere long its sacred gates would open, and the '*Divine Depth of Sorrow*' lie disclosed to me."

The Professor says, he here first got eye on the Knot that had been strangling him, and straightway could unfasten it, and was free. "A vain interminable controversy," writes he, "touching what is at present called Origin of Evil, or some such thing, arises in every soul, since the beginning of the world; and in every soul, that would pass from idle Suffering into actual Endeavoring, must first be put an end to. The most, in our time, have to go content with a simple, incomplete enough Suppression of this controversy; to a few some Solution of it is indispensable. In every new era, too, such Solution comes-out in different terms; and ever the Solution of the last era has become obsolete, and is found unserviceable. For it is man's nature to change his Dialect from century to century; he cannot help it though he would. The authentic *Church-Catechism*

of our present century has not yet fallen into my hands: meanwhile, for my own private behoof, I attempt to elucidate the matter so. Man's Unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his Greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite. Will the whole Finance Ministers and Upholsterers and Confectioners of modern Europe undertake, in joint-stock company, to make one Shoeblack HAPPY? They cannot accomplish it, above an hour or two: for the Shoeblack also has a Soul quite other than his Stomach; and would require, if you consider it, for his permanent satisfaction and saturation, simply this allotment, no more, and no less; *God's infinite Universe altogether to himself*, therein to enjoy infinitely, and fill every wish as fast as it rose. Oceans of Hochheimer, a Throat like that of Ophiuchus: speak not of them; to the infinite Shoeblack they are as nothing. No sooner is your ocean filled, than he grumbles that it might have been of better vintage. Try him with half of a Universe, of an Omnipotence, he sets to quarreling with the proprietor of the other half, and declares himself the most maltreated of men. — Always there is a black spot in our sunshine: it is even, as I said, the *Shadow of Ourselves*.

"But the whim we have of Happiness is somewhat thus. By certain valuations, and averages, of our own striking, we come upon some sort of average terrestrial lot; this we fancy belongs to us by nature, and of indefeasible right. It is simple payment of our wages, of our deserts; requires neither thanks nor complaint; only such *overplus* as there may be do we account Happiness; any *deficit* again is Misery. Now consider that we have the valuation of our own deserts ourselves, and what a fund of Self-conceit there is in each of us, — do you wonder that the balance should so often dip the wrong way, and many a Blockhead cry: See there, what a payment; was ever worthy gentleman so used! — I tell thee, Blockhead, it all comes of thy Vanity; of what thou *fanciest* those same deserts of thine to be. Fancy that thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot: fancy that thou deservest to be hanged in a hair-halter, it will be a luxury to die in hemp.

"So true is it, what I then said, that *the Fraction of Life can*

be increased in value not so much by increasing your Numerator as by lessening your Denominator. Nay, unless my Algebra deceive me, *Unity* itself divided by *Zero* will give *Infinity.* Make thy claim of wages a zero, then; thou hast the world under thy feet. Well did the Wisest of our time write: 'It is only with Renunciation (*Entsagen*) that Life, properly speaking, can be said to begin.'

"I asked myself: What is this that, ever since earliest years, thou hast been fretting and fuming, and lamenting and self-tormenting, on account of? Say it in a word: is it not because thou art not HAPPY? Because the THOU (sweet gentleman) is not sufficiently honored, nourished, soft-bedded, and lovingly cared-for? Foolish soul! What Act of Legislature was there that *thou* shouldst be Happy? A little while ago thou hadst no right to *be* at all. What if thou wert born and predestined not to be Happy, but to be Unhappy! Art thou nothing other than a Vulture, then, that fliest through the Universe seeking after somewhat to *eat;* and shrieking dolefully because carrion enough is not given thee? Close thy *Byron;* open thy *Goethe.*"

"*Es leuchtet mir ein,* I see a glimpse of it!" cries he elsewhere: "there is in man a HIGHER than Love of Happiness: he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness! Was it not to preach-forth this same HIGHER that sages and martyrs, the Poet and the Priest, in all times, have spoken and suffered; bearing testimony, through life and through death, of the Godlike that is in Man, and how in the Godlike only has he Strength and Freedom? Which God-inspired Doctrine art thou also honored to be taught; O Heavens! and broken with manifold merciful Afflictions, even till thou become contrite, and learn it! O, thank thy Destiny for these; thankfully bear what yet remain: thou hadst need of them; the Self in thee needed to be annihilated. By benignant fever-paroxysms is Life rooting out the deep-seated chronic Disease, and triumphs over Death. On the roaring billows of Time, thou art not ingulfed, but borne aloft into the azure of Eternity. Love not Pleasure; love God. This is the EVERLASTING YEA, wherein all contradiction is solved: wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him."

And again: "Small is it that thou canst trample the Earth

with its injuries under thy feet, as old Greek Zeno trained thee: thou canst love the Earth while it injures thee, and even because it injures thee; for this a Greater than Zeno was needed, and he too was sent. Knowest thou that '*Worship of Sorrow*'? The Temple thereof, founded some eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures: nevertheless, venture forward; in a low crypt, arched out of falling fragments, thou findest the Altar still there, and its sacred Lamp perennially burning."

Without pretending to comment on which strange utterances, the Editor will only remark, that there lies beside them much of a still more questionable character; unsuited to the general apprehension; nay wherein he himself does not see his way. Nebulous disquisitions on Religion, yet not without bursts of splendor; on the "perennial continuance of Inspiration"; on Prophecy; that there are "true Priests, as well as Baal-Priests, in our own day": with more of the like sort. We select some fractions, by way of finish to this farrago.

"Cease, my much-respected Herr von Voltaire," thus apostrophizes the Professor: "shut thy sweet voice; for the task appointed thee seems finished. Sufficiently hast thou demonstrated this proposition, considerable or otherwise: That the Mythus of the Christian Religion looks not in the eighteenth century as it did in the eighth. Alas, were thy six-and-thirty quartos, and the six-and-thirty thousand other quartos and folios, and flying sheets or reams, printed before and since on the same subject, all needed to convince us of so little! But what next? Wilt thou help us to embody the divine Spirit of that Religion in a new Mythus, in a new vehicle and vesture, that our Souls, otherwise too like perishing, may live? What! thou hast no faculty in that kind? Only a torch for burning, no hammer for building? Take our thanks, then, and —— thyself away.

"Meanwhile what are antiquated Mythuses to me? Or is the God present, felt in my own heart, a thing which Herr von Voltaire will dispute out of me; or dispute into me? To the '*Worship of Sorrow*' ascribe what origin and genesis thou pleasest, *has* not that Worship originated, and been generated; is it not *here?* Feel it in thy heart, and then say whether it is of God!

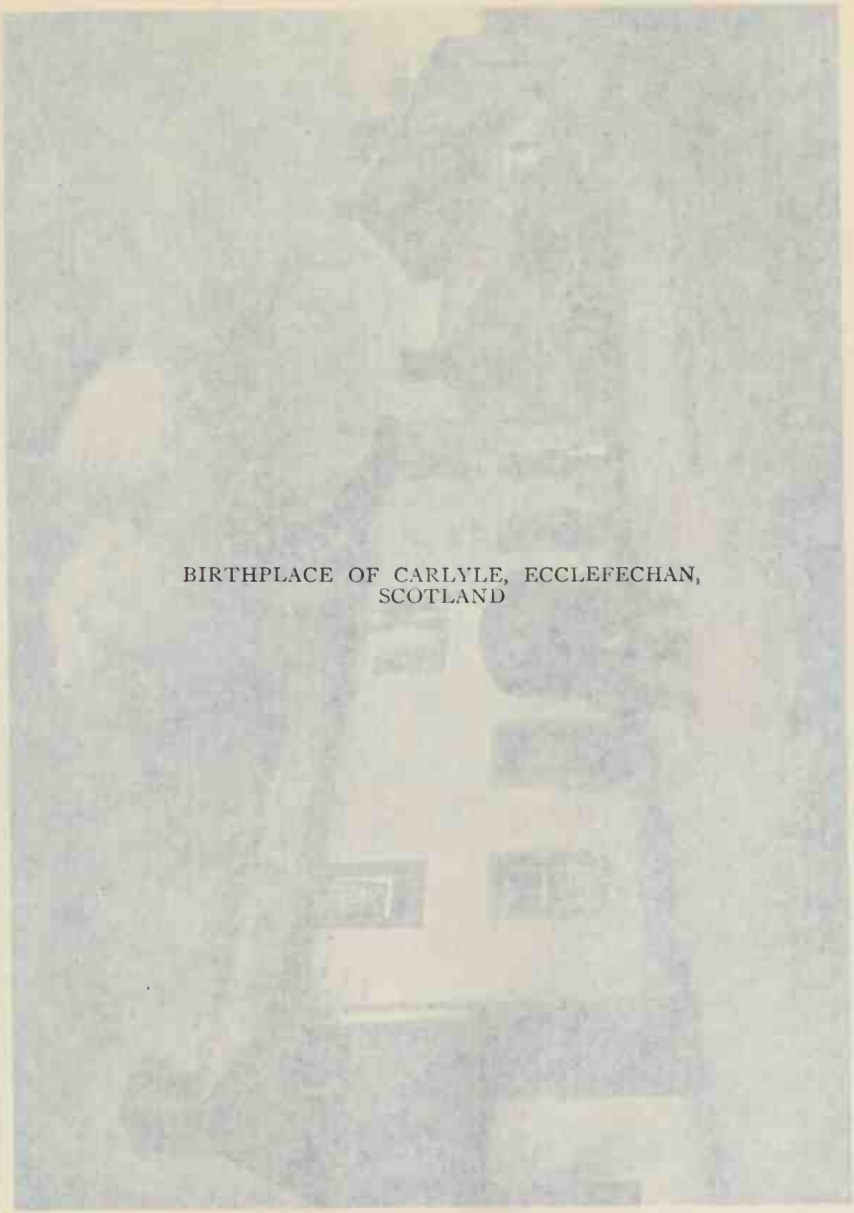
This is Belief; all else is Opinion, — for which latter whoso will, let him worry and be worried."

"Neither," observes he elsewhere, "shall ye tear out one another's eyes, struggling over 'Plenary Inspiration,' and such-like: try rather to get a little even Partial Inspiration, each of you for himself. One BIBLE I know, of whose Plenary Inspiration doubt is not so much as possible; nay with my own eyes I saw the God's Hand writing it: thereof all other Bibles are but Leaves, — say, in Picture-Writing to assist the weaker faculty."

Or, to give the wearied reader relief, and bring it to an end, let him take the following perhaps more intelligible passage: —

"To me, in this our life," says the Professor, "which is an internecine warfare with the Time-spirit, other warfare seems questionable. Hast thou in any way a Contention with thy brother, I advise thee, think well what the meaning thereof is. If thou gauge it to the bottom, it is simply this: 'Fellow, see! thou art taking more than thy share of Happiness in the world, something from *my* share: which, by the Heavens, thou shalt not; nay I will fight thee rather.' — Alas, and the whole lot to be divided is such a beggarly matter, truly a 'feast of shells,' for the substance has been spilled out: not enough to quench one Appetite; and the collective human species clutching at them! — Can we not, in all such cases, rather say: 'Take it, thou too-ravenous individual; take that pitiful additional fraction of a share, which I reckoned mine, but which thou so wantest; take it with a blessing: would to Heaven I had enough for thee!' — If Fichte's *Wissenschaftslehre* be, 'to a certain extent, Applied Christianity,' surely, to a still greater extent, so is this. We have here not a Whole Duty of Man, yet a Half Duty, namely the Passive half: could we but do it, as we can demonstrate it!

"But indeed Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into Conduct. Nay properly Conviction is not possible till then; inasmuch as all Speculation is by nature endless, formless, a vortex amid vortices: only by a felt indubitable certainty of Experience does it find any center to revolve round, and so fashion itself into a system. Most true is it, as a wise man teaches us, that 'Doubt of any sort cannot



BIRTHPLACE OF CARLYLE, ECCLEFECHAN, SCOTLAND

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be removed except by Action.' On which ground, too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service: '*Do the Duty which lies nearest thee*,' which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy second Duty will already have become clearer.

"May we not say, however, that the hour of Spiritual Enfranchisement is even this: When your Ideal World, wherein the whole man has been dimly struggling and inexpressibly languishing to work, becomes revealed, and thrown open; and you discover, with amazement enough, like the Lothario in *Wilhelm Meister*, that your 'America is here or nowhere'? The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the Ideal is in thyself, the impediment too is in thyself: thy Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of: what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the Form thou give it be heroic, be poetic? O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, 'here or nowhere,' couldst thou only see!

"But it is with man's Soul as it was with Nature: the beginning of Creation is — Light. Till the eye have vision, the whole members are in bonds. Divine moment, when over the tempest-tost Soul, as once over the wild-weltering Chaos, it is spoken: Let there be Light! Ever to the greatest that has felt such moment, is it not miraculous and God-announcing; even as, under simpler figures, to the simplest and least. The mad primeval Discord is hushed; the rudely-jumbled conflicting elements bind themselves into separate Firmaments: deep silent rock-foundations are built beneath; and the skyey vault with its everlasting Luminaries above: instead of a dark wasteful Chaos, we have a blooming, fertile, heaven-encompassed World.

"I too could now say to myself: Be no longer a Chaos, but a World, or even Worldkin. Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it,

in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it, then. Up, up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called To-day; for the Night cometh, wherein no man can work."

(From "Heroes and Hero-Worship")

THE HERO AS PROPHET—MAHOMET

From the first rude times of Paganism among the Scandinavians in the North, we advance to a very different epoch of religion, among a very different people: Mahometanism among the Arabs. A great change; what a change and progress is indicated here, in the universal condition and thoughts of men!

The Hero is not now regarded as a God among his fellow-men; but as one God-inspired, as a Prophet. It is the second phasis of Hero-worship: the first or oldest, we may say, has passed away without return; in the history of the world there will not again be any man, never so great, whom his fellow-men will take for a god. Nay we might rationally ask, Did any set of human beings ever really think the man they *saw* there standing beside them a god, the maker of this world? Perhaps not: it was usually some man they remembered, or *had* seen. But neither can this any more be. The Great Man is not recognized henceforth as a god any more.

It was a rude gross error, that of counting the Great Man a god. Yet let us say that it is at all times difficult to know *what* he is, or how to account of him and receive him! The most significant feature in the history of an epoch is the manner it has of welcoming a Great Man. Ever, to the true instincts of men, there is something godlike in him. Whether they shall take him to be a god, to be a prophet, or what they shall take him to be? that is ever a grand question; by their way of answering that, we shall see, as through a little window, into the very heart of these men's spiritual condition. For at bottom the Great Man, as he comes from the hand of Nature, is ever the same kind of thing: Odin, Luther, Johnson, Burns; I hope to make it appear that these are all originally of one stuff; that only by the world's reception of them, and the

shapes they assume, are they so immeasurably diverse. The worship of Odin astonishes us, — to fall prostrate before the Great Man, into *deliquium* of love and wonder over him, and feel in their hearts that he was a denizen of the skies, a god! This was imperfect enough: but to welcome, for example, a Burns as we did, was that what we can call perfect? The most precious gift that Heaven can give to the Earth; a man of "genius" as we call it; the Soul of a Man actually sent down from the skies with a God's-message to us, — this we waste away as an idle artificial firework, sent to amuse us a little, and sink it into ashes, wreck, and ineffectuality: *such* reception of a Great Man I do not call very perfect either! Looking into the heart of the thing, one may perhaps call that of Burns a still uglier phenomenon, betokening still sadder imperfections in mankind's ways, than the Scandinavian method itself! To fall into mere unreasoning *deliquium* of love and admiration, was not good; but such unreasoning, nay irrational supercilious no-love at all is perhaps still worse! — It is a thing forever changing, this of Hero-worship: different in each age, difficult to do well in any age. Indeed, the heart of the whole business of the age, one may say, is to do it well.

We have chosen Mahomet not as the most eminent Prophet; but as the one we are freest to speak of. He is by no means the truest of Prophets; but I do esteem him a true one. Farther, as there is no danger of our becoming, any of us, Mahometans, I mean to say all the good of him I justly can. It is the way to get at his secret: let us try to understand what *he* meant with the world; what the world meant and means with him, will then be a more answerable question. Our current hypothesis about Mahomet, that he was a scheming Impostor, a Falsehood incarnate, that his religion is a mere mass of quackery and fatuity, begins really to be now untenable to any one. The lies, which well-meaning zeal has heaped round this man, are disgraceful to ourselves only. When Pococke inquired of Grotius, Where the proof was of that story of the pigeon, trained to pick peas from Mahomet's ear, and pass for an angel dictating to him? Grotius answered that there was no proof! It is really time to dismiss all that. The word this man spoke has been the life-guidance now of a hundred-and-eighty millions of

men these twelve-hundred years. These hundred-and-eighty millions were made by God as well as we. A greater number of God's creatures believe in Mahomet's word at this hour than in any other word whatever. Are we to suppose that it was a miserable piece of spiritual legerdemain, this which so many creatures of the Almighty have lived by and died by? I, for my part, cannot form any such supposition. I will believe most things sooner than that. One would be entirely at a loss what to think of this world at all, if quackery so grew and were sanctioned here.

Alas, such theories are very lamentable. If we would attain to knowledge of anything in God's true Creation, let us disbelieve them wholly! They are the product of an Age of Skepticism; they indicate the saddest spiritual paralysis, and mere death-life of the souls of men: more godless theory, I think, was never promulgated in this Earth. A false man found a religion? Why, a false man cannot build a brick house! If he do not know and follow *truly* the properties of mortar, burnt clay, and what else he works in, it is no house that he makes, but a rubbish-heap. It will not stand for twelve centuries, to lodge a hundred-and-eighty millions; it will fall straightway. A man must conform himself to Nature's laws, *be* verily in communion with Nature and the truth of things, or Nature will answer him, No, not at all! Speciosities are specious — ah me! — a Cagliostro, many Cagliostros, prominent world-leaders, do prosper by their quackery, for a day. It is like a forged bank-note; they get it passed out of *their* worthless hands: others, not they, have to smart for it. Nature bursts-up in fire-flames, French Revolutions, and suchlike, proclaiming with terrible veracity that forged notes are forged.

But of a Great Man especially, of him I will venture to assert that it is incredible he should have been other than true. It seems to me the primary foundation of him, and of all that can lie in him, this. No Mirabeau, Napoleon, Burns, Cromwell, no man adequate to do anything, but is first of all in right earnest about it; what I call a sincere man. I should say *sincerity*, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic. Not the sincerity that calls itself sincere; ah no, that is a very poor matter indeed; — a

shallow braggart conscious sincerity; oftenest self-conceit mainly. The Great Man's sincerity is of the kind he cannot speak of, is not conscious of: nay, I suppose, he is conscious rather of *in*sincerity; for what man can walk accurately by the law of truth for one day? No, the Great Man does not boast himself sincere, far from that; perhaps does not ask himself if he is so: I would say rather, his sincerity does not depend on himself; he cannot help being sincere! The great Fact of Existence is great to him. Fly as he will, he cannot get out of the awful presence of this Reality. His mind is so made; he is great by that, first of all. Fearful and wonderful, real as Life, real as Death, is this Universe to him. Though all men should forget its truth, and walk in a vain show, he cannot. At all moments the Flame-image glares-in upon him; undeniable, there, there! — I wish you to take this as my primary definition of a Great Man. A little man may have this, it is competent to all men that God has made: but a Great Man cannot be without it.

Such a man is what we call an *original* man; he comes to us at first-hand. A messenger he, sent from the Infinite Unknown with tidings to us. We may call him Poet, Prophet, God; — in one way or other, we all feel that the words he utters are as no other man's words. Direct from the Inner Fact of things; — he lives, and has to live, in daily communion with that. Heresays cannot hide it from him; he is blind, homeless, miserable, following heresays; *it* glares-in upon him. Really his utterances, are they not a kind of "revelation;" — what we must call such for want of some other name? It is from the heart of the world that he comes; he is portion of the primal reality of things. God has made many revelations: but this man too, has not God made him, the latest and newest of all? The "inspiration of the Almighty giveth *him* understanding:" we must listen before all to him.

This Mahomet, then, we will in no wise consider as an Inanity and Theatricality, a poor conscious ambitious schemer; we cannot conceive him so. The rude message he delivered was a real one withal; an earnest confused voice from the unknown Deep. The man's words were not false, nor his workings here below; no Inanity and Simulacrum; a fiery

mass of Life cast-up from the great bosom of Nature herself. To *kindle* the world; the world's Maker had ordered it so. Neither can the faults, imperfections, insincerities even, of Mahomet, if such were never so well proved against him, shake this primary fact about him.

On the whole, we make too much of faults; the details of the business hide the real center of it. Faults? The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none. Readers of the Bible above all, one would think, might know better. Who is called there "the man according to God's own heart"? David, the Hebrew King, had fallen into sins enough; blackest crimes; there was no want of sins. And thereupon the unbelievers sneer and ask, Is this your man according to God's heart? The sneer, I must say, seems to me but a shallow one. What are faults, what are the outward details of a life; if the inner secret of it, the remorse, temptations, true, often-baffled, never-ended struggle of it, be forgotten? "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." Of all acts, is not, for a man, *repentance* the most divine? The deadliest sin, I say, were that same supercilious consciousness of no sin; — that is death; the heart so conscious is divorced from sincerity, humility, and fact; is dead; it is "pure" as dead dry sand is pure. David's life and history, as written for us in those Psalms of his, I consider to be the truest emblem ever given of a man's moral progress and warfare here below. All earnest souls will ever discern in it the faithful struggle of an earnest human soul towards what is good and best. Struggle often baffled, sore baffled, down as into entire wreck; yet a struggle never ended; ever, with tears, repentance, true unconquerable purpose, begun anew. Poor human nature! Is not a man's walking, in truth, always that: "a succession of falls?" Man can do no other. In this wild element of a Life, he has to struggle onwards; now fallen, deep-abased; and ever, with tears, repentance, with bleeding heart, he has to rise again, struggle again still onwards. That his struggle *be* a faithful unconquerable one: that is the question of questions. We will put-up with many sad details, if the soul of it were true. Details by themselves will never teach us what it is. I believe we misestimate Mahomet's faults even as faults: but the

secret of him will never be got by dwelling there. We will leave all this behind us; and assuring ourselves that he did mean some true thing, ask candidly what it was or might be.

(From "Past and Present")

THE ENGLISH

The spoken Word, the written Poem, is said to be an epitome of the man; how much more the done Work. Whatsoever of morality and of intelligence; what of patience, perseverance, faithfulness, of method, insight, ingenuity, energy; in a word, whatsoever of Strength the man had in him will lie written in the Work he does. To work: why, it is to try himself against Nature, and her everlasting unerring Laws; these will tell a true verdict as to the man. So much of virtue and of faculty did *we* find in him; so much and no more! He had such capacity of harmonizing himself with *me* and my unalterable ever-veracious Laws; of coöperating and working as *I* bade him; — and has prospered, and has not prospered as you see? — Working as great Nature bade him: does not that mean virtue of a kind; nay, of all kinds? Cotton can be spun and sold, Lancashire operatives can be got to spin it, and at length one has the woven webs and sells them, by following Nature's regulations in that matter: by not following Nature's regulations, you have them not. You have them not; — there is no Cotton-web to sell: Nature finds a bill against you; your "Strength" is not Strength, but Futility! Let faculty be honored, so far as it is faculty. A man that can succeed in working is to me always a man.

How one loves to see the burly figure of him, this thick-skinned, seemingly opaque, perhaps sulky, almost stupid Man of Practice, pitted against some light adroit Man of Theory, all equipt with clear logic, and able anywhere to give you Why for Wherefore! The adroit Man of Theory, so light of movement, clear of utterance, with his bow full-bent and quiver full of arrow-arguments, — surely he will strike down the game; transfix everywhere the heart of the matter; triumph everywhere, as he proves that he shall and must do? To your

astonishment, it turns out oftenest No. The cloudy-browed, thick-soled, opaque Practicality, with no logic-utterance, in silence mainly, with here and there a low grunt or growl, has in him what transcends all logic-utterance: a Congruity with the Unuttered. The Speakable, which lies atop, as a superficial film, or outer skin, is his or is not his: but the Doable, which reaches down to the World's center, you find him there!

The rugged Brindley has little to say for himself; the rugged Brindley, when difficulties accumulate on him, retires silent, "generally to his bed;" retires "sometimes for three days together to his bed, that he may be in perfect privacy there," and ascertain in his rough head how the difficulties can be overcome. The ineloquent Brindley, behold he *has* chained seas together; his ships do visibly float over valleys, invisibly through the hearts of mountains; the Mersey and the Thames, the Humber and the Severn have shaken hands: Nature most audibly answers, Yes! The Man of Theory twangs his full-bent bow; Nature's Fact ought to fall stricken, but does not: his logic-arrow glances from it as from a scaly dragon, and the obstinate Fact keeps walking its way. How singular! At bottom you will have to grapple closer with the dragon; take it home to you, by real faculty, not by seeming faculty; try whether you are stronger or it is stronger. Close with it, wrestle it: sheer obstinate toughness of muscle; but much more, what we call toughness of heart, which will mean persistence hopeful and even desperate, unsubduable patience, composed candid openness, clearness of mind: all this shall be "strength" in wrestling your dragon; the whole man's real strength is in this work, we shall get the measure of him here.

Of all the Nations in the world at present the English are the stupidest in speech, the wisest in action. As good as a "dumb" Nation, I say, who cannot speak, and have never yet spoken, — spite of the Shaksperes and Miltons who show us what possibilities there are! — O, Mr. Bull, I look in that surly face of thine with a mixture of pity and laughter, yet also with wonder and veneration. Thou complainest not, my illustrious friend; and yet I believe the heart of thee is full of sorrow, of unspoken sadness, seriousness, — profound mel-

ancholy (as some have said) the basis of thy being. Unconsciously, for thou speakest of nothing, this great Universe is great to thee. Not by levity of floating, but by stubborn force of swimming, shalt thou make thy way. The Fates sing of thee that thou shalt many times be thought an ass and a dull ox, and shalt with a godlike indifference believe it. My friend, — and it is all untrue, nothing ever falser in point of fact! Thou art of those great ones whose greatness the small passer-by does not discern. Thy very stupidity is wiser than their wisdom. A grand *vis inertiæ* is in thee; how many grand qualities unknown to small men! Nature alone knows thee, acknowledges the bulk and strength of thee: thy Epic, unsung in words, is written in huge characters, on the face of this Planet, — sea-moles, cotton-trades, railways, fleets and cities, Indian Empires, Americas, New-Hollands; legible throughout the Solar System!

But the dumb Russians too, as I said, they drilling all wild Asia and wild Europe into military rank and file, a terrible yet hitherto a prospering enterprise, are still dumber. The old Romans also could not *speak*, for many centuries: — not till the world was theirs; and so many speaking Greekdoms, their logic-arrows all spent, had been absorbed and abolished. The logic-arrows, how they glanced futile from obdurate thick-skinned Facts; Facts to be wrestled down only by the real vigor of Roman thews! — As for me, I honor, in these loud-babbling days, all the Silent rather. A grand Silence that of Romans; — nay the grandest of all, is it not that of the gods! Even Triviality, Imbecility, that can sit silent, how respectable is it in comparison! The "talent of silence" is our fundamental one. Great honor to him whose Epic is a melodious hexameter Iliad; not a jingling Sham-Iliad, nothing true in it but the hexameters and forms merely. But still greater honor, if his Epic be a mighty Empire slowly built together, a mighty Series of Heroic deeds, — a mighty Conquest over Chaos; *which* Epic the "Eternal Melodies" have, and must have, informed and dwelt in, as *it* sung itself! There is no mistaking that latter Epic. Deeds are greater than Words. Deeds have such a life, mute but undeniable, and grow as living trees and fruit-trees do; they people the vacuity of Time, and make

it green and worthy. Why should the oak prove logically that it ought to grow, and will grow? Plant it, try it; what gifts of diligent judicious assimilation and secretion it has, of progress and resistance, of *force* to grow, will then declare themselves. My much-honored, illustrious, extremely inarticulate Mr. Bull! —

Ask Bull his spoken opinion of any matter, — oftentimes the force of dullness can no farther go. You stand silent, incredulous, as over a platitude that borders on the Infinite. The man's Churchisms, Dissenterisms, Puseyisms, Benthamisms, College Philosophies, Fashionable Literatures, are unexampled in this world. Fate's prophecy is fulfilled; you call the man an ox and an ass. But set him once to work, — respectable man! His spoken sense is next to nothing, nine-tenths of it palpable *non*sense: but his unspoken sense, his inner silent feeling of what is true, what does agree with fact, what is doable and what is not doable, — this seeks its fellow in the world. A terrible worker; irresistible against marshes, mountains, impediments, disorder, incivilization; everywhere vanquishing disorder, leaving it behind him as method and order. He "retires to his bed three days" and considers!

Nay withal, stupid as he is, our dear John, — ever, after infinite tumblings, and spoken platitudes innumerable from barrel-heads and parliament-benches, he does settle down somewhere about the just conclusion; you are certain that his jumblings and tumblings will end, after years or centuries, in the stable equilibrium. Stable equilibrium, I say; center-of-gravity lowest; — not the unstable, with center-of-gravity highest, as I have known it done by quicker people! For indeed, do but jumble and tumble sufficiently, you avoid that worst fault, of settling with your center-of-gravity highest; your center-of-gravity is certain to come lowest, and to stay there. If slowness, what we in our impatience call "stupidity," be the price of stable equilibrium over unstable, shall we grudge a little slowness? Not the least admirable quality of Bull is, after all, that of remaining insensible to logic; holding out for considerable periods, ten years or more, as in this of the Corn-Laws, after all arguments and shadow of arguments have faded away from him, till the very urchins on the

street titter at the arguments he brings. Logic — Λογικὴ, the "Art of Speech" — does indeed speak so and so; clear enough: nevertheless Bull still shakes his head; will see whether nothing else *illogical*, not yet "spoken," not yet able to be "spoken," do not lie in the business, as there so often does! — My firm belief is, that, finding himself now enchanted, hand-shackled, foot-shackled, in Poor-Law Bastilles and elsewhere, he will retire three days to his bed, and *arrive* at a conclusion or two! His three years' "total stagnation of trade," alas, is not that a painful enough "lying in bed to consider himself?" Poor Bull!

Bull is a born Conservative; for this too I inexpressibly honor him. All great Peoples are conservatives; slow to believe in novelties; patient of much error in actualities; deeply and forever certain of the greatness that is in Law, in Custom once solemnly established, and now long recognized as just and final. — True, O Radical Reformer, there is no Custom that can, properly speaking, be final; none. And yet thou seest *Customs* which, in all civilized countries, are accounted final: nay, under the Old-Roman name of *Mores*, are accounted *Morality*, Virtue, Laws of God Himself. Such, I assure thee, not a few of them are; such almost all of them once were. And greatly do I respect the solid character, — a blockhead, thou wilt say; yes, but a well-conditioned blockhead, and the best-conditioned, — who esteems all "Customs once solemnly acknowledged" to be ultimate, divine, and the rule for a man to walk by, nothing doubting, not inquiring farther. What a time of it had we, were all men's life and trade still, in all parts of it, a problem, a hypothetic seeking, to be settled by painful Logics and Baconian Inductions! The Clerk in Eastcheap cannot spend the day in verifying his Ready-Reckoner; he must take it as verified, true and indisputable; or his Bookkeeping by Double Entry will stand still. "Where is your Posted Ledger?" asks the Master at night. — "Sir," answers the other, "I was verifying my Ready-Reckoner, and find some errors. The Ledger is —!" — Fancy such a thing!

True, all turns on your Ready-Reckoner being moderately correct, — being *not* insupportably incorrect! A Ready-Reck-

oner which has led to distinct entries in your Ledger such as these: "*Creditor* an English People by fifteen hundred years of good Labor; and *Debtor* to lodging in enchanted Poor-Law Bastilles: *Creditor* by conquering the largest Empire the Sun ever saw; and *Debtor* to Donothingism and "Impossible" written on all departments of the government thereof: *Creditor* by mountains of gold ingots earned; and *Debtor* to No Bread purchasable by them:" *such* Ready-Reckoner, methinks, is beginning to be suspect; nay is ceasing, and has ceased, to be suspect! Such Ready-Reckoner is a Solecism in Eastcheap; and must, whatever be the press of business, and will and shall be rectified a little. Business can go on no longer with *it*. The most Conservative English People, thickest-skinned, most patient of Peoples, is driven alike by its Logic and its Unlogic, by things "spoken," and by things not yet spoken or very speakable, but only felt and very unendurable, to be wholly a Reforming People. Their Life as it is has ceased to be longer possible for them.

Urge not this noble silent People; rouse not the Berserkir-rage that lies in them! Do you know their Cromwells, Hampdens, their Pyms and Bradshaws? Men very peaceable, but men that can be made very terrible! Men who, like their old Teutsch Fathers in Agrippa's days, "have a soul that despises death"; to whom "death," compared with falsehoods and injustices, is light; — "in whom there is a rage unconquerable by the immortal gods!" Before this, the English People have taken very preternatural-looking Specters by the beard; saying virtually: "And if thou *wert* preternatural?" Thou with thy "divine-rights" grown diabolical wrongs? Thou — not even "natural"; decapitable; totally extinguishable! — Yes, just so godlike as this People's patience was, even so godlike will and must its impatience be. Away, ye scandalous Practical Solecisms, children actually of the Prince of Darkness; ye have near broken our hearts; we can and will endure you no longer. Begone, we say; depart while the play is good! By the Most High God, whose sons and born missionaries true men are, ye shall not continue here! You and we have become incompatible; can inhabit one house no longer. Either you must go, or we. Are ye ambitious to try *which* it shall be?

O my Conservative friends, who still specially name and struggle to approve yourselves "Conservative," would to Heaven I could persuade you of this world-old fact, than which Fate is not surer, That Truth and Justice alone are *capable* of being "conserved" and preserved! The thing which is unjust, which is *not* according to God's Law, will you, in a God's Universe, try to conserve that? It is so old, say you? Yes, and the hotter haste ought *you*, of all others, to be in to let it grow no older! If but the faintest whisper in your hearts intimate to you that it is not fair, — hasten, for the sake of Conservatism itself, to probe it rigorously, to cast it forth at once and forever if guilty. How will or can you preserve *it*, the thing that is not fair? "Impossibility" a thousand fold is marked on that. And ye call yourselves Conservatives, Aristocracies: — ought not honor and nobleness of mind, if they had departed from all the Earth elsewhere, to find their last refuge with you? Ye unfortunate!

The bough that is dead shall be cut away, for the sake of the tree itself. Old? Yes, it is too old. Many a weary winter has it swung and creaked there, and gnawed and fretted, with its dead wood, the organic substance and still living fiber of this good tree; many a long summer has its ugly naked brown defaced the fair green umbrage; every day it has done mischief, and that only: — off with it, for the tree's sake, if for nothing more: let the Conservatism that would preserve cut *it* away. Did no wood-forester apprise you that a dead bough with its dead root left sticking there is extraneous, poisonous; is as a dead iron spike, some horrid rusty plowshare driven into the living substance; — nay is far worse; for in every windstorm ("commercial crisis" or the like) it frets and creaks, jolts itself to and fro, and cannot lie quiet as your dead iron spike would!

If I were the Conservative Party of England (which is another bold figure of speech), I would not for a hundred thousand pounds an hour allow those Corn-Laws to continue. Potosi and Golconda put together would not purchase my assent to them. Do you count what treasuries of bitter indignation they are laying up for you in every just English heart? Do you know what questions, not as to Corn-prices and Sliding-

scales alone, they are *forcing* every reflective Englishman to ask himself? Questions insoluble, or hitherto unsolved; deeper than any of our Logic plummets hitherto will sound: questions deep enough, — which it were better that we did not name even in thought! You are forcing us to think of them, to begin uttering them. The utterance of them is begun; and where will it be ended, think you? When two millions of one's brother-men sit in Workhouses, and five millions, as is insolently said, "rejoice in potatoes," there are various things that must be begun, let them end where they can.

(From "The French Revolution")

THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE

To Arms!

So hangs it, dubious, fateful, in the sultry days of July. It is the passionate printed *advice* of M. Marat to abstain, of all things, from violence. Nevertheless the hungry poor are already burning town barriers, where tribute on eatables is levied, getting clamorous for food.

The twelfth July morning is Sunday; the streets are all placarded with an enormous-sized De par le roi, "inviting peaceable citizens to remain within doors," to feel no alarm, to gather in no crowd. Why so? What means these "placards of enormous size?" Above all, what means this clatter of military; dragoons; hussars, rattling in from all points of the compass toward the Place Louis Quinze, with a staid gravity of face, though saluted with mere nicknames, hootings, and even missiles? Besenval is with them. Swiss guards of his are already in the Champs Elysées, with four pieces of artillery.

Have the destroyers descended on us, then? From the bridge of Sèvres to utmost Vincennes, from Saint-Denis to the Champ-de-Mars, we are begirt! Alarm, of the vague unknown, is in every heart. The Palais Royal has become a place of awestruck interjections, silent shakings of the head; one can fancy with what dolorous sound the noontide cannon (which the sun fires at crossing of his meridian) went off there — bodeful, like an inarticulate voice of doom. Are these troops verily come out "against brigands?" Where are the

brigands? What mystery is in the wind? Hark! a human voice reporting articulately the Job's news: *Necker, people's minister, savior of France, is dismissed!* Impossible; incredible! Treasonous to the public peace! Such a voice ought to be choked in the water-works, had not the news-bringer quickly fled. Nevertheless, friends, make of it what you will, the news is true. Necker is gone. Necker hies northward incessantly, in obedient secrecy, since yester-night. We have a new ministry — Broglie the war-god; aristocrat Breteuil; Foulon, who said the people might eat grass!

Rumor, therefore, shall arise in the Palais Royal, and in broad France. Paleness sits on every face; confused tremor and fremescence, waxing into thunder-peals, of fury stirred on by fear.

But see Camille Desmoulins, from the Café de Foy, rushing out, sibylline in face; his hair streaming, in each hand a pistol! He springs to a table; the police satellites are eying him; alive they shall not take him, not they alive him alive. This time he speaks without stammering; "Friends! shall we die like hunted hares? Like sheep hounded into their pinfold, bleating for mercy, where is no mercy, but only a whetted knife? The hour is come, the supreme hour of Frenchman and man; when oppressors are to try conclusions with oppressed, and the word is, Swift death or deliverance forever. Let such hour be *well*-come! Us, meseems, one cry only befits: To arms! Let universal Paris, universal France, as with the throat of the whirlwind, sound only, To arms!" "To arms!" yell responsive the innumerable voices, like one great voice, as of a demon yelling from the air; for all faces wax fire-eyed, all hearts burn up into madness. In such, or fitter words, does Camille evoke the elemental powers, in this great moment. "Friends," continues Camille, "some rallying sign! Cockades, green ones — the color of hope!" As with the flight of locusts, these green tree-leaves, green ribbons from the neighboring shops, all green things are snatched and made cockades of. Camille descends from his table, "stifled with embraces, wetted with tears;" has a bit of green ribbon handed him, sticks it in his hat. And now to Curtuis's image-shop there, to the boulevards, to the four winds, and rest not till France be on fire.

France, so long shaken and wind-parched, is probably at the right inflammable point. As for poor Curtuis, who, one grieves to think, might be but imperfectly paid — he cannot make two words about his images. The wax bust of Necker, the wax bust of D'Orléans, helpers of France, these, covered with crape, as in funeral procession, or after the manner of suppliants appealing to heaven, to earth, and Tartarus itself, a mixed multitude bears off. For a sign! As indeed man, with his singular imaginative faculties, can do little or nothing without signs. Thus Turks look to their prophet's banner, also osier *manikins* have been burnt, and Necker's portrait has ere-while figured aloft on its perch.

In this manner march they, a mixed, continually increasing multitude, armed with axes, staves, and miscellanea; grim, many-sounding, through the streets. Be all theaters shut; let all dancing on planked floor, or on the natural greensward, cease! Instead of a Christian Sabbath, and feast of guinguette tabernacles, it shall be a sorcerer's Sabbath, and Paris gone rabid, dance — with the fiend for piper!

However, Besenval, with horse and foot, is in the Place Louis Quinze. Mortals, promenading homeward in the fall of the day, saunter by, from Chaillot or Passy, from flirtation and a little thin wine, with sadder step than usual. Will the bust procession pass that way? Behold it, behold also Prince Lambesc dash forth on it, with his Royal-Allemands! Shots fall, and saber-strokes; busts are hewed asunder, and, alas! also heads of men. A sabered procession has nothing for it but to *explode*, along what streets, alleys, Tuileries avenues it finds, and disappear. One unarmed man lies hewed down, a Garde Française by his uniform; bear him (or bear even the report of him) dead and gory to his barracks — where he has comrades still alive!

But why not now, victorious Lambesc, charge through that Tuileries garden itself, where the fugitives are vanishing? Not show the Sunday promenaders, too, how steel glitters, besprent with blood; that it be told of, and men's ears tingle? Tingle, alas! they did, but the wrong way. Victorious Lambesc, in this his second or Tuileries charge, succeeds but in overturning (call it not slashing, for he struck with the flat of

his sword) one man, a poor old schoolmaster, most pacifically tottering there; and is driven out, by barricade of chairs, by flights of "bottles and glasses," by execrations in bass voice and treble. Most delicate is the mob-queller's vocation, wherein too-much may be as bad as not-enough. For each of these bass voices, and more each treble voice, borne to all parts of the city, rings now nothing but distracted indignation — will ring all night. The cry, *To arms!* roars tenfold; steeples with their metal storm-voice boom out, as the sun sinks; armorers' shops are broken open, plundered; the streets are a living foam-sea, chafed by all the winds.

Such issue came of Lambesc's charge on the Tuileries garden, no striking of salutary terrc into Chaillot promenaders; a striking into broad wakefulness of frenzy and the three furies — which otherwise were not asleep! For they lie always, those subterranean Eumenides (fabulous and yet so true), in the dullest existence of man — and can dance, brandishing their dusky torches, shaking their serpent-hair. Lambesc with Royal-Allemand may ride to his barracks, with curses for his marching-music, then ride back again, like one troubled in mind; vengeful Gardes Française, *sacre*ing, with knit brows start out on him, from their barracks in the Chaussé d'Antin, pour a volley into him (killing and wounding), which he must not answer, but ride on.

Counsel dwells not under the plumed hat. If the Eumenides awaken, and Broglie has given no orders, what can a Besenval do? When the Gardes Françaises, with Palais-Royal volunteers, roll down greedy of more vengeance, to the Place Louis Quinze itself, they find neither Besenval, Lambesc, Royal-Allemand, nor any soldier now there. Gone is military order. On the far eastern boulevard, of Saint-Antoine, the Chasseurs Normandie arrive, dusty, thirsty, after a hard day's ride; but can find no billet-master, see no course in this city of confusions; cannot get to Besenval, cannot so much as discover where he is. Normandie must even bivouac there, in its dust and thirst — unless some patriot will treat it to a cup of liquor, with advices.

Raging multitudes surround the Hotel-de-Ville, crying, Arms! Orders! The six-and-twenty town-councilors, with their long

gowns have ducked under (into the raging chaos) — shall never emerge more. Besenval is painfully wriggling himself out, to the Champ-de-Mars; he must sit there "in the cruelest uncertainty"; courier after courier may dash off for Versailles, but will bring back no answer, can hardly bring himself back. For the roads are all blocked with batteries and pickets, with floods of carriages arrested for examination; such was Broglie's one sole order; the Œil-de-Bœuf, hearing in the distance such mad din, which sounded almost like invasion, will before all things keep its own head whole. A new ministry, with, as it were, but one foot in the stirrup, cannot take leaps. Mad Paris is abandoned altogether to itself.

What a Paris when the darkness fell! A European metropolitan city hurled suddenly forth from its old combinations and arrangements, to crash tumultuously together, seeking new. Use and wont will now no longer direct any man; each man, with what of originality he has, must begin thinking, or following those that think. Seven hundred thousand individuals, on the sudden, find all their old paths, old ways of acting and deciding, vanish from under their feet. And so there go they, with clangor and terror — they know not as yet whether running, swimming, or flying — headlong into the new era. With clangor and terror from above, Broglie the war god impends, preternatural, with his red-hot cannon-balls; and from below a preternatural brigand world menaces with dirk and firebrand; madness rules the hour.

Happily, in place of the submerged twenty-six, the electoral club is gathering; has declared itself a "provisional municipality." On the morrow it will get Provost Flesselles, with an echevin or two, to give help in many things. For the present it decrees one most essential thing, that forthwith a Parisian militia shall be enrolled. Depart, ye heads of districts, to labor in this great work, while we here, in permanent committee, sit alert. Let fencible men, each party in its own range of streets, keep watch and ward all night. Let Paris court a little fever-sleep; confused by such fever-dreams; of "violent motions at the Palais Royal"; — or from time to time start awake, and look out, palpitating, in its night-cap, at the clash of discordant mutually unintelligible patrols, on the

gleam of distant barriers, going up all too ruddy toward the vault of night.

Give us Arms

On Monday the huge city has awoke, not to its week-day industry, — to what a different one? The working-man has become a fighting man; has one want only, that of arms. The industry of all crafts has paused — except it be the smith's, fiercely hammering pikes; and, in a faint degree, the kitchener's cooking off-hand victuals; for *bouche va toujours.* Women, too, are sewing cockades — not now of *green*, which being D'Artois color, the Hotel-de-Ville has had to interfere in it; but of *red* and *blue*, our old Paris colors: these, once based on a ground of constitutional *white*, are the famed *tricolor* — which (if prophecy err not) "will go round the world."

All shops, unless it be the bakers' and vintners', are shut. Paris is in the streets — rushing, foaming like some Venice wine-glass into which you had dropped poison. The tocsin, by order, is pealing madly from all steeples. Arms, ye elector municipals; thou Flesselles with thy echevins, give us arms! Flesselles gives what he can; fallacious, perhaps insidious promises of arms from Charleville; order to seek arms here, order to seek them there. The new municipals give what they can: some three-hundred and sixty indifferent firelocks, the equipment of the city-watch. "A man in wooden shoes and without coat, directly clutches one of them, and mounts guard." Also, as hinted, an order to all smiths to make pikes with their whole soul.

Heads of districts are in fervent consultation, subordinate patriotism roams distracted, ravenous for arms. Hitherto at the Hotel-de-Ville was only such modicum of indifferent firelocks as we have seen. At the so-called arsenal, there lies nothing but rust, rubbish, and saltpeter — overlooked, too, by the guns of the Bastille. His majesty's repository, what they call *garde meuble*, is forced and ransacked; tapestries enough, and gauderies; but of serviceable fighting-gear small stock! Two silver-mounted cannons there are, an ancient gift from his majesty of Siam to Louis Four-

teenth; gilt sword of the Good Henri; antique chivalry arms and armor. These and such as these, a necessitous patriotism snatches greedily, for want of better. The Siamese cannons go trundling on an errand they were not meant for. Among the indifferent firelocks are seen tourney-lances; the princely helm and hauberk glittering amid ill-hatted heads — as in a time when all times and their possessions are suddenly sent jumbling!

At the Maison de Saint-Lazare, lazar-house once, now a correction house with priests, there was no trace of arms; but, on the other hand, corn plainly to a culpable extent. Out with it, to market, in this scarcity of grains! Heavens, will "fifty-two carts," in long row, hardly carry it to the halle aux bleds? Well, truly, ye reverend fathers, was your pantry filled; fat are your larders, overgenerous your wine-bins, ye plotting exasperators of the poor, traitorous forestallers of bread!

Vain is protesting, entreaty on bare knees, the house of Saint-Lazarus has that in it which comes not out by protesting. Behold, how, from every window, it *vomits* mere torrents of furniture, of bellowing and hurly-burly — the cellars also leaking wine. Till, as was natural, smoke rose, kindled, some say, by the desperate Saint-Lazaristes themselves, desperate of other riddance; and the establishment vanished from this world in flame. Remark nevertheless that "a thief" (set on or not by aristocrats), being detected there, is "instantly hanged."

Look also at the Châtelet prison. The debtors' prison of La Force is broken from without; and they that sat in bondage to aristocrats go free; hearing of which the felons at the Châtelet do likewise "dig up their pavements," and stand on the offensive, with the best prospects — had not patriotism, passing that way, "fired a volley" into the felon world, and crushed it down again under hatches. Patriotism consorts not with thieving and felony; surely also punishment, this day, hitches, (if she still hitch), after crime, with frightful shoes-of-swiftness! "Some score or two" of wretched persons, found prostrate with drink in the cellars of that Saint-Lazare, are indignantly haled to prison; the jailer has no room; whereupon, other place of security not suggesting itself, it is written, "*on les*

pendit (they hanged them.)" Brief is the word, not without significance, be it true or untrue!

In such circumstances, the aristocrat, the unpatriotic rich man, is packing-up for departure. But he shall not get departed. A wooden-shod force has seized all barriers, burnt or not; all that enters, all that seeks to issue, is stopped there and dragged to the Hotel-de-Ville; coaches, tumbrels, plate, furniture, "many meal-sacks," in time even "flocks and herds," encumber the Place de Grève.

And so it roars, and rages, and brays: drums beating, steeples pealing, criers rushing with hand-bells: "Oyez, oyez. All men to their districts to be enrolled!" The districts have met in gardens, open squares, are getting marshaled into volunteer troops. No red-hot ball has yet fallen from Besenval's camp; on the contrary, deserters with their arms are continually dropping in, nay, now, joy of joys, at two in the afternoon, the Gardes Françaises, being ordered to Saint-Denis, and flatly declining, have come over in a body! It is a fact worth many. Three thousand six hundred of the best fighting men, with complete accoutrement; with cannoneers even, and cannon. Their officers are left standing alone — could not so much as succeed in "spiking the guns." The very Swiss, it may now be hoped, Château-Vieux and the others, will have doubts about fighting.

Our Parisian militia — which some think it were better to name national guard — is prospering as heart could wish. It promised to be 48,000, but will in few hours double and quadruple that number, invincible if we had only arms!

But see the promised Charleville boxes, marked artillerie! Here, then, are arms enough? Conceive the blank face of patriotism when it found them filled with rags, foul linen, candle-ends, and bits of wood. Provost of the merchants, how is this? Neither at the Chartreux convent, whither we were sent with signed order, is there or ever was there any weapon of war. Nay, here in this Seine boat, safe under tarpaulins (had not the nose of patriotism been of the finest), are "five thousand-weight of gunpowder," not coming *in*, but surreptitiously going out! What meanest thou, Flesselles? 'Tis a ticklish game, that of "amusing" us. Cat plays with

captive mouse; but mouse, with enraged cat, with enraged national tiger?

Meanwhile, the faster, O ye black-aproned smiths, smite, with strong arm and willing heart. This man and that, all stroke from head to heel, shall thunder alternating, and ply the great forge-hammer, till stithy reel and ring again, while ever and anon, overhead booms the alarm cannon — for the city has now got gunpowder. Pikes are fabricated, fifty thousand of them, in six-and-thirty hours; judge whether the black-aproned have been idle. Dig trenches, unpave the streets, ye others, assiduous, man and maid; cram the earth in barrel-barricades, at each of them a volunteer sentry; pile the whinstones in window-sills and upper rooms. Have scalding pitch, at least boiling water, ready, ye weak old women, to pour it and dash it on Royal-Allemand, with your old skinny arms; your shrill curses along with it will not be wanting. Patrols of the newborn national guard, bearing torches, scour the streets all that night, which otherwise are vacant, yet illuminated in every window by order. Strange looking, like some naphtha-lighted city of the dead, with here and there a flight of perturbed ghosts.

O poor mortals, how ye make this earth bitter for each other; this fearful and wonderful life fearful and horrible, and Satan has his place in all hearts! Such agonies and ragings and wailing ye have, and have had, in all times — to be hurled all in so deep silence; and the salt sea is not swollen with your tears.

Great, meanwhile, is the moment when tidings of freedom reach us; when the long-inthralled soul, from amid its chains and squalid stagnancy, arises, were it still only in blindness and bewilderment, and swears by Him that made it that it will be *free!* Free? Understand that well; it is the deep commandment, dimmer or clearer, of our whole being to be *free.* Freedom is the one purport, wisely aimed at, or unwisely, of all man's struggles, toilings, and sufferings in this earth. Yes, supreme is such a moment (if thou have known it), first vision as of a flame-girt Sinai, in this our waste pilgrimage — which thenceforth wants not its pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night. Something it is even — nay, something con-

siderable, when the chains have grown *corrosive*, poisonous — to be free "from oppression by our fellow-man." Forward, ye maddened sons of France; be it toward this destiny or toward that! Around you is but starvation, falsehood, corruption, and the calm of death. Where ye are is no abiding.

Imagination may, imperfectly, figure how Commandant Besenval, in the Champ-de-Mars, has worn out these sorrowful hours. Insurrection raging all round, his men melting away! From Versailles, to the most pressing messages, comes no answer, or once only some vague word of answer which is worse than none. A council of officers can decide merely that there is no decision; colonels inform him, "weeping," that they do not think their men will fight. Cruel uncertainty is here, war-god Broglie sits yonder, inaccessible in his Olympus; does not descend terror-clad, does not produce his whiff of grape-shot, sends no orders.

Truly, in the Château of Versailles all seems mystery; in the town of Versailles, were we there, all is rumor, alarm, and indignation. An august national assembly sits, to appearance, menaced with death, endeavoring to defy death. It has resolved "that Necker carries with him the regrets of the nation." It has sent solemn deputation over to the château, with entreaty to have these troops withdrawn. In vain; his majesty, with a singular composure, invites us to be busy rather with our own duty, making the constitution! Foreign pandors, and such-like, go pricking and prancing, with a swashbuckler air, with an eye, too, probably to the Salle des Menus — were it not for the "grim-looking countenances" that crowd all avenues there. Be firm, ye national senators, the cynosure of a firm, grim-looking people!

The august national senators determine that there shall, at least, be permanent session till this thing end. Wherein, however, consider that worthy Lafranc de Pompignan, our new president, whom we have named Bailly's successor, is an old man, wearied with many things. He is the brother of that Pompignan who meditated lamentably on the book of Lamentations: —

> "Savez-vous pourquoi Jeremie
> Se lamentait toute sa vie?
> C'est qu'il prevoyait
> Que Pompignan le traduirait!"

Poor Bishop Pompignan withdraws, having got Lafayette for helper or substitute; this latter, as nocturnal vice-president, with a thin house in disconsolate humor, sits sleepless, with lights unsnuffed, waiting what the hours will bring.

So at Versailles. But at Paris, agitated Besenval, before retiring for the night, has stept over to old M. de Sombreuil, of the Hotel des Invalides hard by. M. de Sombreuil has, what is a great secret, some eight-and-twenty thousand stand of muskets deposited in his cellars there, but no trust in the temper of his invalides. This day, for example, he sent twenty of the fellows down to unscrew those muskets, lest sedition might snatch at them; but scarcely, in six hours, had the twenty unscrewed twenty gun-locks, or dog-heads (*chiens*) of locks, each invalide his dog-head! If ordered to fire, they would, he imagines, turn their cannon against himself.

Unfortunate old military gentlemen, it is your hour, not of glory! Old Marquis de Launay, too, of the Bastille, has pulled up his drawbridges long since, "and retired into his interior," with sentries walking on his battlements, under the midnight sky, aloft over the glare of illuminated Paris — whom a national patrol, passing that way, takes the liberty of firing at, "seven shots toward twelve at night," which do not take effect. This was the 13th day of July, 1789, a worse day, many said, than the last 13th was, when only hail fell out of heaven, not madness rose out of Tophet, ruining worse than crops!

In these same days, as chronology will teach us, hot old Marquis Mirabeau lies stricken down at Argenteuil — *not* within sound of these alarm-guns; or *he* properly is not there, and only the body of him now lies, deaf and cold forever. It was on Saturday night that he, drawing his last life-breaths, gave up the ghost there — leaving a world which would never go to his mind, now broken out, seemingly, into deliration and the *culbute générale*. What is it to him, departing elsewhither, on his long journey? The old Château Mirabeau stands silent, far off, on its scarped rock, in that "gorge of two windy valleys"; the pale-fading specter now of château; this huge world-riot, and France, and the world itself, fades also, like a shadow on the great still mirror-sea; and all shall be as God wills.

Young Mirabeau, sad of heart, for he loved this crabbed, brave old father — sad of heart, and occupied with sad cares, is withdrawn from public history. The great crisis transacts itself without him.

Storm and Victory

But, to the living and the struggling, a new fourteenth morning dawns. Under all roofs of this distracted city is the nodus of a drama, not untragical, crowding toward solution. The bustlings and preparings, the tremors and menaces, the tears that fell from old eyes! This day, my sons, ye shall quit you like men. By the memory of your fathers' wrongs; by the hope of your children's rights! Tyranny impends in red wrath: help for you is none, if not in your own right hands. This day ye must do or die.

From earliest light, a sleepless permanent committee has heard the old cry, now waxing almost frantic, mutinous, Arms! Arms! Provost Flesselles, or what traitors there are among you, may think of those Charleville boxes. A hundred and fifty thousand of us, and but the third man furnished with so much as a pike! Arms are the one thing needful; with arms we are an unconquerable man-defying national guard; without arms, a rabble to be whiffed with grape-shot.

Happily the word has arisen, for no secret can be kept, that there lie muskets at the Hotel des Invalides. Thither will we, King's Procureur M. Ethys de Corny, and whatsoever of authority a permanent committee can lend, shall go with us. Besenval's camp is there; perhaps he will not fire on us; if he kill us, we shall but die.

Alas! poor Besenval, with his troops melting away in that manner, has not the smallest humor to fire! At five o'clock this morning, as he lay dreaming, oblivious in the École Militaire, a "figure" stood suddenly at his bedside; "with face rather handsome, eyes inflamed, speech rapid and curt, air audacious:" such a figure drew Priam's curtains! The message and monition of the figure was that resistance would be hopeless; that if blood flowed, woe to him who shed it. Thus spoke the figure, and vanished: "Withal there was a kind of

eloquence that struck one." Besenval admits that he should have arrested him, but did not. Who this figure with inflamed eyes, with speech rapid and curt, might be, Besenval knows, but mentions not. Camille Desmoulins? Pythagorean Marquis Valadi, inflamed with "violent motions all night at the Palais Royal"? Fame names him "Young M. Meillar"; then shuts her lips about him forever.

In any case, behold, about nine in the morning, our national volunteers rolling in long wide flood southwestward to the Hotel des Invalides, in search of the one thing needful. King's Procureur M. Ethys de Corny and officials are there; the curé of Saint-Étienne du Mont marches unpacific at the head of his militant parish; the clerks of the basoche in red coats we see marching, now volunteers of the basoche, the volunteers of the Palais Royal, national volunteers, numerable by tens of thousands, of one heart and mind. The king's muskets are the nation's; think, old M. de Sombreuil, how, in this extremity, thou wilt refuse them! Old M. de Sombreuil would fain hold parley, send couriers, but it skills not; the walls are scaled, no invalide firing a shot; the gates must be flung open. Patriotism rushes in tumultuous, from grunsel up to ridge-tile, through all rooms and passages, rummaging distractedly for arms. What cellar or what cranny can escape it? The arms are found, all safe there, lying packed in straw, apparently with a view to being burnt! More ravenous than famishing lions over dead prey, the multitude, with clangor and vociferation, pounces on them, struggling, dashing, clutching, to the jamming up, to the pressure, fracture, and probable extinction of the weaker patriot. And so, with such protracted crash of deafening, most discordant orchestra-music, the scene is changed; and eight-and-twenty thousand sufficient fire-locks are on the shoulders of as many national guards, lifted thereby out of darkness into fiery light.

Let Besenval look at the glitter of these muskets as they flash by! Gardes Françaises, it is said, have cannon leveled on him, ready to open, if need were, from the other side of the river. Motionless sits he; "astonished," one may flatter oneself, "at the proud bearing (*fière contenance*) of the Parisians." And now to the Bastille, ye intrepid Parisians! There grape-

shot still threatens: thither all men's thoughts and steps are now tending.

Old De Launay, as we hinted, withdrew "into his interior" soon after midnight of Sunday. He remains there ever since, hampered, as all military gentlemen now are, in the saddest conflict of uncertainties. The Hotel-de-Ville "invites" him to admit national soldiers, which is a soft name for surrendering. On the other hand his majesty's orders were precise. His garrison is but eighty-two old invalides, reënforced by thirty-two young Swiss; his walls, indeed, are nine feet thick; he has cannon and powder, but, alas! only one day's provision of victuals. The city, too, is French, the poor garrison mostly French. Rigorous old De Launay, think what thou wilt do!

All morning, since nine, there has been a cry everywhere, "To the Bastille!" Repeated "deputations of citizens" have been here, passionate for arms, whom De Launay has got dismissed by soft speeches through port-holes. Toward noon, Elector Thuriot de la Rosière gains admittance, finds De Launay indisposed for surrender, nay, disposed for blowing up the place rather. Thuriot mounts with him to the battlements; heaps of paving-stones, old iron, and missiles lie piled; cannon all duly leveled; in every embrasure a cannon — only drawn back a little! But outwards, behold, O Thuriot, how the multitude flows on, welling through every street; tocsin furiously pealing, all drums beating the générale; the suburb Saint-Antoine rolling hitherward wholly, as one man! Such vision (spectral, yet real) thou, O Thuriot, as from thy mount of visions, beholdest in this moment, prophetic of what other phantasmagories and loud-gibbering spectral realities which thou yet beholdest not, but shalt! "Que voulez-vous?" said De Launay, turning pale at the sight, with an air of reproach, almost of menace. "Monsieur," said Thuriot, rising into the moral sublime, "what mean *you?* Consider if I could not precipitate *both* of us from this height," say only a hundred feet, exclusive of the walled ditch! Whereupon De Launay fell silent. Thuriot shows himself from some pinnacle, to comfort the multitude becoming suspicious, fremescent, then descends, departs with protests, with warning addressed also to the invalides, on whom, however, it produces but a mixed,

indistinct impression. The old heads are none of the clearest, besides, it is said, De Launay has been profuse of beverages (*prodigue des buissons*). They think they will not fire — if not fired on — if they can help it; but must, on the whole, be ruled considerably by circumstances.

Woe to thee, De Launay, in such an hour, if thou canst not, taking some one firm decision, *rule* circumstances! Soft speeches will not serve, hard grape-shot is questionable, but hovering between the two is *un*questionable. Ever wilder swells the tide of men, their infinite hum waxing ever louder, into imprecations, perhaps into crackle of stray musketry — which latter, on walls nine feet thick, cannot do execution. The outer drawbridge has been lowered for Thuriot; new *deputation of citizens* (it is the third and noisest of all) penetrates that way into the outer court; soft speeches producing no clearance of these, De Launay gives fire, pulls up his drawbridge. A slight sputter, which has *kindled* the too combustible chaos, made it a roaring fire-chaos! Bursts forth insurrection, at sight of its own blood (for there were deaths by that sputter of fire), into endless, rolling explosion of musketry, distraction, execration, and overhead, from the fortress, let one great gun, with its grape-shot, go booming, to show what we *could* do. The Bastille is besieged!

On, then, all Frenchmen that have hearts in your bodies! Roar with all your throats of Cartilage and metal, ye sons of liberty; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit, for it is the hour! Smite thou, Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old soldier of the Regiment Dauphinê; smite at that outer drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee! Never, over nave or felloe, did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man; down with it to Orcus; let the whole accursed edifice sink thither, and tyranny be swallowed up forever! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guard-room, some "on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall," Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him. The chain yields, breaks; the huge drawbridge slams down, thundering (*avec fracas*). Glorious! and yet, alas! it is still but the outworks. The eight grim towers, with their invalide musketry, their

paving-stones and cannon-mouths, still soar aloft intact; ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced; the inner drawbridge with its *back* toward us; the Bastille is still to take!

To describe this siege of the Bastille (thought to be one of the most important in history) perhaps transcends the talent of mortals. Could one but, after infinite reading, get to understand so much as the plan of the building! But there is open esplanade at the end of the Rue Saint-Antoine; there are such forecourts (*cour avancé*), *cour de l'orme*, arched gateway (where Louis Tournay now fights); then new drawbridges, dormant-bridges, rampart-bastions, and the grim eight towers, a labyrinthic mass, high-frowning there, of all ages from twenty years to four hundred and twenty, beleaguered in this its last hour, as we said, by mere chaos come again! Ordnance of all calibers, throats of all capacities, men of all plans, every man his own engineer; seldom since the war of pygmies and cranes was there seen so anomalous a thing. Half-pay Elie is home for a suit of regimentals, no one would heed him in colored clothes: half-pay Hulin is haranguing Gardes Françaises in the Place de Grève. Frantic patriots pick up the grape-shots, bear them, still hot (or seemingly so), to the Hotel-de-Ville. Paris, you perceive, is to be burnt! Flesselles is "pale to the very lips," for the roar of the multitude grows deep. Paris, wholly, has got to the acme of its frenzy, whirled all ways by panic madness. At every street-barricade there whirls, simmering, a minor whirlpool, strengthening the barricade, since God knows what is coming; and all minor whirlpools play distractedly into that grand fire-maelstrom which is lashing round the Bastille.

And so it lashes and it roars. Cholat, the wine-merchant, has become an impromptu cannoneer. See Georget, of the marine service, fresh from Brest, ply the King of Siam's cannon. Singular (if we were not used to the like). Georget lay, last night, taking his ease at his inn; the King of Siam's cannon also lay, knowing nothing of *him* for a hundred years; yet now, at the right instant, they have got together, and discourse eloquent music; for, hearing what was toward, Georget sprang from the Brest diligence, and ran. Gardes Françaises, also, will be here, with real artillery. Were not the walls so thick! Upward from the esplanade, horizontally from all neighboring

roofs and windows, flashes one irregular deluge of musketry, without effect. The invalides lie flat, firing comparatively at their ease from behind stone; hardly through port-holes show the tip of a nose. We fall, shot, and make no impression!

Let conflagration rage of whatsoever is combustible! Guard-rooms are burnt, invalids' mess-rooms. A distracted "perukemaker with two fiery torches" is for burning "the saltpeters of the arsenal," had not a woman run screaming, had not a patriot, with some tincture of natural philosophy, instantly struck the wind out of him (butt of musket on pit of stomach), overturned barrels, and stayed the devouring element. A young beautiful lady, seized, escaping, in these outer courts, and thought, falsely, to be De Launay's daughter, shall be burnt in De Launay's sight: she lies, swooned, on a paillasse; but, again, a patriot — it is brave Aubin Bonnemère, the old soldier — dashes in, and rescues her. Straw is burnt; three cartloads of it, hauled hither, go up in white smoke, almost to the choking of patriotism itself; so that Elie had, with singed brows, to drag back one cart, and Réole, the "gigantic haberdasher," another. Smoke as of Tophet, confusion as of Babel, noise as of the crack of doom!

Blood flows, the aliment of new madness. The wounded are carried into houses of the Rue Cerisaie; the dying leave their last mandate not to yield till the accursed stronghold fall. And yet, alas! how fall? The walls are so thick! Deputations, three in number, arrive from the Hotel-de-Ville, Abbé Fauchet (who was of one) can say with what almost superhuman courage of benevolence. These wave their town-flag in the arched gateway, and stand, rolling their drum, but to no purpose. In such crack of doom, De Launay cannot hear them, dare not believe them; they return, with justified rage, the whew of lead still singing in their ears. What to do? The firemen are here, squirting with their fire-pumps on the Invalides cannon, to wet the touch-holes; they unfortunately cannot squirt so high but produce only clouds of spray. Individuals of classical knowledge propose *catapults*. Santerre, the sonorous brewer of the suburb Saint-Antoine, advises rather that the place be fired by a "mixture of phosphorous and oil of turpentine spouted up through forcing-pumps." O Spinola-

Santerre, hast thou the mixture *ready?* Every man his own engineer! And still the fire-deluge abates not; even women are firing, and Turks — at least one woman (with her sweetheart), and one Turk. Gardes Françaises have come; real cannon, real cannoneers. Usher Maillard is busy; half-pay Elie, half-pay Hulin, rage in the midst of thousands.

How the great Bastille clock ticks (inaudible) in its inner court, there, at its ease, hour after hour; as if nothing special, for it or the world, were passing! It tolled one when the firing began, and is now pointing toward five, and still the firing slakes not. Far down, in their vaults, the seven prisoners hear muffled din as of earthquakes; their turnkeys answer vaguely.

Woe to thee, De Launay, with thy poor hundred invalides! Broglie is distant, and his ears heavy; Besenval hears, but can send no help. One poor troop of hussars has crept, reconnoitering, cautiously along the quais, as far as Pont Neuf. "We are come to join you," said the captain, for the crowd seems shoreless. A large-headed dwarfish individual, of smoke-bleared aspect, shambles forward, opening his blue lips, for there is sense in him, and croaks, "Alight then, and give up your arms!" The hussar-captain is too happy to be escorted to the barriers and dismissed on parole. Who the squat individual was? Men answer It is M. Marat, author of the excellent pacific "Avis au Peuple!" Great, truly, O thou remarkable dog-leech, is this thy day of emergence and new-birth; and yet this same day come four years — but let the curtains of the future hang.

What shall De Launay do? One thing only De Launay could have done — what he said he would do. Fancy him sitting, from the first, with lighted taper, within arm's-length of the powder-magazine; motionless, like old Roman senator, or bronze lamp-holder; coldly apprising Thuriot, and all men, by a slight motion of his eye, what his resolution was. Harmless he sat there, while unharmed; but the king's fortress, meanwhile, could, might, would, or should in nowise be surrendered save to the king's messenger; one old man's life is worthless, so it be lost with honor; but think, ye brawling canaille, how will it be when a whole Bastille springs skyward? In such statuesque, taper-holding attitude, one fancies De

Launay might have left Thuriot, the red clerks of the basoche, curé of Saint-Stephen, and all the tag-rag and bobtail of the world, to work their will.

And yet, withal, he could not do it. Hast thou considered how each man's heart is so tremulously responsive to the hearts of all men? hast thou noted how omnipotent is the very sound of many men? How their shriek of indignation palsies the strong soul? their howl of contumely withers with unfelt pangs? The Ritter Gluck confessed that the ground-tone of the noblest passage in one of his noblest operas was the voice of the populace he had heard at Vienna, crying to their kaiser, "Bread! Bread!" Great is the combined voice of men, the utterance of their *instincts*, which are truer than their *thoughts;* it is the greatest a man encounters, among the sounds and shadows which make up this world of time! He who can resist that, has his footing somewhere *beyond* time. De Launay could not do it. Distracted, he hovers between two — hopes in the middle of despair; surrenders not his fortress; declares that he will blow it up, seizes torches to blow it up, and does not blow it. Unhappy old De Launay, it is the death-agony of thy Bastille and thee! Jail, jailering, and jailer, all three, such as they may have been, must finish.

For four hours now has the world-bedlam roared; call it the world-chimera, blowing fire! The poor invalides have sunk, under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets; they have made a white flag of napkins, go beating the chamade, or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss at the portcullis look weary of firing, disheartened in the fire-deluge; a port-hole at the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stone ditch, plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of patriots, he hovers perilous — such a dove toward such an ark! Deftly, thou shifty usher; one man already fell, and lies smashed, far down there, against the masonry! Usher Maillard falls not; deftly, unerring, he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his port-hole; the shifty usher snatches it and returns. Terms of surrender, Pardon, immunity to all! Are they accepted? "Foi d'officier (On the word of an officer),"

answer shall half-pay Hulin, or half-pay Elie — for men do not agree on it — "they are!" Sinks the drawbridge, Usher Maillard bolting it when down; rushes in the living deluge; the Bastille is fallen! *Victoire! La Bastille est prise!*

PLACE DE LA REVOLUTION

To this conclusion, then hast thou come, O hapless Louis! The Son of Sixty Kings is to die on the Scaffold by form of Law. Under Sixty Kings this same form of Law, form of Society, has been fashioning itself together these thousand years; and has become, one way and other, a most strange Machine. Surely, if needful, it is also frightful, this Machine; dead, blind; not what it should be; which with swift stroke, or cold slow torture, has wasted the lives and souls of innumerable men. And behold now a King himself, or say rather King-hood in his person, is to expire here in cruel tortures, — like a Phalaris shut the belly of his own red-heated Brazen Bull! It is ever so; and thou shouldst know it, O haughty tyrannous man: injustice breeds injustice; curses and falsehoods do verily return "always *home*," wide as they may wander. Innocent Louis bears the sins of many generations: he too experiences that man's tribunal is not in this Earth; that if he had no Higher one, it were not well with him.

A King dying by such violence appeals impressively to the imagination; as the like must do, and ought to do. And yet at bottom it is not the King dying, but the man! Kingship is a coat: the grand loss is of the skin. The man from whom you take his Life, to him can the whole combined world do *more?* Lally went on his hurdle; his mouth filled with a gag. Miserablest mortals, doomed for picking pockets, have a whole five-act Tragedy in them, in that dumb pain, as they go to the gallows, unregarded; they consume the cup of trembling down to the lees. For Kings and for beggars, for the justly doomed and the unjustly, it is a hard thing to die. Pity them all: thy utmost pity, with all aids and appliance and throne-and-scaffold contrasts, how far short is it of the thing pitied!

A Confessor has come; Abbé Edgeworth, of Irish extrac-

tion, whom the king knew by good report, has come promptly on this solemn mission. Leave the Earth alone, then, thou hapless King; it with its malice will go its way, thou also canst go thine. A hard scene yet remains: the parting with our loved ones. Kind hearts, environed in the same grim peril with us; to be left *here!* Let the Reader look with the eyes of Valet Cléry through these glass-doors, where also the Municipality watches; and see the cruelest of scenes: —

"At half-past eight, the door of the anteroom opened: the Queen appeared first, leading her Son by the hand; then Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth: they all flung themselves into the arms of the King. Silence reigned for some minutes; interrupted only by sobs. The Queen made a movement to lead his Majesty toward the inner room, where M. Edgeworth was waiting unknown to them: 'No,' said the King, 'let us go into the dining-room; it is there only that I can see you.' They entered there; I shut the door of it, which was of glass. The King sat down, the Queen on his left hand, Madame Elizabeth on his right, Madame Royale almost in front; the young Prince remained standing between his Father's legs. They all leaned toward him, and often held him embraced. This scene of woe lasted an hour and three-quarters; during which we could hear nothing; we could see only that always when the King spoke, the sobbing of the Princesses redoubled, continued for some minutes; and that then the King began again to speak." And so our meetings and our partings do now end! The sorrows we gave each other; the poor joys we faithfully shared, and all our lovings and our sufferings, and confused toilings under the earthly Sun, are over. Thou good soul, I shall never, never through all ages of Time, see thee any more! — NEVER! O Reader, knowest thou that hard word?

For nearly two hours this agony lasts; then they tear themselves asunder. "Promise that you will see us on the morrow." He promises: — Ah yes, yes; yet once; and go now, ye loved ones; cry to God for yourselves and me! — It was a hard scene, but it is over. He will not see them on the morrow. The Queen, in passing through the anteroom, glanced at the Cerberus Municipals; and, with woman's vehemence, said through her tears, "Vous êtes tous des scélérats."

King Louis slept sound, till five in the morning, when Cléry, as he had been ordered, awoke him. Cléry dressed his hair: while this went forward, Louis took a ring from his watch, and kept trying it on his finger; it was his wedding-ring, which he is now to return to the Queen as a mute farewell. At half-past six, he took the Sacrament; and continued in devotion, and conference with Abbé Edgeworth. He will not see his Family: it were too hard to bear.

At eight, the Municipals enter, the King gives them his Will, and messages and effects; which they, at first, brutally refuse to take charge of: he gives them a roll of gold pieces, one hundred and twenty-five louis; these are to be returned to Malesherbes, who had lent them. At nine, Santerre says the hour is come. The King begs yet to retire for three minutes. At the end of three minutes, Santerre again says the hour is come. "Stamping on the ground with his right foot, Louis answers: 'Partons (Let us go).' " — How the rolling of those drums come in through the Temple bastions and bulwarks, on the heart of a queenly wife; soon to be a widow! He is gone, then, and has not seen us? A Queen weeps bitterly; a King's Sister and Children. Over all these Four does Death also hover; all shall perish miserably save one; she, as Duchesse d'Angoulême, will live, — not happily.

At the Temple Gate were some faint cries, perhaps from voices of pitiful women: "Grâce! Grâce!" Through the rest of the streets there is silence as of the grave. No man not armed is allowed to be there: the armed, did not even pity, dare not express it, each man overawed by all his neighbors. All windows are down, none seen looking through them. All shops are shut. No wheel-carriage rolls, this morning, in these streets but one only. Eighty thousand armed men stand ranked, like armed statues of men; cannons bristle, cannoneers with match burning, but no word or movement: it is as a city enchanted into silence and stone; one carriage with its escort, slowly rumbling, is the only sound. Louis reads, in his Book of Devotion, the Prayers of the Dying: clatter of death-march falls sharp on the ear, in the great silence; but the thought would fain struggle heavenward, and forget the Earth.

As the Clocks strike ten, behold the Place de la Révolution,

once Place de Louis Quinze; the Guillotine, mounted near the old Pedestal where once stood the Statue of that Louis! Far round, all bristles with cannons and armed men: spectators crowding in the rear; D'Orléans Égalité there in cabriolet. Swift messengers, hoquetons, speed to the Town-hall, every three minutes: near by it is the Convention sitting — vengeful for Lepelletier. Heedless of all, Louis reads his Prayers of the Dying; not till five minutes yet has he finished; then the Carriage opens. What temper he is in? Ten different witnesses will give ten different accounts of it. He is in the collision of all tempers; arrived now at the black Mahlstrom and descent of Death: in sorrow, in indignation, in resignation struggling to be resigned. "Take care of M. Edgeworth," he straitly charged the Lieutenant who is sitting with them: then they two descend.

The drums are beating: "Taisez-vous (Silence)!" he cries "in a terrible voice (d'une voix terrible)." He mounts the scaffold, not without delay; he is in puce coat, breeches of gray, white stockings. He strips off the coat; stands disclosed in a sleeve-waistcoat of white flannel. The Executioners approach to bind him; he spurns, resists; Abbé Edgeworth has to remind him how the Saviour, in whom men trust, submitted to be bound. His hands are tied, his head bare; the fatal moment is come. He advances to the edge of the Scaffold, "his face very red," and says: "Frenchmen, I die innocent: it is from the Scaffold and near appearing before God that I tell you so. I pardon my enemies; I desire that France ——" A General on horseback, Santerre or another, prances out, with uplifted hand: "Tambours!" The drums drown the voice. "Executioners, do your duty!" The Executioners, desperate lest themselves be murdered (for Santerre and his Armed Ranks will strike, if they do not), seize the hapless Louis: six of them desperate, him singly desperate, struggling there; and bind him to their plank. Abbé Edgeworth, stooping, bespeaks him: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven." The Ax clanks down; a King's Life is shorn away. It is Monday, the 21st of January, 1793. He was aged Thirty-eight years, four months, and twenty-eight days.

Executor Samson shows the Head: fierce shout of Vive la République rises, and swells; caps raised on bayonets, hats waving: students of the College of Four Nations take it up, on

the far Quais; fling it over Paris. D'Orléans drives off in his cabriolet: the Town-hall Councilors rub their hands, saying, "It is done, It is done." There is dipping of handkerchiefs, of pike-points in the blood. Headsman Samson, though he afterward denied it, sells locks of the hair: fractions of the puce coat are long after worn in rings. — And so, in some half hour it is done; and the multitude has all departed. Pastry-cooks, coffee-sellers, milkmen sing out their trivial quotidian cries: the world wags on, as if this were a common day. In the coffee-houses that evening, says Prudhomme, Patriot shook hands with Patriot in a more cordial manner than usual. Not till some days after, according to Mercier, did public men see what a grave thing it was.

A grave thing it indisputably is; and will have consequences. On the morrow morning, Roland, so long steeped to the lips in disgust and chagrin, sends in his demission. His accounts lie all ready, correct in black-on-white to the utmost farthing; these he wants but to have audited, that he might retire to remote obscurity, to the country and his books. They will never be audited, those accounts; he will never get retired thither.

It was on Tuesday that Roland demitted. On Thursday comes Lepelletier St. Fargeau's Funeral, and passage to the Pantheon of Great Men. Notable as the wild pageant of a winter day. The Body is borne aloft, half bare; the winding-sheet disclosing the death wound, saber and bloody clothes parade themselves; a "lugubrious music" wailing harsh næniæ. Oak-crowns showered down from windows; President Vergniaud walks there, with Convention with Jacob in Society, and all Patriots of every color, all mourning brother-like.

Notable also for another thing this Burial of Lepelletier: it was the last act these men ever did with concert! All parties and figures of Opinion, that agitate this distracted France and its Convention, now stand, as it were, face to face, and dagger to dagger; the King's Life, round which they all struck and battled, being hurled down. Dumouriez, conquering Holland, growls ominous discontent, at the head of Armies. Men say Dumouriez will have a King; that young D'Orléans Égalité shall be his King. Deputy Fauchet, in the *Journal des Amis*, curses his day, more bitterly than Job did; invokes the poniards of Regi-

cides, of "Arras Vipers" or Robespierres, of Pluto Dantons, of horrid Butchers Legendre and Simulacra d'Herbois, to send him swiftly to another world than *theirs*. This is Te-Deum Fauchet, of the Bastille Victory, of the Cercle Social. Sharp was the death-hail rattling round one's Flag-of-truce, on that Bastille day; but it was soft to such wreckage of high Hope as this: one's New Golden Era going down on leaden dross, and sulphurous black of the Everlasting Darkness!

At home this Killing of a King has divided all friends; and abroad it has united all enemies. Fraternity of People, Revolutionary Propagandism; Atheism, Regicide; total destruction of social order in this world! All Kings; and lovers of Kings, and haters of Anarchy, rant in coalition; as in a war for life. England signifies to Citizen Chauvelin, the Ambassador or rather Ambassador's-Cloak, that he must quit the country in eight days. Ambassador's Cloak and Ambassador, Chauvelin and Talleyrand, depart accordingly. Talleyrand, implicated in that Iron Press of the Tuileries, thinks it safest to make for America.

England has cast out the Embassy: England declares war, — being shocked principally, it would seem, at the condition of the River Scheldt. Spain declares war; being shocked principally at some other thing; which doubtless the Manifesto indicates. Nay, we find it was not England that declared war first; or Spain first, that France herself declares war first on both of them; — a point of immense Parliamentary and Journalistic interest in those days, but which has become of no interest whatever in these. They all declare war. The sword is drawn, the scabbard thrown away. It is even, as Danton said, in one of all-too gigantic figures: "The coalesced Kings threaten us; we hurl at their feet, as gage of battle the Head of a King."

(From "JOHN STERLING")

COLERIDGE

COLERIDGE sat on the brow of Highgate Hill, in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle; attracting towards him

the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there. His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment, had been small and sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character. He was thought to hold, he alone in England, the key of German and other Transcendentalisms; knew the sublime secret of believing by "the reason" what "the understanding" had been obliged to fling out as incredible; and could still, after Hume and Voltaire had done their best and worst with him, profess himself an orthodox Christian, and say and print to the Church of England, with its singular old rubrics and surplices at Allhallowtide, *Esto perpetua*. A sublime man; who, alone in those dark days, had saved his crown of spiritual manhood; escaping from the black materialisms, and revolutionary deluges, with "God, Freedom, Immortality" still his: a king of men. The practical intellects of the world did not much heed him, or carelessly reckoned him a metaphysical dreamer: but to the rising spirits of the young generation he had this dusky sublime character; and sat there as a kind of *Magus*, girt in mystery and enigma; his Dodona oak-grove (Mr. Gilman's house at Highgate) whispering strange things, uncertain whether oracles or jargon.

The Gilmans did not encourage much company, or excitation of any sort, round their sage; nevertheless access to him, if a youth did reverently wish it, was not difficult. He would stroll about the pleasant garden with you, sit in the pleasant rooms of the place, — perhaps take you to his own peculiar room, high up, with a rearward view, which was the chief view of all. A really charming outlook, in fine weather. Close at hand, wide sweep of flowery leafy gardens, their few houses mostly hidden, the very chimney-pots veiled under blossomy umbrage, flowed gloriously down hill; gloriously issuing in wide-tufted undulating plain-country, rich in all charms of field and town. Waving blooming country of the brightest green; dotted all over with handsome villas, handsome groves; crossed by roads and human traffic, here inaudible or heard only as a musical hum: and behind all swam, under olive-tinted haze, the illimitable limitary ocean of London, with its domes and steeples definite in the

sun, big Paul's and the many memories attached to it hanging high over all. Nowhere, of its kind, could you see a grander prospect on a bright summer day, with the set of the air going southward, — southward, and so draping with the city-smoke not *you* but the city. Here for hours would Coleridge talk, concerning all conceivable or inconceivable things; and liked nothing better than to have an intelligent, or failing that, even a silent and patient human listener. He distinguished himself to all that ever heard him as at least the most surprising talker extant in this world, — and to some small minority, by no means to all, as the most excellent.

The good man, he was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps; and gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking, he rather shuffled than decisively stept; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and singsong; he spoke as if preaching, — you would have said, preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest things. I still recollect his "object" and "subject," terms of continual recurrence in the Kantean province; and how he sang and snuffled them into "om-m-mject" and "sum-m-mject," with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk, in his century or in any other, could be more surprising.

Sterling, who assiduously attended him, with profound reverence, and was often with him by himself, for a good many months, gives a record of their first colloquy. Their colloquies were numerous, and he had taken note of many; but they are

all gone to the fire, except this first, which Mr. Hare has printed, — unluckily without date. It contains a number of ingenious, true and half-true observations, and is of course a faithful epitome of the things said; but it gives small idea of Coleridge's way of talking; — this one feature is perhaps the most recognizable; "Our interview lasted for three hours, during which he talked two hours and three quarters." Nothing could be more copious than his talk; and furthermore it was always, virtually or literally, of the nature of a monologue; suffering no interruption, however reverent; hastily putting aside all foreign additions, annotations, or most ingenuous desires for elucidation, as well-meant superfluities which would never do. Besides, it was talk not flowing anywhither like a river, but spreading everywhither in inextricable currents and regurgitations like a lake or sea; terribly deficient in definite goal or aim, nay often in logical intelligibility; *what* you were to believe or do, on any earthly or heavenly thing, obstinately refusing to appear from it. So that, most times, you felt logically lost; swamped near to drowning in this tide of ingenious vocables, spreading out boundless as if to submerge the world.

To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, whether you consent or not, can in the long-run be exhilarating to no creature; how eloquent soever the flood of utterance that is descending. But if it be withal a confused unintelligible flood of utterance, threatening to submerge all known landmarks of thought, and drown the world and you! — I have heard Coleridge talk, with eager musical energy, two stricken hours, his face radiant and moist, and communicate no meaning whatsoever to any individual of his hearers, — certain of whom, I for one, still kept eagerly listening in hope; the most had long before given up, and formed (if the room were large enough) secondary humming groups of their own. He began anywhere: you put some question to him, made some suggestive observation: instead of answering this, or decidedly setting out towards answer of it, he would accumulate formidable apparatus, logical swim-bladders, transcendental life-preservers and other precautionary and vehiculatory gear, for setting out; perhaps did at last get under way, — but was swiftly solicited, turned aside by the glance of some radiant new game on this hand or that, into

new courses; and ever into new; and before long into all the Universe, where it was uncertain what game you would catch, or whether any.

His talk, alas, was distinguished, like himself, by irresolution: it disliked to be troubled with conditions, abstinences, definite fulfilments; — loved to wander at its own sweet will, and make its auditor and his claims and humble wishes a mere passive bucket for itself! He had knowledge about many things and topics, much curious reading; but generally all topics led him, after a pass or two, into the high seas of theosophic philosophy, the hazy infinitude of Kantean transcendentalism, with its "sum-m-mjects" and "om-m-mjects." Sad enough; for with such indolent impatience of the claims and ignorances of others, he had not the least talent for explaining this or anything unknown to them; and you swam and fluttered in the mistiest wide unintelligible deluge of things, for most part in a rather profitless uncomfortable manner.

Glorious islets, too, I have seen rise out of the haze; but they were few, and soon swallowed in the general element again. Balmy sunny islets, islets of the blest and the intelligible: — on which occasions those secondary humming groups would all cease humming, and hang breathless upon the eloquent words; till once your islet got wrapt in the mist again, and they could recommence humming. Eloquent artistically expressive words you always had; piercing radiances of a most subtle insight came at intervals; tones of noble pious sympathy, recognizable as pious though strangely colored, were never wanting long: but in general you could not call this aimless, cloud-capt, cloud-based, lawlessly meandering human discourse of reason by the name of "excellent talk," but only of "surprising"; and were reminded bitterly of Hazlitt's account of it: "Excellent talker, very, — if you let him start from no premises and come to no conclusion." Coleridge was not without what talkers call wit, and there were touches of prickly sarcasm in him, contemptuous enough of the world and its idols and popular dignitaries; he had traits even of poetic humor: but in general he seemed deficient in laughter; or indeed in sympathy for concrete human things either on the sunny or on the stormy side. One right peal of concrete laughter at some convicted flesh-and-blood

absurdity, one burst of noble indignation at some injustice or depravity, rubbing elbows with us on this solid Earth, how strange would it have been in that Kantean haze-world, and how infinitely cheering amid its vacant air-castles and dim-melting ghosts and shadows! None such ever came. His life had been an abstract thinking and dreaming, idealistic, passed amid the ghosts of defunct bodies and of unborn ones. The moaning singsong of that theosophico-metaphysical monotony left on you, at last, a very dreary feeling.

In close colloquy, flowing within narrower banks, I suppose he was more definite and apprehensible; Sterling in aftertimes did not complain of his unintelligibility, or imputed it only to the abstruse high nature of the topics handled. Let us hope so, let us try to believe so! There is no doubt but Coleridge could speak plain words on things plain: his observations and responses on the trivial matters that occurred were as simple as the commonest man's, or were even distinguished by superior simplicity as well as pertinency. "Ah, your tea is too cold, Mr. Coleridge!" mourned the good Mrs. Gilman once, in her kind, reverential and yet protective manner, handing him a very tolerable though belated cup. — "It's better than I deserve!" snuffled he, in a low hoarse murmur, partly courteous, chiefly pious, the tone of which still abides with me: "It's better than I deserve!"

But indeed, to the young ardent mind, instinct with pious nobleness, yet driven to the grim deserts of Radicalism for a faith, his speculations had a charm much more than literary, a charm almost religious and prophetic. The constant gist of his discourse was lamentation over the sunk condition of the world; which he recognized to be given-up to Atheism and Materialism, full of mere sordid misbeliefs, mispursuits, and misresults. All Science had become mechanical; the science not of men, but of a kind of human beavers. Churches themselves had died away into a godless mechanical condition; and stood there as mere Cases of Articles, mere Forms of Churches; like the dried carcasses of once-swift camels, which you find left withering in the thirst of the universal desert, — ghastly portents for the present, beneficent ships of the desert no more. Men's souls were blinded, hebetated; and sunk under the influence of Atheism

and Materialism, and Hume and Voltaire: the world for the present was as an extinct world, deserted of God, and incapable of well-doing till it changed its heart and spirit. This, expressed I think with less of indignation and with more of long-drawn querulousness, was always recognizable as the ground-tone: — in which truly a pious young heart, driven into Radicalism and the opposition party, could not but recognize a too sorrowful truth; and ask of the Oracle, with all earnestness, What remedy, then?

The remedy, though Coleridge himself professed to see it as in sunbeams, could not, except by processes unspeakably difficult, be described to you at all. On the whole, those dead Churches, this dead English Church especially, must be brought to life again. Why not? It was not dead; the soul of it, in this parched-up body, was tragically asleep only. Atheistic Philosophy was true on its side, and Hume and Voltaire could on their own ground speak irrefragably for themselves against any Church: but lift the Church and them into a higher sphere of argument, *they* died into inanition, the Church revivified itself into pristine florid vigor, — became once more a living ship of the desert, and invincibly bore you over stock and stone. But how, but how! By attending to the "reason" of man, said Coleridge, and duly chaining-up the "understanding" of man: the *Vernunft* (Reason) and *Verstand* (Understanding) of the Germans, it all turned upon these, if you could well understand them, — which you couldn't. For the rest, Mr. Coleridge had on the anvil various Books, especially was about to write one grand Book *On the Logos*, which would help to bridge the chasm for us. So much appeared, however: Churches, though proved false (as you had imagined), were still true (as you were to imagine): here was an Artist who could burn you up an old Church, root and branch; and then as the Alchymists professed to do with organic substances in general, distil you an "Astral Spirit" from the ashes, which was the very image of the old burnt article, its air-drawn counterpart, — this you still had, or might get, and draw uses from, if you could. Wait till the Book on the Logos were done; — alas, till your own terrene eyes, blind with conceit and the dust of logic, were purged, subtilized, and spiritualized into the sharpness of vision requisite for discerning

such an "om-m-mject." — The ingenuous young English head, of those days, stood strangely puzzled by such revelations; uncertain whether it were getting inspired, or getting infatuated into flat imbecility; and strange effulgence, of new day or else of deeper meteoric night, colored the horizon of the future for it.

Let me not be unjust to this memorable man. Surely there was here, in his pious, ever-laboring, subtle mind, a precious truth, or prefigurement of truth; and yet a fatal delusion withal. Prefigurement that, in spite of beaver sciences and temporary spiritual hebetude and cecity, man and his Universe were eternally divine; and that no past nobleness, or revelation of the divine, could or would ever be lost to him. Most true, surely, and worthy of all acceptance. Good also to do what you can with old Churches and practical Symbols of the Noble: nay quit not the burnt ruins of them while you find there is still gold to be dug there. But, on the whole, do not think you can, by logical alchymy, distil astral spirits from them; or if you could, that said astral spirits, or defunct logical phantasms, could serve you in anything. What the light of your mind, which is the direct inspiration of the Almighty, pronounces incredible, — that, in God's name, leave uncredited; at your peril do not try believing that. No subtlest hocus-pocus of "reason" *versus* "understanding" will avail for that feat; — and it is terribly perilous to try it in these provinces!

The truth is, I now see, Coleridge's talk and speculation was the emblem of himself: in it as in him, a ray of heavenly inspiration struggled, in a tragically ineffectual degree, with the weakness of flesh and blood. He says once, he "had skirted the howling deserts of Infidelity"; this was evident enough: but he had not had the courage, in defiance of pain and terror, to press resolutely across said deserts to the new firm lands of Faith beyond; he preferred to create logical fata Morganas for himself on this hither side, and laboriously solace himself with these.

To the man himself Nature had given, in high measure, the seeds of a noble endowment; and to unfold it had been forbidden him. A subtle, lynx-eyed intellect, tremulous, pious sensibility to all good and all beautiful; truly a ray of empyrean light; — but embedded in such weak laxity of character, in such

indolences and esuriences as had made strange work with it. Once more, the tragic story of a high endowment with an insufficient will. An eye to discern the divineness of the Heaven's splendors and lightnings, the insatiable wish to revel in their godlike radiances and brilliances; but no heart to front the scathing terrors of them, which is the first condition of your conquering an abiding place there. The courage necessary for him, above all things, had been denied this man. His life, with such ray of the empyrean in it, was great and terrible to him; and he had not valiantly grappled with it, he had fled from it; sought refuge in vague day-dreams, hollow compromises, in opium, in theosophic metaphysics. Harsh pain, danger, necessity, slavish harnessed toil, were of all things abhorrent to him. And so the empyrean element, lying smothered under the terrene, and yet inextinguishable there, made sad writhings. For pain, danger, difficulty, steady slaving toil, and other highly disagreeable behests of destiny, shall in no wise be shirked by any brightest mortal that will approve himself loyal to his mission in this world; nay, precisely the higher he is, the deeper will be the disagreeableness, and the detestability to flesh and blood, of the tasks laid on him; and the heavier too, and more tragic, his penalties if he neglect them.

For the old Eternal Powers do live forever; nor do their laws know any change, however we in our poor wigs and churchtippets may attempt to read their laws. To *steal* into Heaven, — by the modern method, of sticking ostrich-like your head into fallacies on Earth, equally as by the ancient and by all conceivable methods, — is forever forbidden. High-treason is the name of that attempt; and it continues to be punished as such. Strange enough: here once more was a kind of Heaven-scaling Ixion; and to him, as to the old one, the just gods were very stern! The ever-revolving, never-advancing Wheel (of a kind) was his, through life; and from his Cloud-Juno did not he too procreate strange Centaurs, spectral Puseyisms, monstrous illusory Hybrids, and ecclesiastical Chimeras, — which now roam the earth in a very lamentable manner!

(From "Sartor Resartus")

OLD CLOTHES

As mentioned above, Teufelsdröckh, though a sansculottist, is in practice probably the politest man extant: his whole heart and life are penetrated and informed with the spirit of politeness; a noble natural Courtesy shines through him, beautifying his vagaries; like sunlight, making a rosy-fingered, rainbow-dyed Aurora out of mere aqueous clouds; nay, brightening London-smoke itself into gold vapor, as from the crucible of an alchemist. Hear in what earnest though fantastic wise he expresses himself on this head: —

"Shall Courtesy be done only to the rich, and only by the rich? In Good-breeding, which differs, if at all, from High-breeding, only as it gracefully remembers the rights of others, rather than gracefully insists on its own rights, I discern no special connection with wealth or birth: but rather that it lies in human nature itself, and is due from all men towards all men. Of a truth, were your Schoolmaster at his post, and worth anything when there, this, with so much else, would be reformed. Nay, each man were then also his neighbor's schoolmaster; till at length a rude-visaged, unmannered Peasant could no more be met with than a Peasant unacquainted with botanical Physiology, or who felt not that the clod he broke was created in Heaven.

"For whether thou bear a scepter or a sledge-hammer, art not thou ALIVE; is not this thy brother ALIVE? 'There is but one temple in the world,' says Novalis, 'and that temple is the Body of Man. Nothing is holier than this high Form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this Revelation in the Flesh. We touch Heaven, when we lay our hands on a human Body.'

"On which ground, I would fain carry it farther than most do; and whereas the English Johnson only bowed to every Clergyman, or man with a shovel-hat, I would bow to every Man with any sort of hat, or with no hat whatever. Is not he a Temple, then; the visible Manifestation and Impersonation of the Divinity? And yet, alas, such indiscriminate bowing serves not. For there is a Devil dwells in man, as well as a Divinity; and too often the bow is but pocketed by the *former*. It would

go to the pocket of Vanity (which is your clearest phasis of the Devil, in these times); therefore must we withhold it.

"The gladder am I, on the other hand, to do reverence to those Shells and outer Husks of the Body, wherein no devilish passion any longer lodges, but only the pure emblem and effigies of Man: I mean, to Empty, or even to Cast Clothes. Nay, is it not to Clothes that most men do reverence: to the fine frogged broadcloth, nowise to the 'straddling animal with bandy legs' which it holds, and makes a Dignitary of? Who ever saw any Lord my-lorded in tattered blanket fastened with wooden skewer? Nevertheless, I say, there is in such worship a shade of hypocrisy, a practical deception: for how often does the Body appropriate what was meant for the Cloth only! Whoso would avoid falsehood, which is the essence of all Sin, will perhaps see good to take a different course. That reverence which cannot act without obstruction and perversion when the Clothes are full, may have free course when they are empty. Even as, for Hindu Worshipers, the Pagoda is not less sacred than the God; so do I too worship the hollow cloth Garment with equal fervor, as when it contained the Man: nay, with more, for I now fear no deception, of myself or of others.

"Did not King *Toomtabard*, or, in other words, John Baliol, reign long over Scotland; the man John Baliol being quite gone, and only the 'Toom Tabard' (Empty Gown) remaining? What still dignity dwells in a suit of Cast Clothes! How meekly it bears its honors! No haughty looks, no scornful gesture: silent and serene, it fronts the world; neither demanding worship, nor afraid to miss it. The Hat still carries the physiognomy of its Head: but the vanity and the stupidity, and goose-speech which was the sign of these two, are gone. The Coat-arm is stretched out, but not to strike; the Breeches, in modest simplicity, depend at ease, and now at last have a graceful flow; the Waistcoat hides no evil passion, no riotous desire; hunger or thirst now dwells not in it. Thus all is purged from the grossness of sense, from the carking cares and foul vices of the World; and rides there, on its Clothes-Horse; as, on a Pegasus, might some skyey Messenger, or purified Apparition, visiting our low Earth.

"Often, while I sojourned in that monstrous tuberosity of

Civilized Life, the Capital of England; and meditated, and questioned Destiny, under that ink-sea of vapor, black, thick, and multifarious as Spartan broth; and was one lone soul amid those grinding millions; — often have I turned into their Old-Clothes Market to worship. With awe-struck heart I walk through that Monmouth Street, with its empty Suits, as through a Sanhedrim of stainless Ghosts. Silent are they, but expressive in their silence: the past witnesses and instruments of Woe and Joy, of Passions, Virtues, Crimes, and all the fathomless tumult of Good and Evil in 'the Prison men call Life.' Friends! trust not the heart of that man for whom Old Clothes are not venerable. Watch, too, with reverence, that bearded Jewish High-priest, who with hoarse voice, like some Angel of Doom, summons them from the four winds! On his head, like the Pope, he has three Hats, — a real triple tiara; on either hand are the similitude of wings, whereon the summoned Garments come to alight; and ever, as he slowly cleaves the air, sounds forth his deep fateful note, as if through a trumpet he were proclaiming: 'Ghosts of Life, come to Judgment!' Reck not, ye fluttering Ghosts: he will purify you in his Purgatory, with fire and with water; and, one day, new-created ye shall reappear. O, let him in whom the flame of Devotion is ready to go out, who has never worshipped, and knows not what to worship, pace and repace, with austerest thought, the pavement of Monmouth Street, and say whether his heart and his eyes still continue dry. If Field Lane, with its long fluttering rows of yellow handkerchiefs, be a Dionysius' Ear, where, in stifled jarring hubbub, we hear the Indictment which Poverty and Vice bring against lazy Wealth, that it has left them there cast-out and trodden under foot of Want, Darkness and the Devil, — then is Monmouth Street a Mirza's Hill, where, in motley vision, the whole Pageant of Existence passes awfully before us; with its wail and jubilee, mad loves and mad hatreds, church-bells and gallows-ropes, farce-tragedy, beast-godhood, — the Bedlam of Creation!"

To most men, as it does to ourselves, all this will seem overcharged. We too have walked through Monmouth Street; but with little feeling of "Devotion": probably in part because the

contemplative process is so fatally broken in upon by the brood of money-changers who nestle in that Church, and importune the worshiper with merely secular proposals. Whereas, Teufelsdröckh might be in that happy middle state, which leaves to the Clothes-broker no hope either of sale or of purchase, and so be allowed to linger there without molestation. — Something we would have given to see the little philosophical figure, with its steeple-hat and loose flowing skirts, and eyes in a fine frenzy, "pacing and repacing in austerest thought" that foolish Street; which to him was a true Delphic avenue, and supernatural Whispering-gallery, where the "Ghosts of Life" rounded strange secrets in his ear. O thou philosophic Teufelsdröckh, that listenest while others only gabble, and with thy quick tympanum hearest the grass grow!

At the same time, is it not strange that, in Paperbag Documents destined for an English work, there exists nothing like an authentic diary of this his sojourn in London; and of his Meditations among the Clothes-shops only the obscurest emblematic shadows? Neither, in conversation (for, indeed, he was not a man to pester you with his Travels), have we heard him more than allude to the subject.

For the rest, however, it cannot be uninteresting that we here find how early the significance of Clothes had dawned on the now so distinguished Clothes-Professor. Might we but fancy it to have been even in Monmouth Street, at the bottom of our own English "ink-sea," that this remarkable Volume first took being, and shot forth its salient point in his soul, — as in Chaos did the Egg of Eros, one day to be hatched into a Universe!

(From "Heroes and Hero-Worship")

BURNS

It was a curious phenomenon, in the withered, unbelieving, second-hand Eighteenth Century, that of a Hero starting up, among the artificial pasteboard figures and productions, in the guise of a Robert Burns. Like a little well in the rocky desert places, — like a sudden splendor of heaven in the artificial Vauxhall! People knew not what to make of it. They took it for a piece of the Vauxhall firework; alas, it *let* itself be so taken,

though struggling half-blindly, as in bitterness of death, against that! Perhaps no man had such a false reception from his fellow-men. Once more a very wasteful life-drama was enacted under the sun.

The tragedy of Burns's life is known to all of you. Surely we may say, if discrepancy between place held and place merited constitute perverseness of lot for a man, no lot could be more perverse than Burns's. Among those second-hand acting-figures, *mimes* for most part, of the Eighteenth Century, once more a giant Original Man; one of those men who reach down to the perennial Deeps, who take rank with the Heroic among men: and he was born in a poor Ayrshire hut. The largest soul of all the British lands came among us in the shape of a hard-handed Scottish Peasant.

His Father, a poor toiling man, tried various things; did not succeed in any; was involved in continual difficulties. The Steward, Factor, as the Scotch call him, used to send letters and threatenings, Burns says, "which threw us all into tears." The brave, hard-toiling, hard-suffering Father, his brave heroine of a wife; and those children, of whom Robert was one! In this Earth, so wide otherwise, no shelter for *them*. The letters "threw us all into tears": figure it. The brave Father, I say always; — a *silent* Hero and Poet; without whom the son had never been a speaking one! Burns's Schoolmaster came afterwards to London, learnt what good society was; but declares that in no meeting of men did he ever enjoy better discourse than at the hearth of this peasant. And his poor "seven acres of nursery-ground," — not that, nor the miserable patch of clay farm, nor anything he tried to get a living by, would prosper with him; he had a sore, unequal battle all his days. But he stood to it valiantly; a wise, faithful, unconquerable man; — swallowing-down how many sore sufferings daily into silence; fighting like an unseen Hero, — nobody publishing newspaper paragraphs about his nobleness; voting pieces of plate to him! However, he was not lost: nothing is lost. Robert is there; the outcome of him, — and indeed of many generations of such as him.

This Burns appeared under every disadvantage: uninstructed, poor, born only to hard manual toil; and writing, when it came to that, in a rustic special dialect, known only to a small province

of the country he lived in. Had he written, even what he did write, in the general language of England, I doubt not he had already become universally recognized as being, or capable to be, one of our greatest men. That he should have tempted so many to penetrate through the rough husk of that dialect of his, is proof that there lay something far from common within it. He has gained a certain recognition, and is continuing to do so over all quarters of our wide Saxon world: wheresoever a Saxon dialect is spoken, it begins to be understood, by personal inspection of this and the other, that one of the most considerable Saxon men of the Eighteenth Century was an Ayrshire Peasant named Robert Burns. Yes, I will say, here too was a piece of the right Saxon stuff: strong as the Harz-rock, rooted in the depths of the world; — rock, yet with wells of living softness in it! A wild, impetuous whirlwind of passion and faculty slumbered quiet there; such heavenly *melody* dwelling in the heart of it. A noble, rough genuineness; homely, rustic, honest; true simplicity of strength; with its lightning-fire, with its soft, dewy pity; — like the old Norse Thor, the Peasant-god! —

Burns's Brother Gilbert, a man of much sense and worth, has told me that Robert, in his young days, in spite of their hardship, was usually the gayest of speech; a fellow of infinite frolic, laughter, sense, and heart; far pleasanter to hear there, stripped, cutting peats in the bog, or suchlike, than he ever afterwards knew him. I can well believe it. This basis of mirth ("*fond gaillard*," as old Marquis Mirabeau calls it), a primal-element of sunshine and joyfulness, coupled with his other deep and earnest qualities, is one of the most attractive characteristics of Burns. A large fund of Hope dwells in him; spite of his tragical history, he is not a mourning man. He shakes his sorrows gallantly aside; bounds forth victorious over them. It is as the lion shaking "dewdrops from his mane"; as the swift-bounding horse, that *laughs* at the shaking of the spear. — But indeed, Hope, Mirth, of the sort like Burns's, are they not the outcome properly of warm, generous affection, — such as is the beginning of all to every man?

You would think it strange if I called Burns the most gifted British soul we had in all that century of his: and yet I believe the day is coming when there will be little danger in saying so.

His writings, all that he *did* under such obstructions, are only a poor fragment of him. Professor Stewart remarked very justly, what indeed is true of all Poets good for much, that his poetry was not any particular faculty; but the general result of a naturally vigorous, original mind expressing itself in that way. Burns's gifts, expressed in conversation, are the theme of all that ever heard him. All kinds of gifts: from the gracefullest utterances of courtesy, to the highest fire of passionate speech; loud floods of mirth, soft wailings of affection, laconic emphasis, clear, piercing insight; all was in him. Witty duchesses celebrate him as a man whose speech "led them off their feet." This is beautiful: but still more beautiful that which Mr. Lockhart has recorded, which I have more than once alluded to. How the waiters and ostlers at inns would get out of bed, and come crowding to hear this man speak! Waiters and ostlers: — they too were men, and here was a man! I have heard much about his speech; but one of the best things I ever heard of it was, last year, from a venerable gentleman long familiar with him. That it was speech distinguished by always *having something in it.* "He spoke rather little than much," this old man told me; "sat rather silent in those early days, as in the company of persons above him; and always when he did speak, it was to throw new light on the matter." I know not why any one should ever speak otherwise! — But if we look at his general force of soul, his healthy *robustness* every way, the rugged downrightness, penetration, generous valor, and manfulness that was in him, — where shall we readily find a better-gifted man?

Among the great men of the Eighteenth Century, I sometimes feel as if Burns might be found to resemble Mirabeau more than any other. They differ widely in vesture; yet look at them intrinsically. There is the same burly, thick-necked strength of body as of soul; — built, in both cases, on what the old Marquis calls a *fond gaillard.* By nature, by course of breeding, indeed by nation, Mirabeau has much more of bluster; a noisy, forward, unresting man. But the characteristic of Mirabeau too is veracity and sense, power of true *insight*, superiority of vision. The thing that he says is worth remembering. It is a flash of insight into some object or other: so do both these men speak. The same raging passions; capable too in both of manifesting

themselves as the tenderest noble affections. Wit, wild laughter, energy, directness, sincerity: these were in both. The types of the two men are not dissimilar. Burns too could have governed, debated in National Assemblies; politicized, as few could. Alas, the courage which had to exhibit itself in capture of smuggling schooners in the Solway Frith; in keeping *silence* over so much, where no good speech, but only inarticulate rage was possible: this might have bellowed forth Ushers de Brézé and the like; and made itself visible to all men, in managing of kingdoms, in ruling of great, ever memorable epochs! But they said to him reprovingly, his Official Superiors said, and wrote: "You are to work, not think." Of your *thinking*-faculty, the greatest in this land, we have no need; you are to gage beer there; for that only are *you* wanted. Very notable; — and worth mentioning, though we know what is to be said and answered! As if Thought, Power of Thinking, were not, at all times, in all places and situations of the world, precisely the thing that *was* wanted. The fatal man, is he not always the *un*thinking man, the man who cannot think and *see;* but only grope, and hallucinate, and *mis*see the nature of the thing he works with? He misses it, mis*takes* it, as we say; takes it for one thing, and it *is* another thing, — and leaves him standing like a Futility there! He is the fatal man; unutterably fatal, put in the high places of men. — "Why complain of this?" say some: "Strength is mournfully denied its arena; that was true from of old." Doubtless; and the worse for the *arena*, answer I! *Complaining* profits little; stating of the truth may profit. That a Europe, with its French Revolution just breaking out, finds no need of a Burns except for gaging beer, — is a thing I, for one, cannot rejoice at! —

Once more we have to say here, that the chief quality of Burns is the *sincerity* of him. So in his Poetry, so in his Life. The Song he sings is not of fantasticalities; it is of a thing felt, really there; the prime merit of this, as of all in him, and of his Life generally, is truth. The Life of Burns is what we may call a great tragic sincerity. A sort of savage sincerity, — not cruel, far from that; but wild, wrestling naked with the truth of things. In that sense, there is something of the savage in all great men.

Hero-worship, — Odin, Burns? Well; these Men of Letters

too were not without a kind of Hero-worship: but what a strange condition has that got into now! The waiters and ostlers of Scotch inns, prying about the door, eager to catch any word that fell from Burns, were doing unconscious reverence to the Heroic. Johnson had his Boswell for worshiper. Rousseau had worshipers enough; princes calling on him in his mean garret; the great, the beautiful doing reverence to the poor moonstruck man. For himself a most portentous contradiction; the two ends of his life not to be brought into harmony. He sits at the tables of grandees; and has to copy music for his own living. He cannot even get his music copied. "By dint of dining out," says he, "I run the risk of dying by starvation at home." For his worshipers too a most questionable thing! If doing Hero-worship well or badly be the test of vital well-being or ill-being to a generation, can we say that *these* generations are very first-rate? — And yet our heroic Men of Letters do teach, govern, are kings, priests, or what you like to call them; intrinsically there is no preventing it by any means whatever. The world *has* to obey him who thinks and sees in the world. The world can alter the manner of that; can either have it as blessed continuous summer sunshine, or as unblessed black thunder and tornado, — with unspeakable difference of profit for the world! The manner of it is very alterable; the matter and fact of it is not alterable by any power under the sky. Light; or, failing that, lightning: the world can take its choice. Not whether we call an Odin god, prophet, priest, or what we call him; but whether we believe the word he tells us: there it all lies. If it be a true word, we shall have to believe it; believing it, we shall have to do it. What *name* or welcome we give him or it, is a point that concerns ourselves mainly. *It*, the new Truth, new, deeper revealing of the Secret of this Universe, is verily of the nature of a message from on high; and must and will have itself obeyed. —

My last remark is on that notablest phasis of Burns's history, — his visit to Edinburgh. Often it seems to me as if his demeanor there were the highest proof he gave of what a fund of worth and genuine manhood was in him. If we think of it, few heavier burdens could be laid on the strength of a man. So sudden; all common *Lionism*, which ruins innumerable

men, was as nothing to this. It is as if Napoleon had been made a King of, not gradually, but at once from the Artillery Lieutenancy in the Regiment La Fère. Burns, still only in his twenty-seventh year, is no longer even a plowman; he is flying to the West Indies to escape disgrace and a jail. This month he is a ruined peasant, his wages seven pounds a year, and these gone from him: next month he is in the blaze of rank and beauty, handing down jeweled Duchesses to dinner; the cynosure of all eyes! Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity. I admire much the way in which Burns met all this. Perhaps no man one could point out, was ever so sorely tried, and so little forgot himself. Tranquil, unastonished; not abashed, not inflated, neither awkwardness nor affectation: he feels that *he* there is the man Robert Burns; that the "rank is but the guinea-stamp"; that the celebrity is but the candle-light, which will show *what* man, not in the least make him a better or other man! Alas, it may readily, unless he look to it, make him a *worse* man; a wretched, inflated wind-bag, — inflated till he *burst*, and become a *dead* lion; for whom, as some one has said, "there is no resurrection of the body"; worse than a living dog! — Burns is admirable here.

And yet, alas, as I have observed elsewhere, these Lion-hunters were the ruin and death of Burns. It was they that rendered it impossible for him to live! They gathered round him in his Farm; hindered his industry; no place was remote enough from them. He could not get his Lionism forgotten, honestly as he was disposed to do so. He falls into discontents, into miseries, faults; the world getting ever more desolate for him; health, character, peace of mind all gone; — solitary enough now. It is tragical to think of! These men came but to *see* him; it was out of no sympathy with him, nor no hatred to him. They came to get a little amusement: they got their amusement; — and the Hero's life went for it!

Richter says, in the Island of Sumatra there is a kind of "Light-chafers," large Fireflies, which people stick upon spits, and illuminate the ways with at night. Persons of condition can thus travel with a pleasant radiance, which they much admire. Great honor to the Fireflies! But — ! —

LEWIS CARROLL

LEWIS CARROLL, pseudonym of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. A notable English humorist. Born 1832; died January 14, 1898. Author of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and its sequel, "Through the Looking-Glass," which have been translated into most of the languages of Europe; also "Phantasmagoria," "The Hunting of the Snark," and "Sylvie and Bruno." The author likewise published several works on mathematics and logic in both serious and humorous form.

(From "ALICE IN WONDERLAND")

A MAD TEA-PARTY

THERE was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only, as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine?" the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity: "it's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles — I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least — at least I mean what I say — that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see!' "

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like!'"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe!'"

"It *is* the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice. He had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and said, "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled: "you shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily; "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to her to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand you," she said, as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea on to its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No; I give it up," Alice replied: "what's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied; "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice thoughtfully; "but then — I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter; "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I," he replied. "We quarreled last March — just before *he* went mad, you know" (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare). "It was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing: —

"'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!'

You know the song, perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way: —

"'Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle'" —

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep, "*Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle*" — and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out, 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh: "it's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things betweenwhiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter: "as the things get used up."

"But when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. "I wasn't asleep," he said in a hoarse, feeble voice: "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well—"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked: "they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "*very* ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean, you can't take *less*," said the Hatter: "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this; so she helped herself to some tea and bread and butter, and then turned to

the Dormouse, and repeated her question. "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle-well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh! sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly: "I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one*."

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters — they were learning to draw, you know —"

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter: "let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him: the March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change; and Alice was a good deal worse off than before as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water-well," said the Hatter; "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well — eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse, — "well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy;

"and they drew all manner of things — everything that begins with an M —"

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze, but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on: " — that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness — you know you say things are 'much of a muchness' — did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think —"

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear: she got up in great disgust, and walked off: the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her: the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

"At any rate I'll never go *there* again!" said Alice as she picked her way through the wood. "It's the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life!"

(From "THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS")

THE WHITE KNIGHT

AT this moment her thoughts were interrupted by a loud shouting of "Ahoy! Ahoy! Check!" and a Knight, dressed in crimson armor, came galloping down upon her, brandishing a great club. Just as he reached her, the horse stopped suddenly: "You're my prisoner," the Knight cried, as he tumbled off his horse.

Startled as she was, Alice was more frightened for him than for herself at the moment, and watched him with some anxiety as he mounted again. As soon as he was comfortably in the saddle, he began once more, "You're my —" but

here another voice broke in, "Ahoy! Ahoy! Check," and Alice looked round in some surprise for the new enemy.

This time it was a White Knight. He drew up at Alice's side, and tumbled off his horse just as the Red Knight had done: then he got on again, and the two Knights sat and looked at each other for some time without speaking. Alice looked from one to the other in some bewilderment.

"She's *my* prisoner, you know!" the Red Knight said at last.

"Yes, but then *I* came and rescued her!" the White Knight replied.

"Well, we must fight for her, then," said the Red Knight, as he took up his helmet (which hung from the saddle, and was something the shape of a horse's head) and put it on.

"You will observe the Rules of Battle, of course?" the White Knight remarked, putting on his helmet too.

"I always do," said the Red Knight, and they began banging away at each other with such fury that Alice got behind a tree to be out of the way of the blows.

"I wonder, now, what the Rules of Battle are," she said to herself, as she watched the fight, timidly peeping out from her hiding-place: "one Rule seems to be, that if one Knight hits the other, he knocks him off his horse, and if he misses, he tumbles off himself — and another Rule seems to be that they hold their clubs with their arms, as if they were Punch and Judy. What a noise they make when they tumble! Just like a whole set of fire-irons falling into the fender! And how quiet the horses are! They let them get on and off them just as if they were tables!"

Another Rule of Battle, that Alice had not noticed, seemed to be that they always fell on their heads, and the battle ended with their both falling off in this way, side by side: when they got up again, they shook hands, and then the Red Knight mounted and galloped off.

"It was a glorious victory, wasn't it?" said the White Knight, as he came up panting.

"I don't know," Alice said doubtfully. "I don't want to be anybody's prisoner. I want to be a Queen."

"So you will, when you've crossed the next brook," said the

White Knight. "I'll see you safe to the end of the wood — and then I must go back, you know. That's the end of my move."

"Thank you very much," said Alice. "May I help you off with your helmet?" It was evidently more than he could manage by himself; however she managed to shake him out of it at last.

"Now one can breathe more easily," said the Knight, putting back his shaggy hair with both hands, and turning his gentle face and large mild eyes to Alice. She thought she had never seen such a strange-looking soldier in all her life.

He was dressed in tin armor, which seemed to fit him very badly, and he had a queer-shaped little deal box fastened across his shoulders, upside-down, and with the lid hanging open. Alice looked at it with great curiosity.

"I see you're admiring my little box," the Knight said, in a friendly tone. "It's my own invention — to keep clothes and sandwiches in. You see I carry it upside-down, so that the rain can't get in."

"But the things can get *out*," Alice gently remarked. "Do you know the lid's open?"

"I didn't know it," the Knight said, a shade of vexation passing over his face. "Then all the things must have fallen out! And the box is no use without them." He unfastened it as he spoke, and was just going to throw it into the bushes, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he hung it carefully on a tree. "Can you guess why I did that?" he said to Alice.

Alice shook her head.

"In hopes some bees may make a nest in it — then I should get the honey."

"But you've got a beehive — or something like one fastened to the saddle," said Alice.

"Yes, it's a very good beehive," the Knight said, in a discontented tone, "one of the best kind. But not a single bee has come near it yet. And the other thing is a mouse-trap. I suppose the mice keep the bees out — or the bees keep the mice out, I don't know which."

"I was wondering what the mouse-trap was for," said Alice.

"It isn't very likely there would be any mice on the horse's back."

"Not very likely, perhaps," said the Knight; "but if they *do* come, I don't choose to have them running all about."

"You see," he went on after a pause, "it's as well to be provided for *everything*. That's the reason the horse has all those anklets round his feet."

"But what are they for?" Alice asked in a tone of great curiosity.

"To guard against the bites of sharks," the Knight replied. "It's an invention of my own. And now help me on. I'll go with you to the end of the wood. What's that dish for?"

"It's meant for plum-cake," said Alice.

"We'd better take it with us," the Knight said. "It'll come in handy if we find any plum-cake. Help me to get it into this bag."

This took a long time to manage, though Alice held the bag open very carefully, because the Knight was so *very* awkward in putting in the dish: the first two or three times that he tried he fell in himself instead. "It's rather a tight fit, you see," he said, as they got it in at last; "there are so many candlesticks in the bag." And he hung it to the saddle, which was already loaded with bunches of carrots, and fire-irons, and many other things.

"I hope you've got your hair well fastened on?" he continued, as they set off.

"Only in the usual way," Alice said, smiling.

"That's hardly enough," he said anxiously. "You see the wind is so *very* strong here. It's as strong as soup."

"Have you invented a plan for keeping the hair from being blown off?" Alice inquired.

"Not yet," said the Knight. "But I've got a plan for keeping it from *falling* off."

"I should like to hear it, very much."

"First you take an upright stick," said the Knight. "Then you make your hair creep up it, like a fruit-tree. Now the reason hair falls off is because it hangs *down* — things never fall *upward*, you know. It's a plan of my own invention. You may try it if you like."

It didn't sound a comfortable plan, Alice thought, and for a few minutes she walked on in silence, puzzling over the idea, and every now and then stopping to help the poor Knight, who certainly was *not* a good rider.

Whenever the horse stopped (which it did very often), he fell off in front; and whenever it went on again (which it generally did rather suddenly), he fell off behind. Otherwise he kept on pretty well, except that he had a habit of now and then falling off sideways; and as he generally did this on the side on which Alice was walking, she soon found that it was the best plan not to walk *quite* close to the horse.

"I'm afraid you've not had much practice in riding," she ventured to say, as she was helping him up from his fifth tumble.

The Knight looked very much surprised, and a little offended at the remark. "What makes you say that?" he asked, as he scrambled back into the saddle, keeping hold of Alice's hair with one hand, to save himself from falling over on the other side.

"Because people don't fall off quite so often, when they've had much practice."

"I've had plenty of practice," the Knight said very gravely; "plenty of practice!"

Alice could think of nothing better to say than "Indeed?" but she said it as heartily as she could. They went on a little way in silence after this, the Knight with his eyes shut, muttering to himself, and Alice watching anxiously for the next tumble.

"The great art of riding," the Knight suddenly began in a loud voice, waving his right arm as he spoke, "is to keep —" Here the sentence ended as suddenly as it had begun, as the Knight fell heavily on the top of his head exactly in the path where Alice was walking. She was quite frightened this time, and said in an anxious tone, as she picked him up, "I hope no bones are broken?"

"None to speak of," the Knight said, as if he didn't mind breaking two or three of them. "The great art of riding, as I was saying, is — to keep your balance properly. Like this, you know — "

He let go the bridle, and stretched out both his arms to show

Alice what he meant, and this time he fell flat on his back, right under the horse's feet.

"Plenty of practice!" he went on repeating, all the time that Alice was getting him on his feet again. "Plenty of practice!"

"It's too ridiculous!" cried Alice, losing all her patience this time. "You ought to have a wooden horse on wheels, that you ought!"

"Does that kind go smoothly?" the Knight asked, in a tone of great interest, clasping his arms round the horse's neck as he spoke, just in time to save himself from tumbling off again.

"Much more smoothly than a live horse," Alice said, with a little scream of laughter, in spite of all she could do to prevent it.

"I'll get one," the Knight said thoughtfully to himself. "One or two — several."

There was a short silence after this, and then the Knight went on again. "I'm a great hand at inventing things. Now, I dare say you noticed, the last time you picked me up, that I was looking rather thoughtful?"

"You *were* a little grave," said Alice.

"Well, just then I was inventing a new way of getting over a gate — would you like to hear it?"

"Very much indeed," Alice said politely.

"I'll tell you how I came to think of it," said the Knight. "You see, I said to myself, 'The only difficulty is with the feet; the *head* is high enough already.' Now, first I put my head on the top of the gate — then the head's high enough — then I stand on my head — then the feet are high enough, you see — then I'm over, you see."

"Yes, I suppose you'd be over when that was done," Alice said thoughtfully; "but don't you think it would be rather hard?"

"I haven't tried it yet," the Knight said gravely, "so I can't tell for certain — but I'm afraid it *would* be a little hard."

He looked so vexed at the idea, that Alice changed the subject hastily. "What a curious helmet you've got," she said cheerfully. "Is that your invention too?"

The Knight looked down proudly at his helmet, which hung from the saddle. "Yes," he said, "but I've invented a better one than that — like a sugar loaf. When I used to wear it, if I fell off the horse it always touched the ground directly. So I

had a *very* little way to fall, you see. But there *was* the danger of falling *into* it, to be sure. That happened to me once — and the worst of it was, before I could get out again, the other White Knight came and put it on. He thought it was his own helmet."

The Knight looked so solemn about it that Alice did not dare to laugh. "I'm afraid you must have hurt him," she said in a trembling voice, "being on the top of his head."

"I had to kick him, of course," the Knight said, very seriously. "And then he took the helmet off again — but it took hours and hours to get me out. I was as fast as — as lightning, you know."

"But that's a different kind of fastness," Alice objected.

The Knight shook his head. "It was all kinds of fastness with me, I can assure you!" he said. He raised his hands in some excitement as he said this, and instantly rolled out of the saddle and fell headlong into a deep ditch.

Alice ran to the side of the ditch to look for him. She was rather startled by the fall, as for some time he had kept on very well, and she was afraid that he really *was* hurt this time. However, though she could see nothing but the soles of his feet, she was much relieved to hear that he was talking on in his usual tone. "All kinds of fastness," he repeated: "but it was careless of him to put another man's helmet on — with the man in it, too."

"How *can* you go on talking so quietly, head downward?" Alice asked, as she dragged him out by the feet and laid him in a heap on the bank.

The Knight looked surprised at the question. "What does it matter where my body happens to be?" he said. "My mind goes on working all the same. In fact, the more head downward I am, the more I keep inventing new things. Now the cleverest thing of the sort that I ever did," he went on after a pause, "was inventing a new pudding during the meat-course."

"In time to have it cooked for the next course?" said Alice. "Well, that *was* quick work, certainly!"

"Well, not the *next* course," the Knight said in a slow thoughtful tone: "no, certainly not the next *course*."

"Then it would have to be the next day. I suppose you wouldn't have two pudding-courses in one dinner?"

"Well, not the *next* day," the Knight repeated as before:

"not the next *day*. In fact," he went on, holding his head down, and his voice getting lower and lower, "I don't believe that pudding ever *was* cooked! In fact, I don't believe that pudding ever *will* be cooked! And yet it was a very clever pudding to invent."

"What did you mean it to be made of?" Alice asked, hoping to cheer him up, for the poor Knight seemed quite low-spirited about it.

"It began with blotting-paper," the Knight answered with a groan.

"That wouldn't be very nice, I'm afraid — "

"Not very nice *alone*," he interrupted, quite eagerly: "but you've no idea what a difference it makes, mixing it with other things — such as gunpowder and sealing-wax. And here I must leave you." They had just come to the end of the wood.

Alice could only look puzzled: she was thinking of the pudding.

"You are sad," the Knight said, in an anxious tone: "let me sing you a song to comfort you."

"Is it very long?" Alice asked, for she had heard a good deal of poetry that day.

"It's long," said the Knight, "but it's very, *very* beautiful. Everybody that hears me sing it — either it brings the *tears* into their eyes, or else — "

"Or else what?" said Alice, for the Knight had made a sudden pause.

"Or else it doesn't, you know. The name of the song is called '*Haddocks' Eyes*.'"

"Oh, that's the name of the song, is it?" Alice said, trying to feel interested.

"No, you don't understand," the Knight said, looking a little vexed. "That's what the name is *called*. The name really is '*The Aged, Aged Man*.'"

"Then I ought to have said 'That's what the *song* is called?'" Alice corrected herself.

"No, you oughtn't: that's quite another thing! The *song* is called '*Ways and Means*,' but that's only what it's *called*, you know!"

"Well, what *is* the song, then?" said Alice, who was by this time completely bewildered.

"I was coming to that," the Knight said. "The song really is '*A-Sitting on a Gate*,' and the tune's my own invention."

So saying, he stopped his horse and let the reins fall on its neck: then, slowly beating time with one hand, and with a faint smile lighting up his gentle, foolish face as if he enjoyed the music of his song, he began.

Of all the strange things that Alice saw in her journey "Through the Looking-Glass," this was the one that she always remembered most clearly. Years afterward she could bring the whole scene back again, as if it had been only yesterday — the mild blue eyes and kindly smile of the Knight — the setting sun gleaming through his hair, and shining on his armor in a blaze of light that quite dazzled her — the horse quietly moving about, with the reins hanging loose on his neck, cropping the grass at her feet — and the black shadows of the forest behind — all this she took in like a picture, as, with one hand shading her eyes, she leaned against a tree, watching the strange pair, and listening, in a half dream, to the melancholy music of the song.

"But the tune *isn't* his own invention," she said to herself: "it's '*I give thee all, I can no more.*'" She stood and listened very attentively, but no tears came into her eyes.

"I'll tell thee everything I can;
There's little to relate.
I saw an aged, aged man,
A-sitting on a gate.
'Who are you, aged man?' I said.
'And how is it you live?'
And his answer trickled through my head
Like water through a sieve.

"He said 'I look for butterflies
That sleep among the wheat:
I make them into mutton-pies,
And sell them in the street.
I sell them unto men,' he said,
'Who sail on stormy seas;
And that's the way I get my bread —
A trifle, if you please.'

"But I was thinking of a plan
To dye one's whiskers green,
And always use so large a fan
That they could not be seen.
So, having no reply to give
To what the old man said,
I cried 'Come, tell me how you live!'
And thumped him on the head.

"His accents mild took up the tale:
He said 'I go my ways,
And when I find a mountain-rill
I set it in a blaze;
And thence they make a stuff they call
Rowlands' Macassar Oil —
Yet twopence-halfpenny is all
They give me for my toil.'

"But I was thinking of a way
To feed oneself on batter,
And so go on from day to day
Getting a little fatter.
I shook him well from side to side,
Until his face was blue:
'Come, tell me how you live,' I cried,
'And what it is you do!'

"He said 'I hunt for haddocks' eyes
Among the heather bright,
And work them into waistcoat-buttons
In the silent night.
And these I do not sell for gold
Or coin of silvery shine,
But for a copper halfpenny,
And that will purchase nine.

"'I sometimes dig for buttered rolls,
Or set limed twigs for crabs:
I sometimes search the grassy knolls
For wheels of Hansom-cabs.
And that's the way' (he gave a wink)
'By which I get my wealth —
And very gladly will I drink
Your Honor's noble health.'

"I heard him then, for I had just
Completed my design
To keep the Menai bridge from rust
By boiling it in wine.
I thanked him much for telling me
The way he got his wealth,
But chiefly for his wish that he
Might drink my noble health.

"And now, if e'er by chance I put
My fingers into glue,
Or madly squeeze a right-hand foot
Into a left-hand shoe,
Or if I drop upon my toe
A very heavy weight,
I weep, for it reminds me so
Of that old man I used to know —
Whose look was mild, whose speech was slow,
Whose hair was whiter than the snow,
Whose face was very like a crow,
With eyes like cinders, all aglow,
Who seemed distracted with his woe,
Who rocked his body to and fro,
And muttered mumblingly and low,
As if his mouth were full of dough,
Who snorted like a buffalo —
That summer evening, long ago,
A-sitting on a gate."

As the Knight sang the last words of the ballad, he gathered up the reins, and turned his horse's head along the road by which they had come. "You've only a few yards to go," he said, "down the hill and over that little brook, and then you'll be a Queen. But you'll stay and see me off first?" he added as Alice turned with an eager look in the direction to which he pointed. "I sha'n't be long. You'll wait and wave your handkerchief when I get to that turn in the road? I think it'll encourage me, you see."

"Of course I'll wait," said Alice: "and thank you very much for coming so far — and for the song — I liked it very much."

"I hope so," the Knight said doubtfully: "but you didn't cry so much as I thought you would."

So they shook hands, and then the Knight rode slowly away into the forest. "It won't take long to see him *off*, I expect," Alice said to herself, as she stood watching him. "There he goes! Right on his head as usual! However, he gets on again pretty easily — that comes of having so many things hung round the horse." So she went on talking to herself as she watched the horse walking leisurely along the road, and the Knight tumbling off, first on one side and then on the other. After the fourth or fifth tumble he reached the turn, and then she waved her handkerchief to him, and waited till he was out of sight.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

THE sun was shining on the sea,
  Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
  The billows smooth and bright —
And this was odd, because it was
  The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
  Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
  After the day was done —
"It's very rude of him," she said,
  "To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
  The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
  No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead —
  There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
  Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
  Such quantities of sand:

"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it would be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach;
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head —
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat —
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more —
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
  Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
  Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
  And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
  "To talk of many things;
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —
  Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
  And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
  "Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
  And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
  They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
  "Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
  Are very good indeed —
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
  We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
  Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
  A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said,
  "Do you admire the view?

"It was so kind of you to come!
  And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
  "Cut us another slice:

I wish you were not quite so deaf —
  I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
  "To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
  And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
  "The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
  "I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
  Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
  Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
  "You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
  But answer came there none —
And this was scarcely odd, because
  They'd eaten every one.

JABBERWOCKY

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
  Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
  And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
  The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
  The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
  Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
  And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Calooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY

ALICE CARY. Born near Cincinnati, Ohio, April 20, 1820; died in New York, February 12, 1871. Her sister, PHŒBE CARY, was born September 4, 1824, and died at Newport, Rhode Island, July 31, 1871. In the affectionate memory of the American people, they have a most honored place. They were sweet-spirited, hopeful, charitable, and nature-loving. Their graphic "Pictures of Country Life" at "Clovernook," their "Ballads," "Lyrics," "Snow Berries," and "Hymns," made for them in the world of appreciative readers a host of friends.

(The following selections are used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, the publishers.)

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE

OH, good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Aye? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields, a little brown, —
The picture must not be overbright, —

Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.
Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing-room
Under their tassels, — cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around, —
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!) —
These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide, —
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush:
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the self-same way,
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and corn fields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon you must paint for me:
Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words:
Yet one word tells you all I would say, —
She is my mother: you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee,
You must paint, sir: one like me, —
The other with a clearer brow,

And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise:
At ten years old he went to sea, —
God knoweth if he be living now, —
He sailed in the good ship *Commodore*,
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, it is twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck:
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee:
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far, —
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And over the hay-stack's pointed top,
All of a tremble and ready to drop,
The first half-hour, the great yellow star,
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall red mulberry-tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew, —
Dead at the top, — just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads, when we came to play
In its hand-breadth of shadow, day after day.
Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs, —
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,

Not so big as a straw of wheat:
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me:
I think 'twas solely mine, indeed:
But that's no matter, — paint it so;
The eyes of our mother — (take good heed) —
Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces down to our lies,
And, oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise!
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
A sharp blade struck through it.
You, sir, know
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet, —
Woods and corn fields and mulberry tree, —
The mother, — the lads, with their bird, at her knee:
But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

NEARER HOME

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
  Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
  Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
  Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
  That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
  Come to the dread abysm:
Closer Death to my lips
  Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet
  Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
  Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;
  Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
  On the rock of a living faith!

C. VALERIUS CATULLUS

C. VALERIUS CATULLUS. Called by Tennyson "tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago." Born at Verona, Italy, about 84 B.C.; died 54 B.C. Many of his works have perished, and we should never have read a line of his writings but for the chance discovery in France, in 1425, of one dilapidated manuscript. One of the most beautiful of his poems depicts his home-coming to the charming villa which he possessed at the modern Sirmione on Lake Garda.

TO CORNELIUS NEPOS

To what dear friend, say, shall I dedicate
  My smart new book, just trimm'd with pumice dry?
  To thee, Cornelius — for, in years gone by,

Thou wast accustom'd my light lays to rate
As something more than trifles — ay, and then,
When thou, the sole Italian, daredst engage
To paint in three small volumes every age,
With learnèd — Jove! — and with laborious pen.
Wherefore accept my tiny leaves, I pray,
Such as they are, — and, Patron Goddess, give
This boon: that still perennial they may live
After a century has roll'd away.

TO LESBIA'S SPARROW

Sparrow! my darling's joy!
With whom she's wont to toy,
With whom some warm breast-nestling nook to fill;
And, to frolic combat firing
Thee her finger-tip desiring,
To provoke the pricking peckings of thy bill.

What time my beauteous fair,
My heart's own darling care,
With some endearing sport would please her will,
As a tiny consolation,
Doting love's fond recreation,
That her bosom's fretful smartings may be still.

With thee, like her, to play,
And drive sad cares away,
Were dear to me, as to the nimble maid,
Sung in storied legend olden,
Was the mellow apple golden,
That her long-engirdled bosom disarray'd.

ON THE DEATH OF THE SPARROW

Ye Graces! mourn, oh mourn!
Mourn, Cupids Venus-born!
And loveliest sons of earth, where'er ye are!

Dead is now my darling's sparrow —
Sparrow of my "winsome marrow,"
Than her very eyes, oh! dearer to her far.

For 'twas a honey'd pet,
And knew her well as yet
A mother by her daughter e'er was known:
Never from her bosom stray'd he,
Hopping hither, thither play'd he,
Ever piped and chirp'd his song to her alone.

Now to that dreary bourn
Whence none can e'er return,
Poor little sparrow wings his weary flight;
Plague on you! ye grimly-low'ring
Shades of Orcus, still devouring,
All on earth that's fair and beautiful and bright.

Ye've ravish'd from my sight
Her sparrow, her delight!
Oh ruthless deed of bale! woe, woe is me!
Now thy death, poor little sparrow,
Doth her heart with anguish harrow,
And her swollen eyes are red with tears for thee.

SIRMIO

SWEET Sirmio! thou, the very eye
Of all peninsulas and isles,
That in our lakes of silver lie,
Or sleep, enwreathed by Neptune's smiles, —

How gladly back to thee I fly!
Still doubting, asking — *can* it be
That I have left Bithynia's sky,
And gaze in safety upon thee?

Oh! what is happier than to find
Our hearts at ease, our perils past;
When, anxious long, the lightened mind
Lays down its load of care at last;

When tired with toil o'er land and deep,
Again we tread the welcome floor
Of our own home, and sink to sleep
On the long-wished-for bed once more.

This, this it is, that pays alone
The ills of all life's former track;
Shine out, my beautiful, my own!
Sweet Sirmio, greet thy master back!

And thou, fair Lake, whose water quaffs
The light of heaven, like Lydia's sea,
Rejoice, rejoice, — let all that laughs
Abroad, at home, laugh out for me!

BENVENUTO CELLINI

Benvenuto Cellini. Born in Florence, November 3, 1500; died there, February 13, 1571.

A master of Italian literary style, as well as an artist in marble and metal. He is known to literature through his fascinating "Autobiography."

(From "Autobiography")

THE CASTING OF THE PERSEUS

By my own efforts I regained tranquillity of mind, and chased away those thoughts which every now and then would rise up before me, bringing bitter tears of regret to my eyes that ever I had left France. True, I had come to Florence, my dear fatherland, with the sole purpose of aiding my six nieces; but I

saw this good deed had been the beginning of great ill for me. Yet all the same I looked forward to the time when, my Perseus finished, all my troubles should be turned to high delight and to glorious good.

And so I took heart again, and with all the resources of my body and my purse — though I had little enough money left — I set about procuring several loads of pine from the pine woods of Serristori, near Monte Lupo. While I was waiting for these, I covered my Perseus with the clay I had got ready several months before, in order that it might be well seasoned. When I had made its "tunic" of clay — for so is it called in our art — and had most carefully armed and girt it with iron, I began to draw off the wax by a slow fire through the various vent-holes I had made. (The more of these you have, the better will your molds fill.) When this was done, I built up round the mold of my Perseus a funnel-shaped furnace of bricks, arranged one above the other, so as to leave numerous openings for the fire to breathe through. Then very gradually I laid the wood on, and kept up the fire for two days and two nights on end. After I had drawn off all the wax, and the mold had been properly baked, I set to work at once to dig a hole to sink the thing in, attending to all the strictest rules of the great art. This done, I raised the mold with the utmost care by means of windlasses and strong ropes to an upright position; and suspended it a cubit above the level of the furnace, paying attention that it hung exactly over the middle of the pit. Then gently, gently I let it down to the bottom of the furnace, sparing no pains to settle it securely there. This difficult job over, I set about propping it up with the earth I had dug out of the hole; and as I built up the earth, I made vent-holes, that is, little pipes of terra-cotta such as are used for drains and things of that kind. Then I saw that it was quite firm, and that this way of banking it up and putting conduits in their proper places was likely to be successful. It was evident also that my workmen understood my mode of working, which was very different from that of any of the other masters in my profession. Sure, therefore, that I could trust them, I gave my attention to the furnace, which I had filled up with pigs of copper and pieces of bronze, laid one on top of the other, according to the rules of the craft — that is, not pressing

closely one on the other, but arranged so that the flames could make their way freely about them; for in this manner the metal is more quickly affected by the heat and liquefied. Then in great excitement I ordered them to light the furnace. They piled on the pine logs; and between the unctuous pine resin and the well-contrived draught of the furnace, the fire burned so splendidly that I had to feed it now on one side and now on the other. The effort was almost intolerable, yet I forced myself to keep it up.

On top of all this the shop took fire, and we feared lest the roof should fall upon us. Then, too, from the garden the rain and the wind blew in with such chill gusts as to cool the furnace. All this fighting for so many hours with adverse circumstances, forcing myself to a labor such as even my robust health could not stand, ended in a one-day fever of an indescribable severity. There was nothing for it but to fling myself on my bed, and I did so very ill-content. But first I appealed to my men — there were about ten or more helping me — master-founders, hand laborers, peasants, and the workmen of my own shop. Among the last was Bernardino Mannellini of Mugello, who had been my pupil for several years. To him I said, after begging the good-will of all the rest, "My dear Bernardino, see that you attend to everything I have taught you; and make all the haste you can, for the metal will soon be ready. You cannot make a mistake; the good fellows here will hurry up with the channels, and with these two crooks you can surely draw back the plugs. Then I know for certain my mold will fill beautifully. I feel worse than I ever did since I came into the world; and I am sure I shall be dead in a few hours." So, most ill-content, I left them and went to bed.

As soon as I was in bed I ordered my servant-girls to take food and drink to all the men in the shop; and then I said to them, "By to-morrow morning, I shall be dead." They did their best to put heart into me, saying that my sickness would pass over, and that it only arose from over-fatigue. Thus for two hours I fought the fever; but it went on rising all the time, so that I never stopped wailing that I was about to die. Now the woman who looked after all my household was Mona Fiore da Castel del Rio; and a cleverer woman was never born, nor

a more devoted. Though now she went on scolding me for losing heart, yet all the same she tended me as affectionately as possible. Nevertheless, for all her brave heart, she could not keep her tears from flowing as she saw me overcome by such terrible pain and depression. Yet she hid her weeping from me so far as she could. While I lay there in this terrible distress, I saw a man come into my room, whose body was twisted like a capital S; and he spoke in the sad and grievous tones of those who proclaim to doomed men that their last hour has tolled. "O Benvenuto!" he said, "your work is spoiled; and no power on earth can save it now." Hardly had I heard the miserable creature's words, than I set up such a terrible cry as might have been heard in the heaven of fire; and rising from my bed, I took my clothes and began to dress; and I dealt kicks and blows to the servant-girls, the boy, and every one who came to help me, wailing the while, "Ah, traitors! jealous monsters! this is a malicious plot. But I swear by God that I shall come at the truth of it; and before I die I shall give such proof to the world of my strong hand as shall make more than one man stand in wonder!" When I had dressed, I hurried to the shop fuming with rage; and there I saw all the men I had left in the best of spirits standing dazed and at their wits' end. I broke into their stupor with, "Wake up! Listen to me! Since you've been either too great fools or too great knaves to do as I told you, attend to me now. I am here in front of my work. And not a word from any of you; for it's help, not advice, that will serve me now." On this up spoke Maestro Alessandro Lastricati, "Listen, Benvenuto! You are taking in hand a thing which defies the laws of art, and cannot be done, whatever means you try." At that I turned on him in such a fury, and with murder in my eye, that he and all the others too cried out: "Come on! Give your orders! We are ready for all you may command, while there is any breath left in our bodies." But I believe they uttered these soothing words only because they thought I was on the point of falling down dead. Then I hurried to the furnace, and found the metal had all coagulated, or, as we say, "caked." I ordered two laborers to go to Capretta, the butcher's opposite, for a load of young oak logs, which had been dry for more than a year, and which Madonna Ginevra, Capretta's wife,

had already offered me. As soon as I got the first armfuls, I set about filling the ash-pot below the furnace. Now oak of this kind makes a fiercer fire than any other sort of wood, and that is why alder or pine is used in the founding of gun-metal, for which the fire should be slow. Ah, then, you should have seen how the cake of metal began to run, and how it glowed! Meanwhile, too, I forced it to flow along the channels, while I sent the rest of the men on the roof to look after the fire, which had broken out again more fiercely now the furnace was burning with such fury; and towards the garden side I made them pile up planks and rugs and old hangings to prevent the rain from pouring in.

When I had mastered all this confusion and trouble, I shouted now to this man, now to that, bidding them fetch and carry for me; and the solidified metal beginning to melt just then, the whole band were so excited to obedience, that each man did the work of three. Then I had them fetch half a pig of pewter, weighing about sixty pounds, and this I threw right in the middle of the solid metal in the furnace. And what with the wood I had put in beneath, and all the stirring with iron rods and bars, in a little while the mass grew liquid. When I saw I had raised the dead, in despite of all those ignorant skeptics, such vigor came back to me, that the remembrance of my fever and the fear of death passed away from me utterly. Then suddenly we heard a great noise, and saw a brilliant flash of fire, just as if a thunderbolt had rushed into being in our very midst. Every man of us was dazed by this prodigious and terrifying event, and I still more than the rest. Only when the great rumble and the flashing flame had passed, did we dare look each other in the face. Then I saw that the lid of the furnace had blown open, so that the bronze was running over. In the same instant I had every mouth of the mold open and the plugs closed. But perceiving that the metal did not run as freely as it should, I came to the conclusion that the intense heat had consumed the alloy. So I bade them fetch every pewter dish and porringer and plate I had in the house, nearly two hundred in all; and part of them I threw, one after another, into the channels, and put the rest into the furnace. Then they saw my bronze was really melted and filling up my mold, and gave me the readiest and most cheerful

help and obedience. Now I was here; now I was there, giving orders or putting my own hand to the work, while I cried: "O God, who in Thy limitless strength didst rise from the dead, and glorious didst ascend to Heaven . . .!" In an instant my mold filled up; and I knelt down and thanked God with all my heart; then turned to a plate of salad lying on a bench there, and with splendid appetite ate and drank, and all my gang of men along with me. After that, as the day was but two hours off, I betook myself to bed, sound of body and in good heart; and, as if I had never known an ache in my life, sank gently to my rest. That good serving woman of mine, without my saying a word to her about it, had cooked a fine fat capon; and when I rose from my bed near dinner time, she met me with a cheery face, and cried: "Oh, so this is the man who thought he was dying? I do believe that the blows and the kicks you gave us last night, when you were so furious that one would have said you were possessed of the devil, so scared that terrible fever that it ran away, lest it should be belabored too." Then all my poor family breathed once more after their fright and their formidable labors; and off they went to buy pots and pans of earthenware instead of the pewter vessels I had cast into the furnace. After which we sat down to dinner in the best of spirits; and in all my life I never remember eating with a gladder heart nor with a better appetite. After dinner all my helpers came to see me. They did nothing but congratulate each other, and thank God for the way things had turned out, and tell me they had seen things done which other masters held to be beyond any one's powers. And I was proud, for I thought myself a very clever fellow — nor did I hide my opinion of myself; and putting my hand into my pocket, I paid every man to his full content.

But that scoundrel, my mortal enemy, Messer Pierfrancesco Ricci, the Duke's major-domo, ferreted out the whole story of the affair. And the two men whom I suspected of having caused the caking of my bronze, told him I was no man; that of a surety I was a great demon, for I had done what by mere art could not be achieved. And all sorts of other prodigies they related of me, which would indeed have taxed a devil's powers. As they made the thing out to be much more astounding than it had been in reality, the major-domo wrote to the

Duke, who was at Pisa, adding to their tale still more fearful and marvelous inventions of his own.

For two days I let my work cool, and then uncovered a little bit at a time. First of all I found that, thanks to the vents, the head of Medusa had come out splendidly — had I not told the Duke that it is in the nature of fire to ascend? Then I went on uncovering the rest, and found the other head, that of Perseus, was just as perfect; at which I wondered more; for, as you can see, it is much lower than that of Medusa. I had placed the mouths of the mold above the head and on the shoulders of the Perseus, and now I found that this head had taken all the remaining bronze in my furnace. Wonderful to relate, there was nothing left in the mouth of the channel, and yet there had been enough for my purpose. This appeared to me so marvelous — indeed, nothing short of a miracle — that the whole operation seemed as if it had been guided and brought to a happy end by Almighty God. Luck still followed me as I uncovered farther; everything I found had come out successfully till I came to the right foot on which the figure rests. There I found the heel perfect, and on further examination evidently the whole foot as well. On the one hand I rejoiced; on the other I was half annoyed, but only because I had said to the Duke that it could not happen so. However, when all was disclosed, I found the toes and a little portion above them were wanting, so that about half the foot would have to be added. Though this would give me a little extra work, I was glad, nevertheless; for I could show the Duke that I understood my own business. A larger part of the foot, indeed, had come out than I looked for; but the reason was that, from various causes, the metal had been subjected to a greater heat than is ordained by the laws of the art; and then, too, I had thrown in extra alloy in the shape of my pewter household vessels, as I have told you — a thing nobody ever thought of doing before.

Now seeing the great success of my work, I set off at once for Pisa to see the Duke. He received me as kindly as possible, and so did the Duchess; and though their major-domo had told them the whole story, their Excellencies thought it still more prodigious and astounding when they heard it from my own lips. When I came to the foot of the Perseus, and related how,

just as I had warned his Excellency before, it had not come out, I could see his wonder grow every moment, and he told the Duchess how, indeed, I had foretold this. Perceiving that my lord and my lady were in good humor with me, I begged the Duke to let me go to Rome. He consented with the greatest kindness, bidding me return erelong to finish his Perseus; and gave me letters of recommendation to his ambassador, Averardo Serristori. These were the first years of Pope Giulio de' Monti's reign.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Born at Alcalá de Henares, Spain, in 1547; died in Madrid, April 23, 1616.

Author of "Don Quixote," as well as of a score of plays, besides numerous novels and poems. His wonderful satire upon the knight-errantry of his age put an end to that much honored but much abused old-time custom, and won for itself immortal fame. It is related that when the king of Spain saw a man at a distance convulsed with laughter, he exclaimed, "He is either a madman, or he is reading 'Don Quixote.'"

Cervantes' early life was full of adventure. His left hand was lost at the battle of Lepanto. For five years he was an Algerine slave, and engaged in military service in Portugal and in the Azores. He was nearly sixty years old when the first part of "Don Quixote" appeared.

(From the Author's Preface to "Don Quixote.")

Loving reader, thou wilt believe me, I trust, without an oath, when I tell thee it was my earnest desire that this offspring of my brain should be as beautiful, ingenious, and sprightly as it is possible to imagine; but, alas! I have not been able to control that order in nature's works whereby all things produce their like; and therefore, what could be expected from a mind sterile and uncultivated like mine, but a dry, meager, fantastical thing, full of strange conceits, and that might well be engendered in a prison — the dreadful abode of care, where nothing is heard but sounds of wretchedness? Leisure, an agreeable residence, pleasant fields, serene skies, murmuring streams, and tranquillity of mind — by these the most barren muse may become fruitful, and produce that which will delight and astonish the world

(From "Don Quixote")

TREATING OF THE QUALITY AND MANNER OF LIFE OF OUR RENOWNED HERO

Down in a village of La Mancha, the name of which I have no desire to recollect, there lived, not long ago, one of those gentlemen who usually keep a lance upon a rack, an old buckler, a lean horse, and a coursing greyhound. Soup, composed of somewhat more mutton than beef, the fragments served up cold on most nights, lentils on Fridays, collops and eggs on Saturdays, and a pigeon by way of addition of Sundays, consumed three fourths of his income; the remainder of it supplied him with a cloak of fine cloth, velvet breeches, with slippers of the same for holidays, and a suit of the best homespun, in which he adorned himself on week days. His family consisted of a housekeeper above forty, a niece not quite twenty, and a lad who served him both in the field and at home, who could saddle the horse or handle the pruning-hook. The age of our gentleman bordered upon fifty years: he was of a strong constitution, spare-bodied, of a meager visage, a very early riser, and a lover of the chase. Some pretend to say that his surname was Quixada, or Quesada, for on this point his historians differ; though, from very probable conjectures, we may conclude that his name was Quixana. This is, however, of little importance to our history; let it suffice that, in relating it, we do not swerve a jot from the truth.

Be it known, then, that the aforementioned gentleman, in his leisure moments, which composed the greater part of the year, gave himself up with so much ardor to the perusal of books of chivalry, that he almost wholly neglected the exercise of the chase, and even the regulation of his domestic affairs; indeed, so extravagant was his zeal in this pursuit, that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of knight-errantry, collecting as many as he could possibly obtain. Among them all, none pleased him so much as those written by the famous Feliciano de Silva, whose brilliant prose and intricate style were, in his opinion, infinitely precious; especially those amorous speeches and challenges in which they so abound; such as: "The reason of the unreasonable treatment of my reason so

enfeebles my reason, that with reason I complain of your beauty." And again: "The high heavens that, with your divinity, divinely fortify you with the stars, rendering you meritorious of the merit merited by your greatness." These and similar rhapsodies distracted the poor gentleman, for he labored to comprehend and unravel their meaning, which was more than Aristotle himself could do, were he to rise from the dead expressly for that purpose. He was not quite satisfied as to the wounds which Don Belianis gave and received; for he could not help thinking that, however skilful the surgeons were who healed them, his face and whole body must have been covered with seams and scars. Nevertheless, he commended his author for concluding his book with the promise of that interminable adventure; and he often felt an inclination to seize the pen himself and conclude it, literally as it is there promised: this he would doubtless have done, and not without success, had he not been diverted from it by meditations of greater moment, on which his mind was incessantly employed.

He often debated with the curate of the village, a man of learning and a graduate of Siguenza, which of the two was the best knight, Palmerin of England, or Amadis de Gaul; but Master Nicholas, barber of the same place, declared that none ever came up to the Knight of the Sun: if, indeed, any one could be compared to him, it was Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul, for he had a genius suited to everything: he was no effeminate knight, no whimperer, like his brother; and in point of courage he was by no means his inferior. In short, he became so infatuated with this kind of study, that he passed whole days and nights over these books; and thus, with little sleeping and much reading, his brains were dried up and his intellects deranged. His imagination was full of all that he had read — of enchantments, contests, battles, challenges, wounds, courtships, amours, tortures, and impossible absurdities; and so firmly was he persuaded of the truth of the whole tissue of visionary fiction, that, in his mind, no history in the world was more authentic. The Cid Ruy Diaz, he asserted, was a very good knight, but not to be compared with the Knight of the Flaming Sword, who, with a single back-stroke, cleft asunder two fierce and monstrous giants. He was better pleased with Bernardo

del Carpio, because, at Roncesvalles, he slew Roland the Enchanted, by availing himself of the stratagem employed by Hercules upon Antæus, whom he squeezed to death within his arms. He spoke very favorably of the giant Morganti, for, although of that monstrous brood who are always proud and insolent, he alone was courteous and well bred. Above all he admired Rinaldo de Montalvan, particularly when he saw him sallying forth from his castle to plunder all he encountered, and when, moreover, he seized upon that image of Mahomet which, according to history, was of massive gold. But he would have given his housekeeper, and even his niece into the bargain, for a fair opportunity of kicking the traitor Galalon.

In fine, his judgment being completely obscured, he was seized with one of the strangest fancies that ever entered the head of any madman; this was, a belief that it behooved him as well for the advancement of his glory as the service of his country, to become a knight-errant, and traverse the world, armed and mounted, in quest of adventures, and to practise all that had been performed by knights-errant of whom he had read; redressing every species of grievance, and exposing himself to dangers which, being surmounted, might secure to him eternal glory and renown. The poor gentleman imagined himself at least crowned Emperor of Trebisond, by the valor of his arm; and thus wrapped in these agreeable delusions, and borne away by the extraordinary pleasure he found in them, he hastened to put his designs into execution.

The first thing he did was to scour up some rusty armor, which had been his great-grandfather's, and had lain many years neglected in a corner. This he cleaned and adjusted as well as he could; but he found one grand defect: the helmet was incomplete, having only the morion; this deficiency, however, he ingeniously supplied, by making a kind of vizor of pasteboard, which, being fixed to the morion, gave the appearance of an entire helmet. It is true indeed that, in order to prove its strength, he drew his sword, and gave it two strokes, the first of which instantly demolished the labor of a week; but not altogether approving of the facility with which it was destroyed, and in order to secure himself against a similar misfortune, he made another vizor, which, having fenced in the

inside with small bars of iron, he felt assured of its strength and, without making any more experiments, held it to be a most excellent helmet.

In the next place he visited his steed; and although this animal had more blemishes than the horse of Gonela, which "*tantum pellis et ossa fuit*," yet, in his eyes, neither the Bucephalus of Alexander, nor the Cid's Babieca, could be compared with him. Four days was he deliberating upon what name he should give him; for, as he said to himself, it would be very improper that a horse so excellent, appertaining to a knight so famous, should be without an appropriate name; he therefore endeavored to find one that should express what he had been before he belonged to a knight-errant, and also what he now was: nothing could, indeed, be more reasonable than that, when the master changed his state, the horse should likewise change his name, and assume one pompous and high sounding, as became the new order he now professed. So after having devised, altered, lengthened, curtailed, rejected, and again framed in his imagination a variety of names, he finally determined upon Rozinante, a name, in his opinion, lofty, sonorous, and full of meaning; importing that he had been only a *rozin*, a drudge horse, *before* his present condition, and that now he was *before* all the *rozins* in the world.

Having given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he resolved to fix upon one for himself. This consideration employed him eight more days, when at length he determined to call himself Don Quixote; whence some of the historians of this most true history have concluded that his name was certainly Quixada, and not Quesada, as others would have it. Then recollecting that the valorous Amadis, not content with the simple appellation of Amadis, added thereto the name of his kingdom and native country, in order to render it famous, styling himself Amadis de Gaul; so he, like a good knight, also added the name of his province, and called himself Don Quixote de la Mancha; whereby, in his opinion, he fully proclaimed his lineage and country, which, at the same time, he honored by taking its name.

His armor being now furbished, his helmet made perfect, his horse and himself provided with names, he found nothing

wanting but a lady to be in love with; for a knight-errant without the tender passion was a tree without leaves and fruit — a body without a soul. "If," said he, "for my sins, or rather, through my good fortune, I encounter some giant — an ordinary occurrence to knights-errant — and overthrow him at the first onset, or cleave him in twain, or, in short, vanquish him and force him to surrender, must I not have some lady to whom I may send him as a present? that when he enters into the presence of my charming mistress, he may throw himself upon his knees before her, and in a submissive, humble voice, say, 'Madam, in me you behold the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island Malendrania, who, being vanquished in single combat by the never-enough-to-be-praised Don Quixote de la Mancha, am by him commanded to present myself before you, to be disposed of according to the will and pleasure of your highness.'" How happy was our good knight after this harangue! How much more so when he found a mistress! It is said that, in a neighboring village, a good-looking peasant girl resided, of whom he had formerly been enamoured, although it does not appear that she ever knew or cared about it; and this was the lady whom he chose to nominate mistress of his heart. He then sought a name for her, which, without entirely departing from her own, should incline and approach towards that of a princess or great lady, and determined upon Dulcinea del Toboso (for she was a native of that village), a name, he thought, harmonious, uncommon, and expressive — like all the others which he had adopted.

OF WHAT BEFELL OUR KNIGHT AFTER HE HAD SALLIED FROM THE INN

Light of heart, Don Quixote issued forth from the inn about break of day, so satisfied and so pleased to see himself knighted, that the joy thereof almost burst his horse's girths. But recollecting the advice of his host concerning the necessary provisions for his undertaking, especially the articles of money and clean shirts, he resolved to return home and furnish himself accordingly, and also provide himself with a squire, purposing to take into his service a certain country fellow of the

neighborhood, who was poor and had children, yet was very fit for the squirely office of chivalry. With this determination he turned Rozinante towards his village; and the steed, as if aware of his master's intention, began to put on with so much alacrity that he hardly seemed to set his feet to the ground. He had not, however, gone far, when, on his right hand, from a thicket hard by, he fancied he heard feeble cries, as from some person complaining. And scarcely had he heard it when he said, "I thank Heaven for the favor it does me, by offering me so early an opportunity of complying with the duty of my profession, and of reaping the fruit of my honorable desires. These are, doubtless, the cries of some distressed person who stands in need of my protection and assistance." Then turning the reins, he guided Rozinante towards the place whence he thought the cries proceeded, and he had entered but a few paces into the wood, when he saw a mare tied to an oak, and a lad to another, naked from the waist upwards, about fifteen years of age, who was the person that cried out; and not without cause, for a lusty country fellow was laying on him very severely with a belt, and accompanied every lash with a reprimand and a word of advice: "For," said he, "the tongue slow and the eyes quick." The boy answered, "I will do so no more, dear sir; by the passion of God, I will never do so again; and I promise for the future to take more care of the flock."

Don Quixote, observing what passed, now called out in an angry tone, "Discourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to deal thus with one who is not able to defend himself. Get upon thy horse, and take thy lance" (for he had also a lance leaning against the oak to which the mare was fastened), "and I will make thee sensible of thy dastardly conduct." The countryman, seeing such a figure coming towards him, armed from head to foot, and brandishing his lance at his face, gave himself up for a dead man, and therefore humbly answered, "Signor cavalier, this lad I am chastising is a servant of mine, whom I employ to tend a flock of sheep which I have hereabouts; but he is so careless that I lose one every day; and because I correct him for his negligence, or roguery, he says I do it out of covetousness, and for an excuse not to pay him his wages; but before God, and on my conscience, he lies." "Darest thou say so in my

presence, vile rustic?" said Don Quixote. "By the sun that shines upon us, I have a good mind to run thee through with this lance! Pay him immediately, without further reply; if not, by the God that rules us, I will despatch and annihilate thee in a moment! Unbind him instantly!" The countryman hung down his head, and, without reply, untied his boy. Don Quixote then asked the lad how much his master owed him; and he answered, nine months' wages, at seven reals a month. Don Quixote, on calculation, found that it amounted to sixty-three reals, and desired the countryman instantly to disburse them, unless he meant to pay it with his life. The fellow, in a fright, answered that, on the word of a dying man, and upon the oath he had taken (though by the way he had taken no oath), it was not so much; for he must deduct the price of three pair of shoes he had given him on account, and a real for two blood-lettings when he was sick. "All this is very right," said Don Quixote; "but set the shoes and the blood-lettings against the stripes thou hast given him unjustly; for if he tore the leather of thy shoes, thou hast torn his skin; and if the barber-surgeon drew blood from him when he was sick, thou hast drawn blood from him when he is well; so that upon these accounts he owes thee nothing." "The mischief is, signor cavalier," quoth the countryman, "that I have no money about me; but let Andres go home with me, and I will pay him all, real by real." "I go home with him!" said the lad; "the devil a bit! No, sir, I will do no such thing; for when he has me alone he will flay me like any Saint Bartholomew." "He will not do so," replied Don Quixote; "to keep him in awe, it is sufficient that I lay my commands upon him; and, on condition he swears to me by the order of knighthood which he has received, I shall let him go free, and will be bound for the payment." "Good sir, think of what you say," quoth the boy; "for my master is no knight, nor ever received any order of knighthood: he is John Aldudo, the rich, of the neighborhood of Quintanar." "That is little to the purpose," answered Don Quixote; "there may be knights of the family of the Aldudos, more especially as every man is the son of his own works." "That's true," quoth Andres, "but what works is my master the son of, who refuses me the wages of my sweat and labor?" "I do not

refuse thee, friend Andres," replied the countryman: "have the kindness to go with me; and I swear, by all the orders of knighthood that are in the world, I will pay thee every real down, and perfumed into the bargain." "For the perfuming, I thank thee," said Don Quixote: "give him the reals, and I shall be satisfied: and see that thou failest not, or else, by the same oath, I swear to return and chastise thee; nor shalt thou escape me, though thou were to conceal thyself closer than a lizard. And if thou wouldst be informed who it is thus commands, that thou mayst feel the more strictly bound to perform thy promise, know that I am the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of wrongs and abuses. So farewell, and do not forget what thou hast promised and sworn, on pain of the penalty I have denounced." So saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and was soon far off.

The countryman eagerly followed him with his eyes; and, when he saw him quite out of the wood, he turned to his lad Andres, and said, "Come hither, child; I wish now to pay what I owe thee, as that redresser of wrongs commanded." "So you shall, I swear," quoth Andres; "and you will do well to obey the orders of that honest gentleman (whom God grant to live a thousand years!) who is so brave a man, and so just a judge, that, egad! if you do not pay me he will come back and do what he has threatened." "And I swear so too," quoth the countryman: "and to show how much I love thee, I am resolved to augment the debt, that I may add to the payment." Then, taking him by the arm, he again tied him to the tree, where he gave him so many stripes that he left him for dead. "Now," said he, "Master Andres, call upon that redresser of wrongs; thou wilt find he will not easily redress this, though I believe I have not quite done with thee yet, for I have a good mind to flay thee alive, as thou saidst just now." At length, however, he untied him, and gave him leave to go in quest of his judge, to execute the threatened sentence. Andres went away in dudgeon, swearing he would find out the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and tell him all that had passed, and that he should pay for it sevenfold. Nevertheless, he departed in tears, leaving his master laughing at him.

Thus did the valorous Don Quixote redress this wrong;

and, elated at so fortunate and glorious a beginning to his knight-errantry, he went on towards his village, entirely satisfied with himself, and saying with a low voice, "Well mayest thou deem thyself happy above all women living on the earth, O Dulcinea del Toboso, beauteous above the most beautiful! since it has been thy lot to have subject and obedient to thy whole will and pleasure so valiant and renowned a knight as is and ever shall be Don Quixote de la Mancha! who, as all the world knows, received but yesterday the order of knighthood, and to-day has redressed the greatest injury and grievance that injustice could invent and cruelty commit! to-day hath he wrested the scourge out of the hand of that pitiless enemy, by whom a tender stripling was so undeservedly lashed!"

He now came to the road, which branched out in four different directions, when immediately those crossways presented themselves to his imagination where knights-errant usually stop to consider which of the roads they shall take. Here, then, following their example, he paused awhile, and, after mature consideration, let go the reins, submitting his own will to that of his horse, who, following his first motion, took the direct road towards his stable. Having proceeded about two miles, Don Quixote discovered a company of people, who, as it afterwards appeared, were merchants of Toledo, going to buy silks in Murcia. There were six of them in number; they carried umbrellas, and were attended by four servants on horseback and three muleteers on foot. Scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when he imagined it must be some new adventure; and, to imitate as nearly as possible what he had read in his books, as he fancied this to be cut out on purpose for him to achieve, with a graceful deportment and intrepid air he settled himself firmly in his stirrups, grasped his lance, covered his breast with his target, and, posting himself in the midst of the highway, awaited the approach of those whom he already judged to be knights-errant; and when they were come so near as to be seen and heard, he raised his voice, and, with an arrogant tone, cried out: "Let the whole world stand, if the whole world does not confess that there is not in the whole world a damsel more beautiful than the Empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso!"

The merchants stopped at the sound of these words, and also to behold the strange figure of him who pronounced them; and both by the one and the other they perceived the madness of the speaker; but they were disposed to stay and see what this confession meant which he required; and therefore one of them, who was somewhat of a wag, but withal very discreet, said to him: —

"Signor cavalier, we do not know who this good lady you mention may be: let us but see her, and if she be really so beautiful as you intimate, we will, with all our hearts, and without any constraint, make the confession you demand of us." "Should I show her to you," replied Don Quixote, "where would be the merit of confessing a truth so manifest? It is essential that, without seeing her, you believe, confess, affirm, swear, and maintain it; and if not, I challenge you all to battle, proud and monstrous as you are: and, whether you come on one by one (as the laws of chivalry require), or all together, as is the custom and wicked practice of those of your stamp, here I wait for you, confiding in the justice of my cause." "Signor cavalier," replied the merchant, "I beseech your worship, in the name of all the princes here present, that we may not lay a burden upon our consciences by confessing a thing we never saw or heard, and especially being so much to the prejudice of the empresses and queens of Alcarria and Estremadura, that your worship would be pleased to show us some picture of this lady, though no bigger than a barleycorn, for we shall guess at the clue by the thread; and therewith we shall rest satisfied and safe, and your worship contented and pleased. Nay, I verily believe we are so far inclined to your side, that, although her picture should represent her squinting with one eye, and distilling vermilion and brimstone from the other, notwithstanding all this, to oblige you, we will say whatever you please in her favor." "There distils not, base scoundrels," answered Don Quixote, burning with rage, "there distils not from her what you say, but rather ambergris and civet among cotton; neither doth she squint, nor is she hunchbacked, but as straight as a spindle of Guadarrama: but you shall pay for the horrid blasphemy you have uttered against so transcendent a beauty!" So saying, with his lance couched he ran at him who had spoken with so

much fury and rage that, if good fortune had not so ordered that Rozinante stumbled and fell in the midst of his career, it had gone hard with the rash merchant. Rozinante fell, and his master lay rolling about the field for some time, endeavoring to rise, but in vain, so encumbered was he with his lance, target, spurs, and helmet, added to the weight of his antiquated armor. And while he was struggling to get up he continued calling out, "Fly not, ye dastardly rabble! stay, ye race of slaves! for it is through my horse's fault, and not my own, that I lie here extended." A muleteer of the company, not over good natured, hearing the arrogant language of the poor fallen gentleman, could not bear it without returning him an answer on his ribs; and coming to him, he took the lance, which having broken to pieces, he applied one of the splinters with so much agility upon Don Quixote, that, in spite of his armor, he was threshed like wheat. His masters called out, desiring him to forbear; but the lad was provoked, and would not quit the game until he had quite spent the remainder of his choler; and, seizing the other pieces of the lance, he completely demolished them upon the unfortunate knight; who, notwithstanding the tempest of blows that rained upon him, never shut his mouth, incessantly threatening heaven and earth, and those who to him appeared to be assassins. At length the fellow was tired, and the merchants departed, sufficiently furnished with matter of discourse concerning the poor belabored knight, who, when he found himself alone, again endeavored to rise; but, if he could not do it when sound and well, how should he in so bruised and battered a condition? Yet he was consoled in looking upon this as a misfortune peculiar to knights-errant, and imputed the blame to his horse; although to raise himself up was impossible, his whole body was so horribly bruised.

OF THE SECOND SALLY OF DON QUIXOTE

Fifteen days he remained at home very tranquil, discovering no symptoms of an inclination to repeat his late frolics, during which time much pleasant conversation passed between him and his two neighbors, the priest and the barber; he always affirming that the world stood in need of nothing so much as knights-

errant and the revival of chivalry. The priest sometimes contradicted him, and at other times acquiesced; for, had he not been thus cautious, there would have been no means left to bring him to reason.

In the meantime Don Quixote tampered with a laborer, a neighbor of his, and an honest man (if such an epithet can be given to one that is poor), but shallow-brained: in short, he said so much, used so many arguments, and made so many promises, that the poor fellow resolved to sally out with him and serve him in the capacity of a squire. Among other things, Don Quixote told him that he ought to be very glad to accompany him, for such an adventure might some time or the other occur, that by one stroke an island might be won, where he might leave him governor. With this and other promises Sancho Panza (for that was the laborer's name) left his wife and children, and engaged himself as squire to his neighbor. Don Quixote now set about raising money; and, by selling one thing, pawning another, and losing by all, he collected a tolerable sum. He fitted himself likewise with a buckler, which he borrowed of a friend, and, patching up his broken helmet in the best manner he could, he acquainted his squire Sancho of the day and hour he intended to set out, that he might provide himself with what he thought would be most needful. Above all, he charged him not to forget a wallet, which Sancho assured him he would not neglect; he said also that he thought of taking an ass with him, as he had a very good one, and he was not used to travel much on foot. With regard to the ass, Don Quixote paused a little, endeavoring to recollect whether any knight-errant had ever carried a squire mounted on ass-back, but no instance of the kind occurred to his memory. However, he consented that he should take his ass, resolving to accommodate him more honorably at the earliest opportunity, by dismounting the first discourteous knight he should meet. He provided himself also with shirts, and other things, conformably to the advice given him by the innkeeper.

All this being accomplished, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, without taking leave, the one of his wife and children, or the other of his housekeeper and niece, one night sallied out of the village unperceived; and they traveled so hard that

by break of day they believed themselves secure, even if search were made after them. Sancho Panza proceeded upon his ass like a patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, and with a vehement desire to find himself governor of the island which his master had promised him. Don Quixote happened to take the same route as on his first expedition, over the plain of Montiel, which he passed with less inconvenience than before; for it was early in the morning, and the rays of the sun, darting on them horizontally, did not annoy them. Sancho Panza now said to his master, "I beseech your worship, good Sir Knight-errant, not to forget your promise concerning that same island; for I shall know how to govern it, be it ever so large." To which Don Quixote answered: "Thou must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a custom much in use among the knights-errant of old to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered; and I am determined that so laudable a custom shall not be lost through my neglect; on the contrary, I resolve to outdo them in it: for they, sometimes, and perhaps most times, waited till their squires were grown old; and when they were worn-out in their service, and had endured many bad days and worse nights, they conferred on them some title, such as count, or at least marquis, of some valley or province of more or less account; but if you live and I live, before six days have passed I may probably win such a kingdom as may have others depending on it, just fit for thee to be crowned king of one of them. And do not think this any extraordinary matter; for things fall out to knights by such unforeseen and unexpected ways, that I may easily give thee more than I promise." "So, then," answered Sancho Panza, "if I were a king, by some of those miracles your worship mentions, Joan Gutierrez, my duck, would come to be a queen, and my children infantas!" "Who doubts it?" answered Don Quixote. "I doubt it," replied Sancho Panza: "for I am verily persuaded that, if God were to rain down kingdoms upon the earth, none of them would sit well upon the head of Mary Gutierrez; for you must know, sir, she is not worth two farthings for a queen. The title of countess would sit better upon her, with the help of Heaven and good friends." "Recommend her to God, Sancho," answered Don Quixote,

"and He will do what is best for her; but do thou have a care not to debase thy mind so low as to content thyself with being less than a viceroy." "Sir, I will not," answered Sancho; "especially having so great a man for my master as your worship, who will know how to give me whatever is most fitting for me and what I am best able to bear."

OF THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE'S SUCCESS IN THE DREADFUL AND NEVER-BEFORE-IMAGINED ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS; WITH OTHER EVENTS WORTHY TO BE RECORDED

ENGAGED in this discourse, they came in sight of thirty or forty windmills, which are in that plain; and as soon as Don Quixote espied them, he said to his squire, "Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired: look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where thou mayest discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, whom I intend to encounter and slay, and with their spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves; for it is lawful war, and doing God good service, to remove so wicked a generation from off the face of the earth." "What giants?" said Sancho Panza. "Those thou seest yonder," answered his master, "with their long arms; for some are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues." "Look, sir," answered Sancho, "those which appear yonder are not giants, but windmills, and what seems to be arms are the sails, which, whirled about by the wind, make the millstone go." "It is very evident," answered Don Quixote, "that thou art not versed in the business of adventures. They are giants; and if thou art afraid, get thee aside and pray, whilst I engage with them in fierce and unequal combat." So saying, he clapped spurs to his steed, notwithstanding the cries his squire sent after him, assuring him that they were certainly windmills, and not giants. But he was so fully possessed that they were giants, that he neither heard the outcries of his squire Sancho, nor yet discerned what they were, though he was very near them, but went on crying out aloud: "Fly not, ye cowards and vile caitiffs! for it is a single knight who assaults you." The wind now rising a little, the great sails began to move; upon

which Don Quixote called out: "Although ye should have more arms than the giant Briareus, ye shall pay for it."

Then recommending himself devoutly to his lady Dulcinea, beseeching her to succor him in the present danger, being well covered with his buckler and setting his lance in the rest, he rushed on as fast as Rozinante could gallop, and attacked the first mill before him; when, running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with so much violence that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over on the plain in very evil plight. Sancho Panza hastened to his assistance as fast as the ass could carry him; and when he came up to his master he found him unable to stir, so violent was the blow which he and Rozinante had received in their fall. "God save me!" quoth Sancho, "did not I warn you to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but windmills? And nobody could mistake them but one that had the like in his head." "Peace, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for matters of war are, of all others, most subject to continual change. Now I verily believe, and it is most certainly the fact, that the sage Freston, who stole away my chamber and books, has metamorphosed these giants into windmills, on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity he bears me! But his wicked arts will finally avail but little against the goodness of my sword." "God grant it!" answered Sancho Panza; then helping him to rise, he mounted him again upon his steed, which was almost disjointed.

Conversing upon the late adventure, they followed the road that led to the Pass of Lapice; because there, Don Quixote said, they could not fail to meet with many and various adventures, as it was much frequented. He was, however, concerned at the loss of his lance; and, speaking of it to his squire, he said: "I remember to have read that a certain Spanish knight, called Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in fight, tore off a huge branch or limb from an oak, and performed such wonders with it that day, and dashed out the brains of so many Moors, that he was surnamed Machuca; and from that day forward he and his descendants bore the names of Vargas and Machuca. I now speak of this because from the first oak we

meet I mean to tear a limb at least as good as that, with which I purpose and resolve to perform such feats that thou shalt deem thyself most fortunate in having been thought worthy to behold them, and to be an eye-witness of things which will scarcely be credited." "Heaven's will be done!" quoth Sancho; "I believe all just as you say, sir. But pray set yourself more upright in your saddle, for you seem to me to ride sidelong, owing, perhaps, to the bruises received by your fall." "It is certainly so," said Don Quixote; "and if I do not complain of pain, it is because knights-errant are not allowed to complain of any wound whatever, even though their entrails should issue from it." "If so, I have nothing more to say," quoth Sancho, "but I should be glad to hear your worship complain when anything ails you. As for myself, I must complain of the least pain I feel, unless this business of not complaining extend also to the squires of knights-errant." Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire, and told him he might complain whenever and as much as he pleased, either with or without cause, having never yet read anything to the contrary in the laws of chivalry.

Sancho put him in mind that it was time to dine. His master answered that at present he had no need of food, but that he might eat whenever he thought proper. With this license, Sancho adjusted himself as well as he could upon his beast; and, taking out the contents of his wallet, he jogged on behind his master very leisurely, eating, and ever and anon raising the bottle to his mouth with so much relish, that the best-fed victualer of Malaga might have envied him. And whilst he went on in this manner repeating his draughts, he thought no more of the promises his master had made him; nor did he think it any toil, but rather a recreation, to go in quest of adventures, however perilous they might be. In fine, they passed that night under the shelter of some trees; and from one of them the knight tore a withered branch, to serve him in some sort as a lance, after fixing upon it the iron head of the one that had been broken. All that night Don Quixote slept not, but ruminated on his lady Dulcinea, conformably to the practice of knights-errant, who, as their histories told him, were wont to pass many successive nights in woods and deserts, without closing their eyes, indulg-

ing the sweet remembrance of their mistresses. Not so did Sancho spend the night; for, his stomach being full, and not of succory-water, he made but one sleep of it; and, had not his master roused him, neither the beams of the sun that darted full in his face, nor the melody of the birds, which in great numbers cheerfully saluted the approach of the new day, could have awakened him. At his uprising he applied again to his bottle, and found it much lighter than the evening before; which grieved him to the heart, for he did not think they were in the way soon to remedy that defect. Don Quixote would not yet break his fast, resolving, as we have said, still to subsist upon savory remembrances.

They now turned again into the road they had entered upon the day before, leading to the Pass of Lapice, which they discovered about three in the afternoon. "Here, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, upon seeing it, "we may plunge our arms up to the elbows in what are termed adventures. But attend to this caution, that, even shouldst thou see me in the greatest peril in the world, thou must not lay hand to thy sword to defend me, unless thou perceivest that my assailants are vulgar and low people: in that case thou mayest assist me; but should they be knights, it is in nowise agreeable to the laws of chivalry that thou shouldst interfere, until thou art thyself dubbed a knight." "Your worship," answered Sancho, "shall be obeyed most punctually therein, and the rather as I am naturally very peaceable, and an enemy to thrusting myself into brawls and squabbles; but for all that, as to what regards the defense of my own person, I shall make no great account of those same laws, since both divine and human law allows every man to defend himself against whoever would wrong him." "That I grant," answered Don Quixote; "but with respect to giving me aid against knights, thou must refrain, and keep within bounds thy natural impetuosity." "I say I will do so," answered Sancho; "and I will observe this precept as religiously as the Lord's day."

As they were thus discoursing, there appeared on the road two monks of the order of St. Benedict, apparently mounted upon dromedaries; for the mules whereon they rode were not much less. They wore traveling masks, and carried umbrellas.

Behind them came a coach, accompanied by four or five men on horseback and two muleteers on foot. Within the coach, as it afterwards appeared, was a Biscayan lady on her way to join her husband at Seville, who was there waiting to embark for India, where he was appointed to a very honorable post. The monks were not in her company, but were only traveling the same road. Scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when he said to his squire: "Either I am deceived, or this will prove the most famous adventure that ever happened; for those black figures that appear yonder must undoubtedly be enchanters, who are carrying off in that coach some princess whom they have stolen, which wrong I am bound to use my utmost endeavors to redress." "This may prove a worse business than the windmills," said Sancho; "pray, sir, take notice that those are Benedictine monks, and the coach must belong to some travelers. Hearken to my advice, sir; have a care what you do, and let not the devil deceive you." "I have already told thee, Sancho," answered Quixote, "that thou knowest little concerning adventures: what I say is true, as thou wilt presently see." So saying, he advanced forward, and planted himself in the midst of the highway by which the monks were to pass; and when they were so near that he supposed they could hear what he said, he cried out with a loud voice: "Diabolical and monstrous race! either instantly release the high-born princesses whom ye are carrying away perforce in that coach, or prepare for instant death, as the just chastisement of your wicked deeds." The monks stopped their mules, and stood amazed, as much at the figure of Don Quixote as at his expressions; to which they answered: "Signor cavalier, we are neither diabolical nor monstrous, but monks of the Benedictine order, traveling on our own business, and entirely ignorant whether any princesses are carried away in that coach by force or not." "No fair speeches to me, for I know ye, treacherous scoundrels!" and without waiting for a reply, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and, with his lance couched, ran at the foremost monk with such fury and resolution that, if he had not slid down from his mule, he would certainly have been thrown to the ground, and wounded too, if not killed outright. The second monk, on observing how his comrade was treated, clapped

spurs to the sides of his good mule, and began to scour along the plain lighter than the wind itself.

Sancho Panza, seeing the monk on the ground, leaped nimbly from his ass, and, running up to him, began to disrobe him. While he was thus employed, the two lackeys came up, and asked him why he was stripping their master. Sancho told them that they were his lawful perquisities, being the spoils of the battle which his lord Don Quixote had just won. The lackeys, who did not understand the jest, nor what was meant by spoils or battles, seeing that Don Quixote was at a distance speaking with those in the coach, fell upon Sancho, threw him down, and, besides leaving him not a hair in his beard, gave him a hearty kicking, and left him stretched on the ground, deprived of sense and motion. Without losing a moment, the monk now got upon his mule again, trembling, terrified, and as pale as death, and was no sooner mounted than he spurred after his companion, who stood at some distance to observe the issue of this strange encounter; but, being unable to wait, they pursued their way, crossing themselves oftener than if the devil had been at their heels. In the meantime Don Quixote, as it hath been already mentioned, addressing the lady in the coach: "Your beauteous ladyship may now," said he, "dispose of your person as pleaseth you best, for the pride of your ravishers lies humbled in the dust, overthrown by my invincible arm: and that you may be at no trouble to learn the name of your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant and adventurer, and captive to the peerless and beauteous Dulcinea del Toboso; and in requital of the benefit you have received at my hands, all I desire is, that you would return to Toboso, and in my name present yourselves before that lady, and tell her what I have done to obtain your liberty."

All that Don Quixote said was overheard by a certain squire who accompanied the coach, a Biscayan, who, finding he would not let it proceed, but talked of their immediately returning to Toboso, flew at Don Quixote, and, taking hold of his lance, addressed him, in bad Castilian and worse Biscayan, after this manner: "Cavalier, begone, and the devil go with thee! I swear by the Power that made me, if thou dost not quit the

coach, thou forfeitest thy life, as I am a Biscayan." Don Quixote understood him very well, and with great calmness answered: "If thou wert a gentleman, as thou art not, I would before now have chastised thy folly and presumption, thou pitiful slave." "I am no gentleman!" said the Biscayan; "I swear by the great God thou liest, as I am a Christian. If thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy sword, thou shalt see how soon the cat will get into the water. Biscayan by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman for the devil, and thou liest! Now what hast thou to say?" "Thou shalt see that presently, as said Agrages," answered Don Quixote; then, throwing down his lance, he drew his sword, grasped his buckler, and set upon the Biscayan with a resolution to take his life. The Biscayan, seeing him come on in that manner, would fain have alighted, knowing that his mule, a wretched hack, was not to be trusted; but he had only time to draw his sword. Fortunately for him, he was so near the coach as to be able to snatch from it a cushion, that served him for a shield; whereupon they immediately fell to, as if they had been mortal enemies. The rest of the company would have made peace between them, but it was impossible; for the Biscayan swore, in his jargon, that if they would not let him finish the combat, he would murder his mistress, or whoever attempted to prevent him. The lady of the coach, amazed and affrighted at what she saw, ordered the coachman to remove a little out of the way, and sat at a distance beholding the fierce conflict; in the progress of which the Biscayan gave Don Quixote so mighty a stroke on one of his shoulders, and above his buckler, that, had it not been for his armor, he had cleft him down to the girdle. Don Quixote, feeling the weight of that unmeasurable blow, cried out aloud, saying: "O lady of my soul! Dulcinea, flower of all beauty! succor this thy knight, who, to satisfy thy great goodness, exposes himself to this perilous extremity!" This invocation, the drawing his sword, the covering himself well with his buckler, and rushing with fury on the Biscayan, was the work of an instant — resolving to venture all on the fortune of a single blow. The Biscayan perceiving his intention, resolved to do the same, and therefore waited for him, covering himself well with his cushion; but he was unable to turn his mule either to the right

or left, for, being already jaded, and unaccustomed to such sport, the creature would not move a step.

Don Quixote, as we before said, now advanced towards the wary Biscayan, with his uplifted sword, fully determined to cleave him asunder; and the Biscayan awaited him with his sword also raised; and guarded by his cushion. All the bystanders were in fearful suspense as to the event of those prodigious blows with which they threatened each other; and the lady of the coach and her attendants were making a thousand vows and promises of offerings to all the images and places of devotion in Spain, that God might deliver them and their squire from this great peril. But the misfortune is, that the author of this history, at that very crisis, leaves the combat unfinished, pleading, in excuse, that he could find no more written of the exploits of Don Quixote than what he has already related. It is true, indeed, that the second undertaker of this work could not believe that so curious a history should have been consigned to oblivion, or that the wits of La Mancha should have so little curiosity as not to preserve in their archives, or cabinets, some memorials of this famous knight; and, under that persuasion, he did not despair of finding the conclusion of this delectable history; which through the favor of Heaven actually came to pass, and in the manner that shall be faithfully recounted in the following chapter.

WHEREIN IS CONCLUDED THE STUPENDOUS BATTLE BETWEEN THE GALLANT BISCAYAN AND THE VALIANT MANCHEGAN

Now, let it not be forgotten, that in the preceding part of this history we left the valiant Biscayan and the renowned Don Quixote with their naked swords raised on high, ready to discharge two such furious and cleaving strokes as must, if they had lighted full, at least have divided the combatants from head to heel, and split them asunder like a pomegranate, but at that critical moment this relishing history stopped short, and was left imperfect, without having any notice from the author of where the remainder might be found. This grieved me extremely; and the pleasure afforded by the little I had read

gave place to mortification when I considered the uncertainty there was of ever finding the portion that appeared to me yet wanting of this delightful story. It seemed impossible, and contrary to all praiseworthy custom, that so accomplished a knight should have no sage to record his unparalleled exploits; for none of those knights-errant who traveled in quest of adventure were ever without them; each having one or two sages, made as it were on purpose, not only to record their actions, but to describe their most minute and trifling thoughts, however secret. Surely, then, a knight of such worth could not be so unfortunate as to want that with which Platir, and others like him, abounded. Hence I could not be induced to believe that so gallant a history had been left maimed and imperfect; and I blamed the malignity of Time — that devourer and consumer of all things — for having either concealed or destroyed it. On the other hand, recollecting that some of his books were of so recent a date as the "Cure for Jealousy" and the "Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares," I thought his story also might be modern, and, if not yet written, might still be remembered by the people of his village, and those of the neighboring places. This idea impressed me deeply, and made me anxious to be truly informed of the whole life and wonderful actions of our renowned Spaniard, Don Quixote de la Mancha, the light and mirror of Manchegan chivalry! the first who, in our age and in these calamitous times, took upon him the toil and exercise of arms-errant, to redress wrongs, succor widows, and relieve those damsels who, with whip and palfrey, and with all their sweetness about them, rambled up and down from mountain to mountain, and from valley to valley; for damsels there were, in days of yore, who (unless overpowered by some miscreant or low clown with hatchet and steel cap, or some prodigious giant), at the expiration of fourscore years, and without ever sleeping during all that time beneath a roof, went to the grave as spotless as the mothers that bore them. Now, I say, upon these and many other accounts, our gallant Don Quixote is worthy of immortal memory and praise. Nor ought some share to be denied even to me, for the labor and pains I have taken to discover the end of this delectable history; though I am very sensible that, if Heaven and fortune had not befriended

me, the world would have still been without that diversion and pleasure which, for nearly two hours, an attentive reader of it cannot fail to enjoy. Now the manner of finding it was this:—

As I was walking one day on the Exchange of Toledo, a boy offered for sale some bundles of old paper to a mercer; and as I am fond of reading, though it be only tattered papers thrown about the streets, led by this natural inclination, I took a parcel of those the boy was selling, and perceived them to be written in Arabic. But not understanding it myself, although I knew the letters, I immediately looked about for some Moorish rabbi who could read them to me; nor was it difficult to find such an interpreter; for had I sought one to explain some more ancient and better language, I should have found him there. In fine, my good fortune presented one to me, to whom I communicated my desire, and, putting the book into his hands, he opened it towards the middle, and having read a little, began to laugh. I asked him what he smiled at, and he said that "it was at something which he found written in the margin, by way of annotation." I desired him to say what it was; and, still laughing, he told me that there was written on the margin as follows: "This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often mentioned in this history, was said to have been the best hand at salting pork of any woman in all La Mancha." When I heard the name of Dulcinea del Toboso, I stood amazed and confounded; for it immediately occurred to me that those bundles of papers might contain the history of Don Quixote.

With this idea, I pressed him to read the beginning, which he did, and, rendering extempore the Arabic into Castilian, said that it began thus: "The History of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Cid Hamet Benengeli, Arabian historiographer." Much discretion was necessary to dissemble the joy I felt at hearing the title of the book; and, snatching the other part out of the mercer's hands, bought the whole bundle of papers of the boy for half a real; who, if he had been cunning, and had perceived how eager I was to have them, might well have promised himself, and really carried off, more than six reals by the bargain. I retired immediately with the Morisco through the cloister of the great church, and requested him to

translate for me those papers which treated of Don Quixote into the Castilian tongue, without omitting or adding anything; offering him in payment whatever he should demand. He was satisfied with fifty pounds of raisins and two bushels of wheat, and promised to translate them faithfully and expeditiously. But in order to facilitate the business, and also to make sure of so valuable a prize, I took him home to my own house, where, in little more than six weeks, he translated the whole exactly as will be found in the following pages.

In the first sheet was portrayed, in a most lively manner, Don Quixote's combat with the Biscayan, in the attitude already described; their swords raised, the one covered with his buckler, the other with his cushion, and the Biscayan mule described so correctly to the life, that you might discover it to be a hack jade at the distance of a bowshot. The Biscayan had a label at his feet, on which was written "Don Sancho de Azpetia," which, without doubt, must have been his name; and at the feet of Rozinante was another, on which was written "Don Quixote." Rozinante was admirably delineated: so long and lank, so lean and feeble, with so sharp a backbone, and so like one in a galloping consumption, that you might see plainly with what judgment and propriety the name of Rozinante had been given him. Close by him stood Sancho Panza, holding his ass by the halter; at whose feet was another scroll, whereon was written "Sancho Zancas"; and not without reason, if he was really, as the painting represented him, paunch-bellied, short of stature, and spindle-shanked, which, doubtless, gave him the names of Panza and Zancas; for the history calls him by each of these surnames. There were some other more minute particulars observable; but they are all of little importance, and contribute nothing to the faithful narration of the history, though none are to be despised, if true. But if any objection be alleged against the truth of this history, it can only be that the author was an Arabian, those of that nation being not a little addicted to lying; though as they are so much our enemies, it may be conjectured that he rather fell short of than exceeded the bounds of truth. And, in fact, so he seems to have done; for when he might and ought to have launched out in the praises of so excellent a knight, it

appears as if he had been careful to pass over them in silence, an evil act and worse design, for historians ought to be precise, faithful, and unprejudiced, and neither interest nor fear, hatred nor affection, should make them swerve from the way of truth, whose mother is history, the rival of time, the depositary of great actions, the witness of the past, example to the present, and monitor to the future. In this history you will certainly find the most entertaining things imaginable; and if wanting in anything, it must, without question, be owing to its infidel author, and not to any defect in the subject. In short, the second part, according to the translation, began in this manner: —

The trenchant blades of the two valorous and enraged combatants, being brandished aloft, seemed to stand threatening heaven and earth and the deep abyss, such was the courage and gallantry of their deportment. The first who discharged his blow was the choleric Biscayan, which fell with such force and fury that, if the edge of his sword had not turned aslant by the way, that single blow had been enough to have put an end to this cruel conflict, and to all the adventures of our knight. But good fortune, preserving him for greater things, so turned his adversary's sword, that, though it alighted on the left shoulder, it did him no other hurt than to disarm that side, carrying off by the way a great part of his helmet, with half an ear; all which with hideous ruin fell to the ground, leaving him in a piteous plight.

Good Heaven! who is he that can worthily describe the rage that entered into the breast of our Manchegan at seeing himself thus treated! Let it suffice that it was such that, raising himself afresh in his stirrups, and grasping his sword faster in both hands, he discharged it with such fury upon the Biscayan, directly over the cushion and upon his head, which was unprotected, that, as if a mountain had fallen upon him, the blood began to gush out of his nostrils, his mouth, and his ears; and he seemed as if he was just falling from his mule, which doubtless he must have done, had not he laid fast hold of his neck; but, notwithstanding that, he lost his stirrups and then let go his hold; while the mule, frightened at the terrible stroke, began to run about the field, and at two or three plunges

laid her master flat on the ground. Don Quixote stood looking on with great calmness; and, seeing him fall, he leaped from his horse with much agility, ran up to him, and clapping the point of his sword to his eyes, bade him yield, or he would cut off his head. The Biscayan was so stunned that he could not answer a word; and it would have gone hard with him (so blinded with rage was Don Quixote) had not the ladies of the coach, who till now had been witnessing the combat in great dismay, approached him, and earnestly entreated that he would do them the great kindness and favor to spare the life of their squire. Don Quixote answered, with much solemnity and gravity: "Assuredly, fair ladies, I am most willing to grant you your request, but it must be upon a certain condition and compact; which is, that this knight shall promise to repair to the town of Toboso, and present himself from me before the peerless Donna Dulcinea, that she may dispose of him according to her pleasure." The terrified and disconsolate lady, without considering what Don Quixote required or inquiring who Dulcinea was, promised him that her squire should perform whatever he commanded. "Then, on the faith of this promise," said Don Quixote, "I will do him no further hurt, though he well deserves it at my hands."

OF THE PLEASANT DISCOURSE WHICH DON QUIXOTE HAD WITH HIS GOOD SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA

Before this time Sancho Panza had got upon his legs, somewhat roughly handled by the servants of the monks, and stood an attentive spectator during the combat of his master, Don Quixote, beseeching God, in his heart, that He would be pleased to give him the victory, and that he might hereby win some island of which he might make him governor, according to his promise. Now, seeing the conflict at an end, and that his master was ready to mount again upon Rozinante, he came up to hold his stirrup; but before he had mounted, fell upon his knees before him, then taking hold of his hand and kissing it, said to him: "Be pleased, my lord Don Quixote, to bestow upon me the government of that island which you have won in this dreadful battle; for, be it ever so big, I feel in myself

ability sufficient to govern it as well as the best that ever governed island in the world." To which Don Quixote answered: "Consider, brother Sancho, that this adventure, and others of this nature, are not adventures of islands, but of crossways, in which nothing is to be gained but a broken head or the loss of an ear. Have patience; for adventures will offer whereby I may not only make thee a governor, but something yet greater." Sancho returned him abundance of thanks; and, kissing his hand again and the skirt of his armor, he helped him to get upon Rozinante; then mounting his ass, he followed his master, who, going off at a round pace, without taking his leave or speaking to those in the coach, immediately entered into an adjoining wood.

Sancho followed him as fast as his beast could trot; but Rozinante made such speed that, seeing himself left behind, he was forced to call aloud to his master to stay for him. Don Quixote did so, checking Rozinante by the bridle until his weary squire overtook him; who, as soon as he came near, said to him: "Methinks, sir, it would not be amiss to retire to some church; for, considering in what condition you have left your adversary, I should not wonder if they give notice of the fact to the Holy Brotherhood, who may seize us; and, in faith, if they do, before we get out of their clutches we may chance to sweat for it." "Peace," quoth Don Quixote; "for where hast thou ever seen or heard of a knight-errant having been brought before a court of justice, however numerous the homicides he may have committed?" "I know nothing of your Omecils," answered Sancho, "nor in my life ever cared about them; only this I know, that the Holy Brotherhood have something to say to those who fight in the fields; and as to the other matter, I shall have nothing to do with it." "Set thy heart at rest, friend," answered Don Quixote; "for I would deliver thee out of the hands of the Chaldeans, much more out of those of the Holy Brotherhood. But tell me, on thy life, hast thou ever seen a more valorous knight than I upon the whole face of the earth? Hast thou read in history of any one who has, or ever had, more spirit in attacking, more breath in holding out, more dexterity in wounding, or more address in overthrowing?" "The truth is," answered Sancho, "that I never

read any history at all, for I can neither read nor write; but what I dare affirm is, that I have never served a bolder master than your worship in all the days of my life; and pray God we may not be called to account for this boldness where I just now said. What I beg of your worship is, that you would let your wound be dressed, for a great deal of blood comes from that ear; and I have some lint and a little white ointment here in my wallet." "All this would have been needless," answered Don Quixote, "had I recollected to make a phial of the balsam of Fierabras; for with one single drop of that we might have saved both time and medicine." "What phial and what balsam is that?" said Sancho Panza. "It is a balsam," answered Don Quixote, "the receipt of which I hold in memory; and he who possesses it need not fear death, nor apprehend that any wound will be fatal: therefore, when I shall have made it, and given it to thy care, all thou wilt have to do, when thou seest me in some battle cleft asunder (as it frequently happens), is, to take up fair and softly that part of my body which shall fall to the ground, and with the greatest nicety, before the blood is congealed, place it upon the other half that shall remain in the saddle, taking especial care to make them tally exactly. Then shalt thou give me two draughts only of the balsam aforesaid, and instantly thou wilt see me become sounder than an apple." "If this be so," said Sancho, "I renounce from henceforward the government of the promised island, and only desire, in payment of my many and good services, that your worship will give me the receipt of this extraordinary liquor; for I dare say it will anywhere fetch more than two reals an ounce, and I want no more to pass this life with credit and comfort. But I should be glad to know whether the making of it will cost much?" "For less than three reals thou mayest make nine pints," answered Don Quixote. "Sinner that I am!" exclaimed Sancho, "why does your worship delay making it?" "Peace, friend," answered Don Quixote; "for I intend to teach thee greater secrets, and to do thee greater kindnesses; but at present let us set about the cure, for my ear pains me more than I could wish."

Sancho took some lint and ointment out of his wallet; but, when Don Quixote perceived that his helmet was broken, he

was ready to run stark mad; and, laying his hand on his sword and raising his eyes to heaven, he said: "I swear, by the Creator of all things, and by all that is contained in the four holy evangelists, to lead the life that the great Marquis of Mantua led, when he vowed to revenge the death of his nephew Valdovinos; which was, not to eat bread on a tablecloth, nor again go home to his wife, and other things, which though I do not now remember, I consider as here expressed, until I have taken entire vengeance on him who hath done me this outrage!" Sancho, hearing this, said to him: "Pray consider, Signor Don Quixote, that if the knight has performed what was enjoined upon him, namely to go and present himself before my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will then have done his duty, and deserves no new punishment unless he commit a new crime." "Thou hast spoken and remarked very justly," answered Don Quixote, "and I annul the oath, so far as concerns the taking a fresh revenge; but I make it, and confirm it anew, as to leading the life I have mentioned, until I shall take by force from some knight another helmet equally good. And think not, Sancho, that I am making a smoke of straw; for I well know whose example I shall follow, since precisely the same thing happened with regard to Mambrino's helmet, which cost Sacripante so dear." "I wish your worship would send such oaths to the devil," said Sancho, "for they are very hurtful to the health and prejudicial to the conscience. Besides, pray tell me, if perchance for many days we should not light on a man armed with a helmet, what must we do then? Must the oath be kept in spite of so many difficulties and inconveniences, such as sleeping in your clothes, and not sleeping in any inhabited place, and a thousand other penances contained in the oath of that mad old fellow, the Marquis of Mantua, which your worship would now revive? Consider, that none of these roads are frequented by armed men, but carriers and carters, who, so far from wearing helmets, perhaps never so much as heard of them in all their lives." "Thou art mistaken in this," said Don Quixote; "for before we shall have passed two hours in these crossways, we shall have seen more armed men than came to the Siege of Albraca to carry off Angelica the Fair." "Well, then, be it so," quoth Sancho; "and Heaven grant us good success, and that we may speedily

get this island, which costs me so dear; no matter, then, how soon I die." "I have already told thee, Sancho, to give thyself no concern upon that account; for, if an island cannot be had, there is the kingdom of Denmark, or that of Sobradisa, which will fit thee like a ring to the finger. Besides, as they are upon *terra firma* thou shouldst prefer them. But let us leave this to its own time, and see if thou hast anything for us to eat in thy wallet; we will then go in quest of some castle, where we may lodge this night, and make the balsam that I told thee of; for I declare that my ear pains me exceedingly." "I have here an onion and a piece of cheese, and I know not how many crusts of bread," said Sancho; "but they are not eatables fit for so valiant a knight as your worship." "How little dost thou understand of this matter!" answered Don Quixote. "I tell thee, Sancho, that it is honorable in knights-errant not to eat once in a month; and, if they do taste food, it must be what first offers: and this thou wouldst have known hadst thou read as many histories as I have done; for though I have perused many, I never yet found in them any account of knights-errant taking food, unless it were by chance and at certain sumptuous banquets prepared expressly for them; the rest of their days they lived, as it were, upon smelling. And though it is to be presumed they could not subsist without eating and satisfying all other wants — as, in fact, they were men — yet, since they passed most part of their lives in wandering through forests and deserts and without a cook, their usual diet must have consisted of rustic viands, such as those which thou hast now offered me. Therefore, friend Sancho, let not that trouble thee which gives me pleasure, nor endeavor to make a new world or to throw knight-errantry off its hinges." "Pardon me, sir," said Sancho; "for, as I can neither read nor write, as I told you before, I am entirely unacquainted with the rules of the knightly profession; but henceforward I will furnish my wallet with all sorts of dried fruits for your worship, who are a knight, and for myself, who am none, I will supply it with poultry and other things of more substance." "I do not say, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing but the dried fruits thou hast mentioned, but that such was their ordinary sustenance, together with certain herbs

they found in the fields, which were to them well known, as they are also to me." "It is a good thing to know these same herbs," answered Sancho; "for I am inclined to think we shall one day have occasion to make use of that knowledge."

SANCHO'S BEHAVIOR IN HIS GOVERNMENT

THE history relates that Sancho Panza was conducted from the court of justice to a sumptuous palace, where in a great hall he found a magnificent entertainment prepared. He had no sooner entered than his ears were saluted by the sound of many instruments, and four pages served him with water to wash his hands, which the governor received with becoming gravity. The music having ceased, Sancho now sat down to dinner in a chair of state placed at the upper end of the table; for there was but one seat, and only one plate and napkin. A personage who, as it afterwards appeared, was a physician, took his stand at one side of his chair with a whalebone rod in his hand. They then removed the beautiful white cloth, which covered a variety of fruits and other eatables. Grace was said by one in a student's dress, and a laced bib was placed by a page under Sancho's chin. Another, who performed the office of sewer, now set a plate of fruit before him; but he had scarcely tasted it, when, on being touched by the wand bearer, it was snatched away, and another, containing meat, instantly supplied its place. Yet, before Sancho could make a beginning, it vanished, like the former, on a signal of the wand.

The governor was surprised at this proceeding, and, looking around him, asked if this dinner was only to show off their sleight of hand. "My lord," said the wand bearer, "your lordship's food must here be watched with the same care as is customary with the governors of other islands. I am a doctor of physic, sir, and my duty, for which I receive a salary, is to watch over the governor's health, whereof I am more careful than of my own. I study his constitution night and day, that I may know how to restore him when sick; and therefore think it incumbent on me to pay especial regard to his meals, at which I constantly preside, to see that he eats what is good and salutary, and prevent his touching whatever I may imagine

may be prejudicial to his health or offensive to his stomach. It was for that reason, my lord," continued he, "I ordered the dish of fruit to be taken away, as being too watery, and that other dish as being too hot, and overseasoned with spices, which are apt to provoke thirst; and he that drinks much destroys and consumes the radical moisture which is the fuel of life."

"Well, then," quoth Sancho, "that plate of roasted partridges, which seem to me to be very well seasoned, I suppose will do me no manner of harm?" "Hold," said the doctor; "my lord governor shall not eat them while I live to prevent it." "Pray, why not?" quoth Sancho. "Because," answered the doctor, "our great master Hippocrates, the north star and luminary of medicine, says in one of his aphorisms, '*Omnis saturatio mala, perdicis autem pessima;*' which means, 'All repletion is bad, but that from partridges the worst.'" "If it be so," quoth Sancho, "pray cast your eye, Signor Doctor, over all these dishes here on the table, and see which will do me the most good or the least harm, and let me eat of it, without whisking it away with your conjuring stick; for by my soul, and as Heaven shall give me life to enjoy this government, I am dying with hunger; and to deny me food — let Signor Doctor say what he will — is not the way to lengthen my life, but to cut it short."

"Your worship is in the right, my lord governor," answered the physician, "and therefore I am of opinion you should not eat of these stewed rabbits, as being a food that is tough and acute; of that veal, indeed, you might have taken a little, had it been neither roasted nor stewed; but as it is, not a morsel." "What think you, then," said Sancho, "of that huge dish there, smoking hot, which I take to be an olla-podrida? — for, among the many things contained in it, I may surely light upon something both wholesome and toothsome." "*Absit!*" quoth the doctor; "far be such a thought from us. Olla-podrida! there is no worse dish in the world; — leave them to prebends and rectors of colleges, or lusty feeders at country weddings; but let them not be seen on the tables of governors, where nothing contrary to health and delicacy should be tolerated. Simple medicines are always more estimable and safe, for in

them there can be no mistakes; whereas, in such as are compounded, all is hazard and uncertainty. Therefore, what I would at present advise my lord governor to eat, in order to corroborate and preserve his health, is about a hundred small rolled-up wafers, with some thin slices of marmalade, that may sit upon the stomach and help digestion."

Sancho, hearing this, threw himself backward in his chair, and, looking at the doctor from head to foot very seriously, asked him his name, and where he had studied. To which he answered, "My lord governor, my name is Doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero; I am a native of a place called Tirteafuera, lying between Caraquel and Almoddobar del Campo, on the right hand, and I have taken my doctor's degrees in the university of Ossuna." "Then, hark you," said Sancho, in a rage, "Signor Doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero, native of Tirteafuera, lying on the right hand as we go from Caraquel to Almoddobar del Campo, graduate in Ossuna, get out of my sight this instant! or, by the light of heaven, I will take a cudgel, and, beginning with your carcass, will so belabor all the physic-mongers in the island, that not one of the tribe shall be left! — I mean of those like yourself, who are ignorant quacks; for those who are learned and wise I shall make much of, and honor as so many angels. I say again, Signor Pedro Rezio, begone! or I shall take the chair I sit on, and comb your head to some tune; and, if I am called to an account for it when I give up my office, I shall prove that I have done a good service, in ridding the world of a bad physician, who is a public executioner. Body of me! give me something to eat, or let them take back their government; for an office that will not find a man in victuals is not worth two beans."

OF THE PROGRESS OF SANCHO PANZA'S GOVERNMENT; WITH OTHER ENTERTAINING MATTERS

Now the morning dawned that succeeded the night of the governor's round; the remainder of which the sewer passed, not in sleep, but in pleasing thoughts of the lovely face and charming air of the disguised damsel; and the steward in writing an account to his lord and lady of the words and

actions of the new governor, who appeared to him a marvelous mixture of ignorance and sagacity. His lordship being risen, they gave him, by order of Doctor Pedro Rezio, a little conserve and four draughts of clear spring water, which, however, he would gladly have exchanged for a luncheon of bread and a few grapes. But, seeing it was rather a matter of compulsion than choice, he submitted, although with much grief of heart and mortification of appetite; being assured by his doctor that spare and delicate food sharpened that acute judgment which was so necessary for persons in authority and high employment, where a brawny strength of body is much less needful than a vigorous understanding. By this sophistry Sancho was induced to struggle with hunger, while inwardly he cursed the government, and even him that gave it.

Nevertheless, on this fasting fare did the worthy magistrate attend to the administration of justice; and the first business that occurred on that day was an appeal to his judgment in a case which was thus stated by a stranger — the appellant: "My lord," said he, "there is a river which passes through the domains of a certain lord, dividing it into two parts — I beseech your honor to give me your attention, for it is a case of great importance and some difficulty. I say, then, that upon this river there was a bridge, and at one end of it a gallows, and a kind of court-house, where four judges sit to try and pass sentence upon those who are found to transgress a certain law enacted by the proprietor, which runs thus: 'Whoever would pass over this bridge, must first declare upon oath whence he comes, and upon what business he is going; and if he swears the truth, he shall pass over; but if he swears to a falsehood, he shall certainly die upon the gibbet there provided.' After this law was made known many persons ventured over it, and the truth of what they swore being admitted, they were allowed freely to pass. But a man now comes, demanding a passage over the bridge; and, on taking the required oath, he swears that he is going to be executed upon the gibbet before him, and that he has no other business. The judges deliberated but would not decide. 'If we let this man pass freely,' said they, 'he will have sworn falsely, and by the law he ought to die; and, if we hang him, he will verify his oath, and, he having

sworn the truth, ought to have passed unmolested, as the law ordains.' The case, my lord, is yet suspended, for the judges know not how to act: and therefore, having heard of your lordship's great wisdom and acuteness, they have sent me humbly to beseech your lordship on their behalf, to give your opinion in so intricate and perplexing a case." "To deal plainly with you," said Sancho, "these gentleman judges who sent you to me might have saved themselves and you the labor; for I have more of the blunt than the acute in me. However, let me hear your question once more, that I may understand it the better, and mayhap I may chance to hit the right nail on the head." The man accordingly told his tale once or twice more, and when he had done, the governor thus delivered his opinion: "To my thinking," said he, "this matter may soon be settled; and I will tell you how. The man, you say, swears he is going to die upon the gallows, and if he is hanged, it would be against the law, because he swore the truth; and if they do not hang him, why then he swore a lie, and ought to have suffered." "It is just as you say, my lord governor," said the messenger, "and nothing more is wanting to a right understanding of the case." "I say, then," continued Sancho, "that they must let that part of the man pass that swore the truth, and hang that part that swore the lie, and thereby the law will be obeyed." "If so, my lord," replied the stranger, "the man must be divided into two parts; and thereby he will certainly die, and thus the law, which we are bound to observe, is in no respect complied with." "Harkee, honest man," said Sancho: "either I have no brains, or there is as much reason to put this passenger to death as to let him live and pass the bridge; for if the truth saves him, the lie also condemns him; and, this being so, you may tell those gentlemen who sent you to me, that since the reasons for condemning and acquitting him are equal, they should let the man pass freely; for it is always more commendable to do good than to do harm; and this advice I would give you under my hand, if I could write. Nor do I speak thus of my own head, but on the authority of my master, Don Quixote, who, on the night before the day I came to govern this island, told me, among many other good things, that when justice was doubtful, I should lean to the side of mercy; and God has been

pleased to bring it to my mind in the present case, in which it comes pat to the purpose." "It does so," answered the steward; "and, for my part, I think Lycurgus himself, who gave laws to the Lacedæmonians, could not have decided more wisely than the great Panza has done. And now let the business of the court cease for this morning, and I will give orders that my lord governor shall dine to-day much to his satisfaction." "That," quoth Sancho, "is what I desire: give us fair play, feed us well, and then let cases and questions rain upon me ever so thick, I will despatch them in a trice."

The steward was as good as his word, for it would have gone much against his conscience to starve so excellent a governor; besides, he intended to come to a conclusion with him that very night, and to play off the last trick he had in commission.

Now Sancho, having dined to his heart's content, though against all the rules and aphorisms of Doctor Tirteafuera, when the cloth was removed, a courier arrived with a letter from Don Quixote to the governor. Sancho desired the secretary to read it first to himself, and then, if it contained nothing that required secrecy, to read it aloud. The secretary having done as he was commanded, "My lord," said he, "well may it be read aloud, for what Signor Don Quixote writes to your lordship deserves to be engraven in letters of gold. Pray listen to me.

"'Don Quixote de la Mancha to Sancho Panza, Governor of the Island of Barataria

"'When I expected, friend Sancho, to have heard only of thy carelessness and blunders, I have had accounts of thy vigilance and discretion; for which I return particular thanks to Heaven, that can raise up the lowest from their poverty, and convert the fool into a wise man. I am told that as a governor thou art a man; yet as a man thou art scarcely above the brute creature — such is the humility of thy demeanor. But I would observe to thee, Sancho, that it is often expedient and necessary, for the due support of authority, to act in contradiction to the humility of the heart. The personal adornments of one that is raised to a high situation must correspond with his present greatness, and not with his former lowliness: let thy apparel, therefore, be good and becoming; for the hedgestake, when decorated, no longer appears what it really is. I do not mean that thou shouldst wear jewels or finery; nor, being a judge, would I have thee dress like a soldier; but adorn thyself in a manner suitable to thy employment. To gain the

good-will of thy people, two things, among others, thou must not fail to observe: one is to be courteous to all — that, indeed, I have already told thee; the other is to take especial care that the people be exposed to no scarcity of food; for with the poor, hunger is, of all afflictions, the most insupportable. Publish few edicts, but let those be good; and, above all, see they are well observed; for edicts that are not kept are the same as not made, and serve only to show that the prince, though he had wisdom and authority to make them, had not the courage to insist upon their execution. Laws that threaten, and are not enforced, become like King Log, whose croaking subjects first feared, then despised him. Be a father to virtue, and a stepfather to vice. Be not always severe, nor always mild; but choose the happy mean between them, which is the true point of discretion. Visit the prisons, the shambles, and the markets; for there the presence of the governor is highly necessary; such attention is a comfort to the prisoner hoping for release; it is a terror to the butchers, who then dare not make use of false weights; and the same effect is produced on all other dealers. Shouldst thou unhappily be secretly inclined to avarice, to gluttony, or women, which I hope thou art not, avoid showing thyself guilty of these vices; for, when those who are concerned with thee discover thy ruling passion, they will assault thee on that quarter, nor leave thee till they have effected thy destruction. View and review, consider and reconsider the counsels and documents I gave thee in writing before thy departure hence to thy government; and in them thou wilt find a choice supply to sustain thee through the toils and difficulties which governors must continually encounter. Write to thy patrons, the duke and duchess, and show thyself grateful; for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the greatest sins; whereas, he who is grateful to those that have done him service, thereby testifies that he will be grateful also to God, his constant benefactor.

"'My lady duchess has despatched a messenger to thy wife Teresa, with thy hunting-suit, and also a present from herself. We expect an answer every moment. I have been a little out of order with a certain cat-clawing which befell me, not much to the advantage of my nose; but it was nothing, for if there are enchanters who persecute me, there are others who defend me. Let me know if the steward who is with thee had any hand in the actions of the Trifaldi, as thou hast suspected; and give me advice from time to time of all that happens to thee, since the distance between us is so short. I think of quitting this idle life very soon, for I was not born for luxury and ease. A circumstance has occurred which may, I believe, tend to deprive me of the favor of the duke and duchess; but, though it afflicts me much, it affects not my determination, for I must comply with the duties of my profession in preference to any other claim, as it is often said, *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.* I write this in Latin, being persuaded that thou hast learned that language since thy promotion. Farewell, and God have thee in His keeping: so mayest thou escape the pity of the world.

"'Thy friend,

"'Don Quixote de la Mancha.'"

Sancho listened with great attention to the letter, which was praised for its wisdom by all who heard it; and, rising from table, he took his secretary with him into his private chamber, being desirous to send an immediate answer to his master; and he ordered him to write, without adding or diminishing a tittle, what he should dictate to him. He was obeyed, and the answer was as follows: —

"Sancho Panza to Don Quixote de la Mancha

"I am so taken up with business, that I have scarcely time either to scratch my head or even to pare my nails, and therefore, Heaven help me! I wear them very long. I tell your worship this that you may not wonder why I have given you no account before of my well or ill being in this government, where I suffer more hunger than when we both wandered about through woods and deserts.

"My lord duke wrote to me the other day, to tell me of certain spies that were come into this island to take away my life; but, as yet, I have been able to find none, except a certain doctor, hired by the islanders to kill their governors. He calls himself Doctor Pedro Rezio, and is a native of Tirteafuera; so your worship may see by his name that one is in danger of dying under his hands. The same doctor owns that he does not cure distempers, but prevents them, for which he prescribes nothing but fasting and fasting, till he reduces his patient to bare bones; as if a consumption was not worse than a fever. In short, by this man's help, I am in a fair way to perish by hunger and vexation; and, instead of coming hither, as I expected, to eat hot and drink cool, and lay my body at night between Holland sheets, upon soft beds of down, I am come to do penance, like a hermit; and this goes so much against me, that I do believe the devil will have me at last.

"Hitherto I have neither touched fee nor bribe, and how I am to fare hereafter I know not; but I have been told that it was the custom with the governors of this island, on taking possession, to receive a good round sum by way of gift or loan from the townspeople, and furthermore, that it is the same in all other governments.

"One night, as I was going the round, I met a very comely damsel in man's clothes, and a brother of hers in those of a woman. My sewer fell in love with the girl, and has thoughts of making her his wife, and I have pitched upon the youth for my son-in-law. To-day we both intend to disclose our minds to their father, who is one Diego de la Llana, a gentleman, and as good a Christian as one can desire.

"I visit the markets, as your worship advised me, and yesterday I found a huckster-woman pretending to sell new hazel-nuts, and, finding that she had mixed them with such as were old and rotten, I condemned them all to the use of the hospital boys, who well know how to pick the good from the bad, and forbade her to appear in the market again for fifteen days. The people say I did well in this matter, for it is a common opinion in this town

that there is not worse sort of people than your market women; for they are all shameless, hard-hearted, and impudent; and I verily believe it is so, by those I have seen in other places.

"I am mightily pleased that my lady duchess has written to my wife, Teresa Panza, and sent her the present your worship mentions; I hope one time or other to requite her goodness: pray kiss her honor's hands in my name, and tell her she has not thrown her favors into a rent sack, as she will find.

"I should be grieved to hear that you had any cross reckonings with my lord and lady; for if your worship quarrels with them, 'tis I must come to the ground; and, since you warn me, of all things, not to be ungrateful, it would ill become your worship to be so towards those who have done you so many kindnesses, and entertained you so nobly in their castle.

"The cat business I don't understand — one of the tricks, mayhap, of your worship's old enemies the enchanters; but I shall know more about it when we meet.

"I would fain send your worship a token, but I cannot tell what, unless it be some little clyster-pipes which they make here very curiously; but, if I continue in office, I shall get fees and other pickings worth sending you. If my wife, Teresa Panza, writes to me, be so kind as to pay the postage and send me the letter; for I have a mighty desire to know how it fares with her, and my house and children. So Heaven protect your worship from evil-minded enchanters, and bring me safe and sound out of this government; which I very much doubt, seeing how I am treated by Doctor Pedro Rezio.

"Your worship's servant,

"Sancho Panza, the Governor."

The secretary sealed the letter, and it was forthwith despatched by the courier; and, as it was now judged expedient to release the governor from the troubles of office, measures were concerted by those who had the management of these jests. Sancho passed that afternoon in making divers regulations for the benefit of his people. Among others, he strictly prohibited the monopoly and forestalling of provisions; wines he allowed to be imported from all parts, requiring only the merchant to declare of what growth it was, that a just price might be set upon it; and whoever adulterated it, or gave it a false name, should be punished with death. He moderated the prices of all sorts of hose and shoes, especially the latter, the current price of which he thought exorbitant. He limited the wages of servants, which were mounting fast to an extravagant height. He laid several penalties upon all those who should sing lewd

and immoral songs either by day or by night; and prohibited the vagrant blind from going about singing their miracles in rhyme, unless they could produce unquestionable evidence of their truth; being persuaded that such counterfeit tales brought discredit upon those which were genuine. He appointed an overseer of the poor — not to persecute them, but to examine their true claims; for under the disguise of pretended lameness and counterfeit sores, are often found sturdy thieves and hale drunkards. In short, he made many good and wholesome ordinances, which are still observed in that town; and, bearing his name, are called, "The Regulations of the great Governor Sancho Panza."

OF THE TOILSOME END AND CONCLUSION OF SANCHO PANZA'S GOVERNMENT

It is in vain to expect uniformity in the affairs of this life; the whole seems rather to be in a course of perpetual change. The seasons from year to year run in their appointed circle — spring is succeeded by summer, summer by autumn, and autumn by winter, which is again followed by the season of renovation; and thus they perform their everlasting round. But man's mortal career has no such renewal: from infancy to age it hastens onward to its end, and to the beginning of that state which has neither change nor termination. Such are the reflections of Cid Hamet, the Mahometan philosopher; for many, by a natural sense, without the light of faith, have discovered the changeful uncertainty of our present condition, and the eternal duration of that which is to come. In this place, however, our author alludes only to the instability of Sancho's fortune, and the brief duration of his government, which so suddenly expired, dissolved, and vanished like a dream.

The governor being in bed on the seventh night of his administration, not sated with bread nor wine, but with sitting in judgment, deciding causes, and making statutes and proclamations; and just at the moment when sleep, in despite of hunger, was closing his eyelids, he heard such a noise of bells and voices that he verily thought the whole island had been sinking. He started up in his bed, and listened with great

attention, to find out, if possible, the cause of so alarming an uproar; but far from discovering it, his confusion and terror were only augmented by the din of an infinite number of trumpets and drums being added to the former noises. Quitting his bed, he put on his slippers, on account of the damp floor; but, without nightgown or other apparel, he opened his chamber door, and saw more than twenty persons coming along a gallery with lighted torches in their hands, and their swords drawn, all crying aloud, "Arm, arm, my lord governor, arm! — a world of enemies have got into the island, and we are undone forever, if your conduct and valor do not save us." Thus advancing, with noise and disorder, they came up to where Sancho stood, astonished and stupefied with what he heard and saw. "Arm yourself quickly, my lord," said one of them, "unless you would be ruined, and the whole island with you." "What have I to do with arming," replied Sancho, "who know nothing of arms or fighting? It were better to leave these matters to my master Don Quixote, who will despatch them and secure us in a trice; for, as I am a sinner to Heaven, I understand nothing at all of these hurly-burlys." "How, Signor Governor!" said another; "what faint-heartedness is this? Here we bring you arms and weapons — harness yourself, my lord, and come forth to the market-place, and be our leader and our captain, which, as governor, you ought to be." "Why, then, arm me, in God's name," replied Sancho: and instantly they brought two large old targets, which they had provided for the occasion, and, without allowing him to put on other garments, clapped them over his shirt, the one before and the other behind. They thrust his arms through holes they had made in them, and bound them so fast together with cords, that the poor commander remained cased and boarded up as stiff and straight as a spindle, without power to bend his knees or stir a single step. They then put a lance into his hand, upon which he leaned to keep himself up; and thus accoutred, they desired him to lead on and animate his people; for he being their north pole, their lantern, and their morning star, their affairs could not fail to have a prosperous issue. "How should I march — wretch that I am!" said the governor, "when I cannot stir a joint between these boards, that press into my flesh? Your only way

is to carry me in your arms, and lay me athwart, or set me upright, at some gate, which I will maintain either with my lance or my body." "Fie, Signor Governor!" said another, "it is more fear than the targets that hinders your marching. Hasten and exert yourself, for time advances, the enemy pours in upon us, and every moment increases our danger."

The unfortunate governor, thus urged and upbraided, made efforts to move, and down he fell, with such violence that he thought every bone had been broken; and there he lay, like a tortoise in shell, or like a flitch of bacon packed between two boards, or like a boat on the sands keel upwards. Though they saw his disaster, those jesting rogues had no compassion; on the contrary, putting out their torches, they renewed the alarm, and, with terrible noise and precipitation, trampled over his body, and bestowed numerous blows upon the targets, insomuch that, if he had not contrived to shelter his head between the bucklers, it had gone hard with the poor governor, who, pent up within his narrow lodging, and sweating with fear, prayed from the bottom of his heart for deliverance from that horrible situation. Some kicked him, others stumbled and fell over him, and one among them jumped upon his body, and there stood as on a watch tower, issuing his orders to the troops. "There, boys, there! that way the enemy charges thickest! defend that breach! secure yon gate! down with those scaling ladders! this way with your kettles of melted pitch, resin, and flaming oil; quick! fly! — get woolpacks, and barricade the streets!" In short, he called for all the instruments of death, and everything employed in the defense of a city besieged and stormed. All this while Sancho, pressed and battered, lay and heard what was passing, and often said to himself: "Oh that it would please the Lord that this island were but taken, and I could see myself either dead or delivered out of this devil's den!" Heaven at last heard his prayers, and, when least expecting it, he was cheered with shouts of triumph. "Victory! victory!" they cried: "the enemy is routed. Rise, Signor Governor, enjoy the conquest, and divide the spoils taken from the foe by the valor of that invincible arm!" "Raise me up," quoth Sancho, in a woeful tone; and when they had placed him upon his legs, he said: "All the enemies I have routed may

be nailed to my forehead. I will divide no spoils; but I beg and entreat some friend, if I have any, to give me a draught of wine to keep me from choking with thirst, and help me to dry up this sweat, for I am almost turned into water." They untied the targets, wiped him, and brought him wine; and, when seated upon his bed, such had been his fatigue, agony, and terror, that he fainted away. Those concerned in the joke were now sorry they had laid it on so heavily, but were consoled on seeing him recover. He asked them what time it was, and they told him it was daybreak. He said no more, but proceeded in silence to put on his clothes, while the rest looked on, curious to know what were his intentions.

At length, having put on his clothes, which he did slowly and with much difficulty, from his bruises, he bent his way to the stable, followed by all present, and going straight to Dapple, he embraced him, and gave him a kiss of peace on his forehead. "Come, hither," said he, with tears in his eyes, "my friend, and the partner of my fatigues and miseries. When I consorted with thee, and had no other care but mending thy furniture, and feeding that little carcass of thine, happy were my hours, my days, and my years; but since I forsook thee, and mounted the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand toils, a thousand torments, and ten thousand tribulations, have seized and worried my soul." While he thus spoke, he fixed the pannel upon his ass without interruption from anybody, and when he had done, with great difficulty and pain he got upon him, and said to the steward, the secretary, and the doctor, Pedro Rezio, and many others who were present: "Make way, gentlemen, make way, and let me return to my ancient liberty; let me seek the life I have left, that I may rise again from this grave. I was not born to be a governor, nor to defend islands nor cities from enemies that break in upon them. I understand better how to plow and dig, to plant and prune vines, than to make laws and to take care of provinces and kingdoms. Saint Peter is well at Rome — I mean to say, that nothing becomes a man so well as the employment he was born for. In my hand a sickle is better than a scepter. I had rather have my belly full of my own poor porridge, than to be mocked with dainties by an officious doctor who would kill me with hunger; I had rather

lay under the shade of an oak in summer, and wrap myself in a jerkin of double sheep's skin in winter, at my liberty, than lay me down, under the slavery of a government, between Holland sheets, and be robed in fine sables. Heaven be with you, gentlefolks: tell my lord duke that naked was I born, and naked I am; I neither win nor lose; for without a penny came I to this government, and without a penny do I leave it — all governors cannot say the like. Make way, gentlemen, I beseech you, that I may go and plaster myself, for I verily believe all my ribs are broken — thanks to the enemies who have been trampling over me all night long."

"It must not be so, Signor Governor," said the doctor, "I will give your lordship a balsamic draught, good against all kinds of bruises, that shall presently restore you to your former health and vigor; and as to your food, my lord, I promise to amend that, and let you eat abundantly of whatever you desire." "Your promises come too late, Mr. Doctor," quoth Sancho; "I will as soon turn Turk as remain here. These tricks are not to be played twice. 'Fore Heaven, I will no more hold this nor any other government, though it were served up to me in a covered dish, than I will fly to heaven without wings. I am of the race of the Panzas, who are made of stubborn stuff; and if they once cry, 'Odd!' odds it shall be, come of it what will. Here will I leave the flimsy wings that raised me aloft to be pecked at by martlets and other small birds; and be content to walk upon plain ground, with a plain foot; for though it be not adorned with pink Cordovan shoes, it will not wait for hempen sandals. Every sheep with its like! stretch not your feet beyond your sheet: so let me be gone, for it grows late." "Signor Governor," said the steward, "we would not presume to hinder your departure, although we are grieved to lose you, because of your wise and Christian conduct; but your lordship knows that every governor before he lays down his authority is bound to render an account of his administration. Be pleased, my lord, to do so for the time which you have been amongst us; then peace be with you." "Nobody can require that of me," replied Sancho, "but my lord duke: to him I go, and to him I shall give a fair and square account; though, in going away naked as I do, there needs nothing more to show that I have

governed like an angel." "Before Heaven," said Doctor Pedro Rezio, "the great Sancho is in the right, and I am of opinion we should let him go; for without doubt his highness will be glad to see him." They all agreed, therefore, that he should be allowed to depart, and also offered to attend him and provide him with whatever was necessary or convenient for his journey. Sancho told them he wanted only a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese and half a loaf for himself; that having so short a distance to travel, nothing more would be needful. Hereupon they all embraced him, which kindness he returned with tears in his eyes, and he left them in admiration both of his good sense and unalterable firmness.

WHEREIN IS RELATED AN EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT WHICH BEFELL DON QUIXOTE, AND WHICH MAY PASS FOR AN ADVENTURE

Don Quixote and Sancho removed, by immersion in the waters of a clear fountain, which they found in a cool and shady grove, the fatigue, the dust, and other effects caused by the rude encounter of the bulls. Here the wayworn pair seated themselves; and after giving liberty to Rozinante and Dapple, Sancho had recourse to the store of his wallet; and speedily drew out what he was wont to call his sauce. He rinsed his mouth, and Don Quixote washed his face, by which they were in some degree refreshed; but the knight, from pure chagrin, refused to eat, and Sancho abstained from pure good manners, though waiting and wishing for his master to begin. At length, seeing his master so wrapped in thought as to forget to convey a morsel to his mouth, he opened his own, and, banishing all kind of ceremony, made a fierce attack upon the bread and cheese before him.

"Eat, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and support life, which to thee is of more importance than to me, and leave me to expire under my reflections and the severity of my misfortunes. I, Sancho, was born to live dying, and thou to die eating; and thou wilt allow that I speak the truth when thou considerest that I, who am recorded in history, renowned in arms, courteous in deeds, respected by princes, and courted by dam-

sels, should, after all, instead of psalms, triumphs, and crowns, earned and merited by my valorous exploits, have this morning seen myself trod upon, kicked, and bruised under the feet of filthy and impure beasts! — the thought thereof dulls the edge of my teeth, unhinges my jaws, sickens my appetite, and benumbs my hands, so that I am now awaiting death in its cruelest form — hunger."

"If so," quoth Sancho (still eating as he spoke), "your worship does not approve the proverb, which says, 'Let Martha die, so that she die well fed.' For my part, I have no mind to kill myself; but rather, like the shoemaker, who with teeth stretches his leather to make it fit for his purpose, I will by eating try all I can to stretch out my life, till it reaches as far as it may please Heaven; and let me tell you, sir, that there is no greater folly than to give way to despair. Believe what I say, and when you have eaten, try to sleep a little upon this green mattress, and I warrant on waking you will find yourself another man."

Don Quixote followed Sancho's advice, thinking he reasoned more like a philosopher than a fool; at the same time, he said: "Ah, Sancho, if thou wouldst do for me what I am going to propose, my sorrow would be diminished, and my relief more certain; it is only this: whilst I endeavor by thy advice to compose myself to sleep, do thou step aside a little, and after making due preparations, give thyself, with the reins of Rozinante's bridle some three or four hundred smart lashes, in part of the three thousand and odd which thou art bound to give thyself for the disenchantment of Dulcinea; for, in truth, it is a great pity the poor lady should continue under enchantment through thy carelessness and neglect."

"There is a great deal to be said as to that," quoth Sancho; "but for the present let us both sleep, and afterwards Heaven knows what may happen. Besides, I would have you remember, sir, that this lashing one's self in cold blood is no easy matter; especially when the strokes light upon a body so tender without, and so ill stored within, as mine is. Let my lady Dulcinea have a little patience, and mayhap, when she least thinks of it, she shall see my body a perfect sieve by dint of lashing. Until death all is life: I am still alive, and with a full intention to make

good my promise." Don Quixote thanked him, ate a little, and Sancho much; and both of them laid themselves down to sleep, leaving Rozinante and Dapple, those inseparable companions and friends, at their own discretion, either to repose or feed upon the tender grass, of which they here had abundance.

They awoke somewhat late in the day, mounted again, and pursued their journey, hastening to reach what seemed to be an inn, about a league before them. An inn it is here called, because Don Quixote himself gave it that name; not happening, as usual, to mistake it for a castle. Having arrived there, they inquired of the host if he could provide them with lodging, and he promised as good accommodation and entertainment as could be found in Saragossa. On alighting, Sancho's first care was to deposit his traveling larder in a chamber, of which the landlord gave him the key. He then led Rozinante and Dapple to the stable, and, after seeing them well provided for, he went to receive the further commands of his master, whom he found seated on a stone bench; the squire blessing himself that the knight had not taken the inn for a castle.

Supper time approaching, Don Quixote retired to his apartment, and Sancho inquired of the host what they could have to eat. The landlord told him his palate should be suited — for whatever the air, earth, and sea produced, of birds, beast, or fish, that inn was abundantly provided with. "There is no need of all that," quoth Sancho; "roast us but a couple of chickens, and we shall be satisfied; for my master hath a delicate stomach, and I am no glutton." "As for chickens," said the innkeeper, "truly, we have none, for the kites have devoured them." "Then let a pullet be roasted," said Sancho; "only see that it be tender." "A pullet? my father!" answered the host; "faith and troth, I sent above fifty yesterday to the city to be sold; but, excepting pullets, ask for whatever you will." "Why, then," quoth Sancho, "e'en give us a good joint of veal or kid, for they cannot be wanting." "Veal or kid?" replied the host, "ah, now I remember we have none in the house at present, for it is all eaten; but next week there will be enough and to spare." "We are much the better for that," answered Sancho; "but I dare say all these deficiencies will be made up with plenty of eggs and bacon." "'Fore Heaven," answered

the host, "my customer is a choice guesser! I told him I had neither pullets nor hens, and he expects me to have eggs! Talk of other delicacies, but ask no more for hens."

"Body of me!" quoth Sancho, "let us come to something — tell me, in short, what you have, Master Host, and let us have done with your flourishes." "Then," quoth the innkeeper, "what I really and truly have is a pair of cow-heels, that may be taken for calves' feet; or a pair of calves' feet that are like cow-heels. They are stewed with peas, onions, and bacon, and at this very moment are crying out, 'Come eat me! come eat me!'" "From this moment I mark them as my own," quoth Sancho; "let nobody lay a finger on them. I will pay you well, for there is nothing like them — give me but cow-heel, and I care not a fig for calves' feet." "They are yours," said the host: "nobody shall touch them; for my other guests, merely for gentility sake, bring their cook, their sewer, and provisions along with them." "As to the matter of gentility," quoth Sancho, "nobody is more a gentleman than my master; but his calling allows of no cooking nor butlering as we travel. No, faith; we clap us down in the midst of a green field, and fill our bellies with acorns or medlars." Such was the conversation Sancho held with the innkeeper, and he now chose to break it off, without answering the inquiries which his host made respecting his master's calling.

Supper being prepared, and Don Quixote in his chamber, the host carried in his dish of cow-heel, and, without ceremony, sat himself down to supper. The adjoining room being separated from that occupied by Don Quixote only by a thin partition, he could distinctly hear the voices of persons within. "Don Jeronimo," said one of them, "I entreat you, till supper is brought in, to let us have another chapter of 'Don Quixote de la Mancha.'" The knight hearing himself named, got up, and listening attentively, he heard another person answer, "Why, Signor Don John, would you have us read such absurdities? Whoever has read the First Part of the 'History of Don Quixote de la Mancha' cannot be pleased with the Second." "But for all that," said Don John, "let us read it; for there is no book so bad as not to have something good in it. What displeases me most in this Second Part is, that the author de-

scribes Don Quixote as no longer enamoured of Dulcinea del Toboso."

On hearing this, Don Quixote, full of wrath and indignation, raised his voice, and said, "Whoever shall say that Don Quixote de la Mancha has forgotten, or ever can forget, Dulcinea del Toboso, I will make him know, with equal arms, that he asserts what is not true; for neither can the peerless Dulcinea be forgotten, nor Don Quixote ever cease to remember her. His motto is constancy, and to maintain it his pleasure and his duty." "Who is it that speaks to us?" replied one in the other room. "Who should it be," quoth Sancho, "but Don Quixote de la Mancha himself? — who will make good all he says and all he shall say, for a good paymaster is in no want of a pawn."

At these words two gentlemen rushed into the room, and one of them, throwing his arms about Don Quixote's neck, said, "Your person belies not your name, nor can your name do otherwise than give credit to your person. I cannot doubt, signor, of your being the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the north and morning star of knight-errantry, in despite of him who would usurp your name, and annihilate your exploits, as the author of this book has vainly attempted." Don Quixote, without making any reply, took up the book; and, after turning over some of the leaves, he laid it down again, saying, "In the little I have seen of this volume, three things I have noticed, for which the author deserves reprehension. The first is some expressions in the preface; the next that his language is Arragonian, for he sometimes omits the articles; and the third is a much more serious objection, inasmuch as he shows his ignorance and disregard of truth in a material point of the history; for he says that the wife of my squire, Sancho Panza, is called Mary Gutierrez, whereas her name is Teresa Panza; and he who errs in a circumstance of such importance may well be suspected of inaccuracy in the rest of the history."

Here Sancho put in his word. "Pretty work, indeed, of that same history-maker! Sure he knows much of our concerns, to call my wife, Teresa Panza, Mary Gutierrez! Pray, your worship, look into it again, and see whether I am there, and if my name be changed, too." "By what you say, friend,"

quoth Don Jeronimo; "I presume you are Sancho Panza, squire to Signor Don Quixote?" "That I am," replied Sancho, "and value myself upon it." "In faith, then," said the gentleman, "this last author treats you but scurvily, and not as you seem to deserve. He describes you as a dull fool and a glutton, without pleasantry — in short, quite a different Sancho from him represented in the First Part of your master's history." "Heaven forgive him!" quoth Sancho; "he might as well have left me alone; for 'He who knows the instrument should play on it;' and 'Saint Peter is well at Rome.'" The two gentlemen entreated Don Quixote to go to their chamber and sup with them, as they well knew the inn had nothing fit for his entertainment. Don Quixote, who was always courteous, consented to their request, and Sancho remained with the flesh-pot, *cum mero mixto imperio*, placing himself at the head of the table, with the innkeeper for his messmate, whose love for cow-heel was equal to that of the squire.

While they were at supper, Don John asked Don Quixote when he had heard from the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; whether she was married; whether she was yet a mother, or likely to be so; or whether, if still a virgin, she retained, with modest reserve and maidenly decorum, a grateful sense of the love and constancy of Signor Don Quixote. "Dulcinea," said the knight, "is still a maiden, and my devotion to her more fixed than ever; our correspondence as heretofore; but, alas! her own beautiful person is transformed into that of a coarse country wench." He then related every particular concerning the enchantment of the lady Dulcinea. He also gave them an account of his descent into the Cave of Montesinos, and informed them of the instructions given by the sage Merlin for the deliverance of his mistress. Great was the satisfaction the two gentlemen received at hearing Don Quixote relate his strange adventures; and they were equally surprised at his extravagances and the elegance of his narrative. One moment they thought him a man of extraordinary judgment, and the next that he was totally bereaved of his senses; nor could they decide what degree to assign him between wisdom and folly.

Sancho, having finished his supper, left the innkeeper fully dosed with liquor, and joined his master's party in the next

chamber. Immediately on entering, he said: "May I die, gentlemen, if the writer of that book which you have got has any mind that he and I should eat a friendly meal together; he calls me a glutton, you say — egad! I wish he may not set me down a drunkard too." "In faith, he does," quoth Don Jeronimo; "though I do not remember his words; only this I know, that they are scandalous, and false into the bargain, as I see plainly by the countenance of honest Sancho here before me." "Take my word for it, gentlemen," quoth the squire, "the Sancho and Don Quixote of that history are in nowise like the men that are so called in the book made by Cid Hamet Benengeli; for they are truly we two: — my master, valiant, discreet, and a true lover; and I, a plain, merry-conceited fellow, but neither a glutton nor a drunkard." "I believe it," quoth Don John; "and were such a thing possible, I would have it ordered that none should dare to record the deeds of the great Don Quixote but Cid Hamet himself, his first historian; as Alexander commanded that none but Apelles should presume to draw his portrait, being a subject too lofty to be treated by one of inferior talent." "Treat me who will," said Don Quixote, "so that they do not maltreat me; for patience itself will not submit to be overladen with injuries." "No injury," quoth Don John, "can be offered to Signor Don Quixote that he is not able to avenge, should he fail to ward it off with the buckler of his patience, which seems to me both ample and strong."

In such conversation they passed the greater part of the night; and though Don John would fain have had Don Quixote read more of the book, he declined it, saying that he deemed it read; and by the sample he had seen, he pronounced it foolish throughout. He was unwilling, also, to indulge the scribbler's vanity so far as to let him think he had read his book, should he happen to learn that it had been put into his hands. "And besides, it is proper," he added, "that the eyes as well as the thoughts should be turned from everything filthy and obscene."

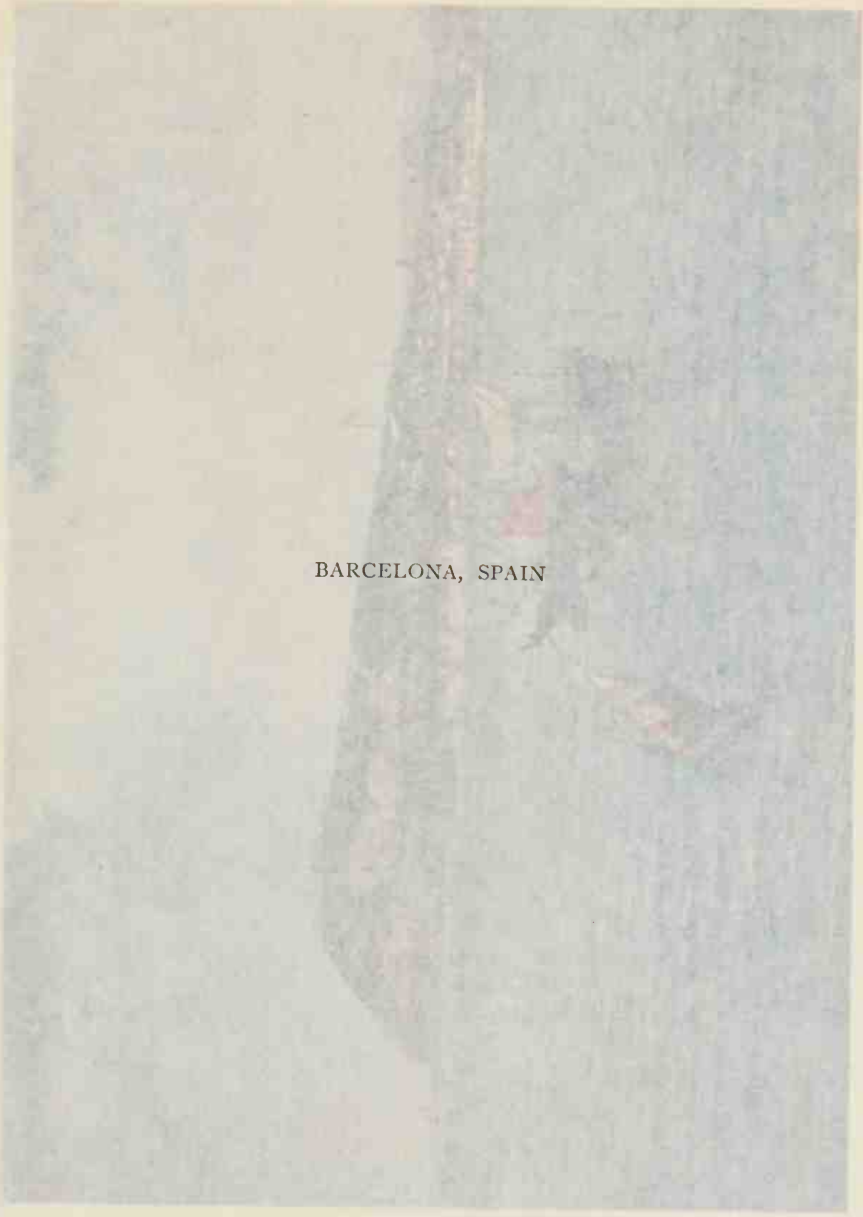
They then asked him which way he was traveling, and he told them that he should go to Saragossa, to be present at the jousts of that city, for the annual prize of a suit of armor. Don John told him that, in the new history, Don Quixote is said to

have been there, running at the ring, of which the author gives a wretched account; dull in the contrivance, mean in style, miserably poor in devices, and rich only in absurdity. "For that very reason," answered Don Quixote, "I will not set foot in Saragossa; and thus I shall expose the falsity of this new historian, and all the world will be convinced that I am not the Don Quixote of whom he speaks." "In that you will do wisely," said Don Jeronimo; "and at Barcelona there are other jousts, where Signor Don Quixote may have a full opportunity to display his valor." "To Barcelona I will go, gentlemen," replied the knight; "and now permit me to take my leave, for it is time to retire to rest, and be pleased to rank me among the number of your best friends and faithful servants." "And me too," quoth Sancho; "for, mayhap, you may find me good for something."

Don Quixote and Sancho then retired to their chamber, leaving the two strangers surprised at the medley of sense and madness they had witnessed, and with a full conviction that these were the genuine Don Quixote and Sancho, and those of the Arragonese author certainly spurious. Don Quixote arose early, and, tapping at the partition of the other room, he again bid his new friends adieu. Sancho paid the innkeeper most magnificently, and at the same time advised him either to boast less of the provision of his inn, or to supply it better.

DON QUIXOTE AT BARCELONA

One morning, Don Quixote having sallied forth to take the air on the strand, armed at all points — his favorite costume, for arms, he said, were his ornament, and fighting his recreation — he observed a knight advancing towards him, armed also like himself, and bearing a shield, on which was portrayed a resplendent moon; and when near enough to be heard, in an elevated voice he addressed himself to Don Quixote, saying: "Illustrious knight, and never-enough-renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am the Knight of the White Moon, of whose incredible achievements, peradventure, you have heard. I come to engage in combat with you, and to try the strength of your arm, in order to make you confess that my mistress, whoever



BARCELONA, SPAIN

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she may be, is beyond comparison more beautiful than your Dulcinea del Toboso, — a truth, which if you fairly confess, you will spare your own life, and me the trouble of taking it. The terms of the combat I require are that if the victory be mine, you relinquish arms and the search of adventures for the space of one year, and that, returning forthwith to your own dwelling, you there live during that period in a state of profound quiet, which will tend both to your temporal and spiritual welfare, but if, on the contrary, my head shall lie at your mercy, then shall the spoils of my horse and arms be yours, and the fame of my exploits transferred to you. Consider which is best for you, and determine quickly, for this very day must decide our fate."

Don Quixote was no less surprised at the arrogance of the Knight of the White Moon, than the reason he gave for challenging him; and, with much gravity and composure, he answered: "Knight of the White Moon, whose achievements have not as yet reached my ears, I dare swear you have never seen the illustrious Dulcinea; for, if so, I am confident you would have taken care not to engage in this trial, since the sight of her must have convinced you that never was, nor ever can be, beauty comparable to hers; and, therefore, without giving you the lie, I only affirm that you are mistaken, and accept your challenge, and that, too, upon the spot, even now, this very day, as you desire. Of your conditions, I accept all but the transfer of your exploits, which being unknown to me, I shall remain contented with my own, such as they are. Choose, then, your ground, and expect to meet me; and he whom Heaven favors may Saint Peter bless!"

In the meantime, the viceroy, who had been informed of the appearance of the stranger knight, and that he was holding parley with Don Quixote, hastened to the scene of action, accompanied by Don Antonio and several others; not doubting but that it was some new device of theirs to amuse themselves with the knight. He arrived just as Don Quixote had wheeled Rozinante about to take the necessary ground for his career, and perceiving that they were ready for the onset, he went up and inquired the cause of so sudden an encounter. The Knight of the White Moon told him it was a question of preëminence in beauty, and then briefly repeated what he had said to Don

Quixote, mentioning the conditions of the combat. The viceroy, in a whisper to Don Antonio, asked him if he knew the stranger knight, and whether it was some jest upon Don Quixote. Don Antonio assured him in reply that he neither knew who he was, nor whether this challenge was in jest or earnest. Puzzled with this answer, the viceroy was in doubt whether or not he should interpose, and prevent the encounter; but being assured it could only be some pleasantry, he withdrew, saying: "Valorous knights, if there be no choice between confession and death; if Signor Don Quixote persists in denying, and you, Sir Knight of the White Moon, in affirming — to it, gentlemen, in Heaven's name!"

The knights hereupon made their acknowledgments to the viceroy for his gracious permission; and now Don Quixote, recommending himself to Heaven, and (as usual on such occasions) to his lady Dulcinea, retired again to take a larger compass, seeing his adversary do the like: and without sound of trumpet or other warlike instrument to give signal for the onset, they both turned their horses about at the same instant; but he of the White Moon, being mounted on the fleetest steed, met Don Quixote before he had run half his career, and then, without touching him with his lance, which he seemed purposely to raise, he encountered him with such impetuosity that both horse and rider came to the ground; he then sprang upon him, and clapping his lance to his vizor, said: "Knight, you are vanquished and a dead man, if you confess not according to the conditions of our challenge."

Don Quixote, bruised and stunned, without lifting up his vizor, and as if speaking from a tomb, said in a feeble and low voice: "Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I am the most unfortunate knight on earth, nor is it just that my weakness should discredit this truth; knight, push on your lance, and take away my life, since you have despoiled me of my honor."

"Not so, by my life!" quoth he of the White Moon; "long may the beauty and fame of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso flourish! All I demand of the great Don Quixote is, that he submit to one year's domestic repose and respite from the exercise of arms."

The viceroy, Don Antonio, with many others, were witnesses to all that passed, and now heard Don Quixote promise that, since he required nothing of him to the prejudice of his lady Dulcinea, he should fulfil the terms of their engagement with the punctuality of a true knight.

This declaration being made, he of the White Moon turned about his horse, and, bowing to the viceroy, at a half-gallop entered the city, whither the viceroy ordered Don Antonio to follow him, and by all means to learn who he was. They now raised Don Quixote from the ground, and, uncovering his face, found him pale and bedewed with cold sweat, and Rozinante in such a plight that he was unable to stir.

Sancho, quite sorrowful and cast down, knew not what to do or say: sometimes he fancied he was dreaming; at others that the whole was an affair of witchcraft and enchantment. He saw his master discomfited, and bound by his oath to lay aside arms during a whole year! His glory, therefore, he thought, was forever extinguished and his hopes of greatness scattered like smoke to the wind. Indeed, he was afraid that both horse and rider were crippled, and hoped that it would prove no worse.

Finally, the vanquished knight was conveyed to the city in a chair, which had been ordered by the viceroy, who returned thither himself, impatient for some information concerning the knight who had left Don Quixote in such evil plight.

IN WHICH AN ACCOUNT IS GIVEN WHO THE KNIGHT OF THE WHITE MOON WAS, AND OF THE DELIVERANCE OF DON GREGORIO; WITH OTHER EVENTS

Don Antonio Moreno rode into the city after the Knight of the White Moon, who was also pursued to his inn by a swarm of boys; and he had no sooner entered the chamber where his squire waited to disarm him, than he was greeted by the inquisitive Don Antonio. Conjecturing the object of his visit, he said: "I doubt not, signor, but that your design is to learn who I am; and as there is no cause for concealment while my servant is unarming me, I will inform you without reserve. My name, signor, is the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and I am

of the same town with Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose madness and folly have excited the pity of all who knew him. I have felt, for my own part, particularly concerned, and, believing his recovery to depend upon his remaining quietly at home, my projects have been solely directed to that end. About three months ago I sallied forth on the highway like a knight-errant, styling myself the Knight of the Mirrors, intending to fight and conquer my friend without doing him harm, and making his submission to my will the condition of our combat. Never doubting of success, I expected to send him home for twelve months, and hoped that, during that time, he might be restored to his senses. But fortune ordained it otherwise, for he was the victor. He tumbled me from my horse, and thereby defeated my design. He pursued his journey, and I returned home, vanquished, abashed, and hurt by my fall. However, I did not relinquish my project, as you have seen this day; and, as he is so exact and punctual in observing the laws of knight-errantry, he will doubtless observe my injunctions. And now, sir, I have only to beg that you will not discover me to Don Quixote, that my good intentions may take effect, and his understanding be restored to him, which, when freed from the follies of chivalry, is excellent."

"O sir!" exclaimed Don Antonio, "what have you to answer for in robbing the world of so diverting a madman? Is it not plain, sir, that no benefit to be derived from his recovery can be set against the pleasure which his extravagances afford? But I fancy, sir, his case is beyond the reach of your art; and, Heaven forgive me! I cannot forbear wishing you may fail in your endeavors; for by his cure we should lose, not only the pleasantries of the knight, but those of his squire, which are enough to transform Melancholy herself into mirth. Nevertheless, I will be silent, and wait in the full expectation that Signor Carrasco will lose his labor." "Yet, all things considered," said the bachelor, "the business is in a promising way — I have no doubt of success."

Don Antonio then politely took his leave; and that same day the bachelor, after having his armor tied upon the back of a mule, mounted his charger and quitted the city, directing his course homewards, where he arrived without meeting with any

adventure on the road worthy of a place in this faithful history. Don Antonio reported his conversation with the bachelor Carrasco to the viceroy, who regretted that such conditions should have been imposed upon Don Quixote, as they might put an end to that diversion which he had so liberally supplied to all who were acquainted with his whimsical turn of mind.

During six days Don Quixote kept his bed, melancholy, thoughtful, and out of humor, still dwelling upon his unfortunate overthrow. Sancho strove hard to comfort him. "Cheer up, my dear master," said he: "pluck up a good heart, sir, and be thankful you have come off without a broken rib. Remember, sir, 'they that give must take'; and 'every hook has not its flitch.' Come, come, sir — a fig for the doctor! you have no need of him. Let us pack up, and be jogging homeward, and leave this rambling up and down to seek adventures the Lord knows where. Odds bodikins! after all I am the greatest loser, though mayhap your worship suffers the most; for though, after a taste of governing, I now loathe it, I have never lost my longing for an earldom or countship, which I may whistle for if your worship refuses to be a king, by giving up knight-errantry." "Peace, friend Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "and remember that my retirement is not to exceed a year, and then I will resume my honorable profession, and shall not want a kingdom for myself, nor an earldom for thee." "Heaven grant it, and sin be deaf!" quoth Sancho; "for I have always been told that good expectation is better than bad possession."

Here their conversation was interrupted by Don Antonio, who entered the chamber with signs of great joy. "Reward me, Signor Don Quixote," said he, "for my good news — Don Gregorio and the renegado are safe in the harbor — in the harbor, said I? — by this time they are at the viceroy's palace, and will be here presently." Don Quixote seemed to revive by this intelligence. "Truly," said he, "I am almost sorry at what you tell me, for had it happened otherwise, I should have gone over to Barbary, where, by the force of my arm, I should have given liberty not only to Don Gregorio, but to all the Christian captives in that land of slavery. But what do I say? wretch that I am! Am I not vanquished? Am I not overthrown? Am I not forbidden to unsheathe my sword for twelve

whole months? Why, then, do I promise and vaunt? A distaff better becomes my hand than a sword!"

"No more, sir," quoth Sancho: "let the hen live, though she have the pip: to-day for you, and to-morrow for me; and, as for these matters of encounters and bangs, never trouble your head about them; he that falls to-day may rise to-morrow; unless he chooses to lie in bed and groan, instead of getting into heart and spirits, ready for fresh encounters."

TREATING OF MATTERS WHICH HE WHO READS WILL SEE, AND HE WHO LISTENS TO THEM, WHEN READ, WILL HEAR

As Don Quixote was leaving the city of Barcelona, he cast his eyes to the spot whereon he had been defeated; and pausing, he cried: "There stood Troy! there my evil destiny, not cowardice, despoiled me of my glory; there I experienced the fickleness of fortune; there the luster of my exploits was obscured; and, lastly, there fell my happiness, nevermore to rise!" Upon which Sancho said to him: "Great hearts, dear sir, should be patient under misfortunes, as well as joyful when all goes well; and in that I judge by myself, for when I was made a governor, I was blithe and merry, and now that I am a poor squire on foot, I am not sad. I have heard say, that she they call Fortune is a drunken, freakish dame, and withal so blind that she does not see what she is about; neither whom she raises, nor whom she pulls down."

"Thou art much of a philosopher, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and hast spoken very judiciously. Where thou hast learned it I know not; but one thing I must tell thee, which is, that there is no such thing in the world as fortune, nor do the events which fall out, whether good or evil, proceed from chance, but by the particular appointment of Heaven; and hence comes the saying that every man is the maker of his own fortune. I have been so of mine; but, not acting with all the prudence necessary, my presumption has undone me. I ought to have recollected that the feeble Rozinante was not a match for the powerful steed of the Knight of the White Moon. However, I ventured; I did my best; I was overthrown; and, though

I lost my glory, I still retain my integrity, and therefore shall not fail in my promise. When I was a knight, daring and valiant, my arms gave credit to my exploits; and now that I am only a dismounted squire, my word at least shall be respected. March on, then, friend Sancho, and let us pass at home the year of our novitiate; by which retreat we shall acquire fresh vigor to return to the never-by-me-to-be-forgotten exercise of arms."

"Sir," replied Sancho, as he trotted by his side, "this way of marching is not so pleasant that I must needs be in such haste: let us hang this armor upon some tree, like the thieves we see there dangling, and when I am mounted again upon Dapple, with my feet from the ground, we will travel at any pace your worship pleases; but to think that I can foot it all the way at this rate is to expect what cannot be." "I approve thy advice, Sancho," answered Don Quixote: "my armor shall be suspended as a trophy; and beneath or round it we will carve on the tree that which was written on the trophy of Orlando's arms: —

"'Let none presume these arms to move
Who Roldan's fury dare not prove.'"

"That is just as I would have it," quoth Sancho; "and, were it not for the want of Rozinante on the road, it would not be amiss to leave him dangling too." "Now I think of it," said Don Quixote, "neither him nor the armor will I suffer to be hanged, that it may not be said, 'For good service, bad recompense.'" "Faith, that is well too," said Sancho, "for 'tis a saying among the wise, that the fault of the ass should not be laid on the pack-saddle; and, since your worship is alone to blame in this business, punish yourself, and let not your rage fall upon the poor armor, battered and bruised in your service; nor upon your meek and gentle beast that carries you, nor yet upon my tender feet, making them suffer more than feet can bear."

In such-like discourse they passed all that day, and even four more, without meeting anything to impede their journey; but on the fifth, it being a holiday, as they entered a village, they observed a great number of people regaling themselves at the door of an inn. When Don Quixote and Sancho drew

near to them, a peasant said aloud to the rest: "One of these two gentlemen who are coming this way, and who know not the parties, shall decide our wager." "That I will do with all my heart," answered Don Quixote, "and most impartially, when I am made acquainted with it." "Why, the business, good sir, is this," quoth the peasant: "an inhabitant of our village, who is so corpulent that he weighs eleven arrobas, has challenged a neighbor, who weighs not above five, to run with him a hundred yards, upon condition of carrying equal weight. Now he that gave the challenge, being asked how the weight should be made equal, says that the other, who weighs but five arrobas, should carry a weight of six more, and then both lean and fat will be equal." "Not so," quoth Sancho, before Don Quixote could return an answer; "and it is my business, who was so lately a governor and judge, as all the world knows, to set this matter right, and give my opinion in all disputes." "In Heaven's name, do so," said Don Quixote; "for I am unfit to throw crumbs to a cat, my brain is so troubled and out of order."

With this license, Sancho addressed the country fellows who crowded about him: "Brothers," said he, "I must tell you the fat man is wrong; there is no manner of reason in what he asks; for, if the custom is fair for him that is challenged to choose his weapons, it must be unjust for the other to make him take such as will be sure to hinder him from gaining the victory; and therefore my sentence is that the fat man who gave the challenge should cut, pare, slice, and shave away the flesh from such parts of his body as can best spare it, and when he has brought it down to the weight of five arrobas, then will he be a fair match for the other, and they may race it upon even terms." "I vow," quoth one of the peasants, "this gentleman has spoken like a saint, and given sentence like a canon; but I warrant the fat fellow loves his flesh too well to part with a sliver of it, much less with the weight of six arrobas." "Then the best way," quoth another of the countrymen, "will be not to run at all; for then neither lean will break his back with the weight, nor fat lose flesh; but let us spend half the wager in wine, and take these gentlemen to share it with us in the tavern that has the best; so 'Give me the cloak when

it rains.'" "I return you thanks, gentlemen, for your kind proposal," answered Don Quixote, "but I cannot accept it; for melancholy thoughts and disastrous events oblige me to travel in haste, and to appear thus uncivil."

Whereupon, clapping spurs to Rozinante, he departed, leaving them in surprise both at the strangeness of his figure, and the acuteness of him whom they took to be his servant. "If the man be so wise," said one of them, "heaven bless us! what must his master be? If they go to study at Salamanca, my life for it, they will become judge at a court in a trice. Nothing more easy — it wants only hard study, good luck, and favor, and when a man least thinks of it, he finds himself with a white rod in his hand, or a miter on his head."

That night the master and man took up their lodging in the middle of a field, under the spangled roof of heaven.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

William Ellery Channing. Born at Newport, Rhode Island, April 7, 1780; died at Bennington, Vermont, October 2, 1842.

A warm-hearted, eloquent advocate of everything that made for social advancement. His literary style is attractive, and the topics contained in the six volumes of his "Collected Works" are of wide range.

(From "Self-Culture")

In looking at our nature, we discover, among its admirable endowments, the sense or perception of Beauty. We see the germ of this in every human being, and there is no power which admits greater cultivation; and why should it not be cherished in all? It deserves remark, that the provision for this principle is infinite in the universe. There is but a very minute portion of the creation which we can turn into food and clothes, or gratification for the body; but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty. Beauty is an all-pervading presence.

It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men, who are alive to it, cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noble feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it, as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn, that neither man, woman, nor child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice! But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner Artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature. The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries, this is the cheapest and most at hand; and it seems to me to be most important to those conditions, where coarse labor tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn

that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications, which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.

What beauty is, is a question which the most penetrating minds have not satisfactorily answered; nor, were I able, is this the place for discussing it. But one thing I would say; the beauty of the outward creation is intimately related to the lovely, grand, interesting attributes of the soul. It is the emblem or expression of these. Matter becomes beautiful to us, when it seems to lose its material aspect, its inertness, finiteness, and grossness, and by the ethereal lightness of its forms and motions seems to approach spirit; when it images to us pure and gentle affections; when it spreads out into a vastness which is a shadow of the Infinite; or when in more awful shapes and movements it speaks of the Omnipotent. Thus outward beauty is akin to something deeper and unseen, is the reflection of spiritual attributes; and of consequence the way to see and feel it more and more keenly is to cultivate those moral, religious, intellectual, and social principles of which I have already spoken, and which are the glory of the spiritual nature; and I name this, that you may see, what I am anxious to show, the harmony which subsists among all branches of human culture, or how each forwards and is aided by all.

There is another power, which each man should cultivate according to his ability, but which is very much neglected in the mass of the people, and that is, the power of Utterance. A man was not made to shut up his mind in itself; but to give it voice and to exchange it for other minds. Speech is one of our grand distinctions from the brute. Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than ordinary intellectual vigor may, for want of expression, be a cipher, without significance, in society. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect, by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thoughts. We understand ourselves better, our conceptions grow clearer, by the very effort to make them clear to another. Our social rank, too, depends a good deal on our power of utterance. The principal distinction between what are called gentlemen and the vulgar

lies in this, that the latter are awkward in manners, and are especially wanting in propriety, clearness, grace, and force of utterance. A man who cannot open his lips without breaking a rule of grammar, without showing in his dialect or brogue or uncouth tones his want of cultivation, or without darkening his meaning by a confused, unskilful mode of communication, cannot take the place to which, perhaps, his native good sense entitles him. To have intercourse with respectable people, we must speak their language. On this account, I am glad that grammar and a correct pronunciation are taught in the common schools of this city. These are not trifles; nor are they superfluous to any class of people. They give a man access to social advantages, on which his improvement very much depends. The power of utterance should be included by all in their plans of self-culture.

I do not look on a human being as a machine, made to be kept in action by a foreign force, to accomplish an unvarying succession of motions, to do a fixed amount of work, and then to fall to pieces at death, but as a being of free spiritual powers; and I place little value on any culture, but that which aims to bring out these and to give them perpetual impulse and expansion. I am aware that this view is far from being universal. The common notion has been, that the mass of the people need no other culture than is necessary to fit them for their various trades; and, though this error is passing away, it is far from being exploded. But the ground of a man's culture lies in his nature, not in his calling. His powers are to be unfolded on account of their inherent dignity, not their outward direction. He is to be educated, because he is a man, not because he is to make shoes, nails, or pins. A trade is plainly not the great end of his being, for his mind cannot be shut up in it; his force of thought cannot be exhausted on it. He has faculties to which it gives no action, and deep wants it cannot answer. Poems, and systems of theology and philosophy, which have made some noise in the world, have been wrought at the work-bench and amidst the toils of the field. How often, when the arms are mechanically plying a trade, does the mind, lost in reverie or day-

dreams, escape to the ends of the earth! How often does the pious heart of woman mingle the greatest of all thoughts, that of God, with household drudgery! You tell me that a liberal culture is needed for men who are to fill high stations, but not for such as are doomed to vulgar labor. I answer, that Man is a greater name than President or King. Truth and goodness are equally precious, in whatever sphere they are found. Besides, men of all conditions sustain equally the relations, which give birth to the highest virtues and demand the highest powers. The laborer is not a mere laborer. He has close, tender, responsible connections with God and his fellow-creatures. He is a son, husband, father, friend, and Christian. He belongs to a home, a country, a church, a race; and is such a man to be cultivated only for a trade? Was he not sent into the world for a great work? To educate a child perfectly requires profounder thought, greater wisdom, than to govern a state; and for this plain reason, that the interests and wants of the latter are more superficial, coarser, and more obvious, than the spiritual capacities, the growth of thought and feeling, and the subtile laws of the mind, which must all be studied and comprehended, before the work of education can be thoroughly performed; and yet to all conditions this greatest work on earth is equally committed by God. What plainer proof do we need that a higher culture than has yet been dreamed of is needed by our whole race?

A great idea, like this of Self-culture, if seized on clearly and vigorously, burns like a living coal in the soul. He who deliberately adopts a great end, has, by this act, half accomplished it, has scaled the chief barrier to success.

One thing is essential to the strong purpose of self-culture now insisted on, namely, faith in the practicableness of this culture. A great object, to awaken resolute choice, must be seen to be within our reach. The truth, that progress is the very end of our being, must not be received as a tradition, but comprehended and felt as a reality. Our minds are apt to pine and starve, by being imprisoned within what we have already attained. A true faith, looking up to something better, catching glimpses of a distant perfection, prophesying to ourselves improvements proportioned to our conscientious

labors, gives energy of purpose, gives wings to the soul; and this faith will continually grow, by acquainting ourselves with our own nature, and with the promises of Divine help and immortal life which abound in Revelation.

Some are discouraged from proposing to themselves improvement, by the false notion that the study of books, which their situation denies them, is the all-important and only sufficient means. Let such consider that the grand volumes, of which all our books are transcripts, I mean nature, revelation, the human soul, and human life, are freely unfolded to every eye. The great sources of wisdom are experience and observation; and these are denied to none. To open and fix our eyes upon what passes without and within us, is the most fruitful study. Books are chiefly useful, as they help us to interpret what we see and experience. When they absorb men, as they sometimes do, and turn them from observation of nature and life, they generate a learned folly, for which the plain sense of the laborer could not be exchanged but at great loss. It deserves attention that the greatest men have been formed without the studies which at present are thought by many most needful to improvement. Homer, Plato, Demosthenes, never heard the name of chemistry, and knew less of the solar system than a boy in our common schools. Not that these sciences are unimportant; but the lesson is, that human improvement never wants the means, where the purpose of it is deep and earnest in the soul.

FRANÇOIS AUGUSTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND

François René Auguste, Vicomte de Châteaubriand. Born at St. Malo, September, 1768; died in Paris, July 4, 1848. Author of "Atala," "René," and "The Natchez," relating to the American Indians; "The Genius of Christianity," "The Martyrs, or Triumph of the Christian Religion," "A Journey from Paris to Jerusalem," "An Essay on English Literature."

The glowing color of Châteaubriand's style and felicitous phrasing secured an immense sale for his books. He was essentially a poet in portraying the beauty and mystery of nature.

(From "Atala")

THE FLIGHT

Who could save Atala? What could prevent her from falling a victim to the violence of passion? Undoubtedly nothing but a miracle; and that miracle was performed. The daughter of Simaghan had recourse to the God of Christians. She prostrated herself upon the earth, and pronounced a fervent prayer, addressed to her mother and to the queen of virgins.

From that moment, O René! I conceived a wonderful idea of that religion; which in the midst of a wilderness, could supply the wants of two unfortunate wretches, deprived of every necessary of life; that religion, which, opposing nothing but its own power to an overflowing torrent of passions, prevented an outrage, the perpetration of which, the situation of the place, the absence of men, and the darkness of the night, all favored.

Ah, how divine did the simple savage, the ignorant Atala, appear; who on her knees before the trunk of an old pine tree, as at the foot of an altar, offered to her God supplications for an idolatrous lover! Her eyes, raised toward the planet of night; her cheeks, shining with the tears of religion and love, exhibited more than mortal beauty.

Many times it appeared to me that she was about to take her flight to heaven; many times I thought I saw descending upon the rays of the moon, and that I heard among the branches of the trees, the genii, which the God of Christians sends to the hermits of the rocks, whenever he is pleased to take them to himself. I was greatly distressed, for I evidently foresaw that Atala had but a short time to spend upon earth.

Nevertheless she shed such an abundance of tears, she appeared so wretched, that I should perhaps have consented to make my escape, had not the war-whoop resounded in the forest, and three armed men seized suddenly upon me. We had been discovered; the chief warrior had given orders to pursue us.

Atala, who resembled a queen in stateliness of gait and nobleness of thought, disdained to speak to the warriors. She cast

upon them a reproving look, and returned and presented herself before her father. There she could obtain nothing in my favor. They doubled my guard, multiplied my chains, and separated me from my lover.

Five nights pass away, and we come in sight of Appalachucola, situated on the banks of the river Chata Uche. They immediately crown me with flowers, paint my face with blue and vermilion, suspend beads from my nose and ears, and put into my hand a chickikoua.

Thus prepared for sacrifice, I enter Appalachucola, among continued shouts of the multitude. I gave myself up for lost, when all at once a horn is heard, and the Mico, or chief of the nation, orders the assembling of a council.

You know, my son, the torments which the savages make their prisoners of war undergo. The Christian missionaries, at the peril of their lives, and with indefatigable zeal, had traveled through many nations, and had persuaded them to substitute slavery, of a milder kind, to the horrors of burning.

The Muscogules had not yet adopted this custom; but a large party had declared in favor of it. It was for the purpose of deciding upon this important question, that the Mico convoked the sachems. I was conducted to the place of their deliberations.

Not far from Appalachucola, on an isolated mound, stood the pavilion of the council. Three circular rows of columns formed the elegant architecture of this amphitheater. The pillars were of cypress, polished and sculptured. They increased in height and thickness, and diminished in number, as one approached the center; which was distinguished by a single pillar. From the summit of this pillar proceeded strips of bark, which, passing over the tops of the others, covered the pavilion in the form of a fretwork umbrella.

The council assemble. Fifty old men, richly dressed in beaver skins, range themselves in seats facing the door of the pavilion. The grand chief is seated in the midst of them, holding in his hand the calumet of peace, half painted for war. On the right of the old men are placed fifty women, clothed in a drapery, waving with swan feathers. The war chiefs, with tomahawks in their hands, plumes of feathers on their heads, and

breasts stained with blood, take the left of the fathers of the country.

At the foot of the central column burns the council fire. The chief priest, surrounded by eight guardians of the temple, clothed in long robes, and wearing on their heads a stuffed owl skin, pours balsam of fir into the fire, and offers a sacrifice to the sun. This triple rank of old men, matrons, and warriors; these priests, these clouds of incense, this sacrifice, all serve to give to this savage council a most extraordinary and pompous appearance.

In the midst of the assembly I stood, bound. The sacrifice finished, the Mico addresses the council, and, with simplicity, explains to them the cause of their convocation. He then throws among them a blue belt, in testimony of his own sentiments.

Then a sachem of the tribe of the eagle rises, and thus speaks: "Father Mico, Sachems, Matrons, Warriors, of the four tribes, the eagle, the beaver, the serpent, and the turtle, let us not change the manners of our ancestors. Let us burn the prisoner, and not effeminate our courage. What is proposed to us is a custom of the whites, and therefore must be pernicious. My words are contained in a red belt. I have done." And he throws a red belt into the assembly.

Next arose a matron, and said: "Father Eagle, you have the cunning of a fox, and the slow prudence of a turtle. I wish to brighten between you and me the chain of friendship, and that we might plant the tree of peace. But let us change the customs of our ancestors, as far as they were pernicious. Let us have slaves to cultivate our fields, and let us no longer hear the cries of prisoners, those tormenting cries, which rend the hearts of mothers. I have finished."

As the waves of the sea dash against each other during a storm; as in autumn the dry leaves are raised with a whirlwind; as the reeds of the Meschaceba shake and bend in a sudden inundation; as a large flock of deer bellow in the depths of a forest, so was the agitation and murmuring of the council. Sachems, warriors, matrons, talk in turns, or rather all together. Interests clash, opinions are divided, the council is about to dissolve. But finally ancient usage prevails; and it is determined that I shall be put to death by the accustomed tortures.

One circumstance tended to retard my execution; the *feast of the dead*, or *the festival of souls*, approached. It is a custom never to put a prisoner to death during the days consecrated to this important ceremony. They intrusted me to a watchful guard; and the sachems probably took care to send away the daughter of Simaghan; for I saw her no more.

Let us pity poor human nature, my dear son! These same Indians, whose customs are so affecting; these same women, who had expressed for me such a tender concern, now demanded my death with incessant cries; and whole nations delayed their departure, for the sake of having the pleasure of seeing an unfortunate young man suffer excruciating tortures.

In a valley towards the north, at some distance from the capital town, was a thick wood of cypress and fir trees, called the *bloody grove*. In going thither, you pass by the ruins of one of those ancient monuments, which once belonged to a people now unknown in the desert. In the middle of this grove was an extensive plain, where the prisoners of war were sacrificed.

Thither they conducted me in triumph; and all prepare themselves for my execution. They fix the stake of Areskoui; the pines, the elms, the ancient cypresses, fall beneath the hatchet. The funeral pile rises; the spectators build amphitheaters with branches and trunks of trees. Each one invents some new punishment; one proposes to tear off my scalp, another, to burn my eyes with red-hot tomahawks. I begin my death song.

"O Muscogules! I fear no torments; for I am brave, and defy you. I despise you more than I should old women. My father, the famous Outalissi, son of Miscou, drank from the skulls of your most renowned warriors! You shall never force a sigh from my heart."

A warrior, provoked by my song, pierced my arm with an arrow; to whom I said: "Brother, I thank thee." In spite of the activity of the murderers, the preparations for the sacrifice could not be finished before the setting of the sun. The juggler being consulted, objected against disturbing the genii of night; my death was therefore postponed till the next day. But through impatience for the joyful spectacle, and to be ready at the rising of the sun, they did not quit the bloody grove; but built large fires, and began their feasting and dancing.

In the meantime, they stretched me upon my back, and tied cords around my neck, my arms, and my legs, which were fastened to stakes driven into the ground. My guards lay upon these cords; and it was impossible to make the least movement, without their perceiving it.

The night passes away; the singing and dancing ceases by degrees; the fires emit but a feeble glimmering; before which are still seen the shadows of a few straggling savages. The multitude are buried in sleep. As the noise of men decreases, that of the wilderness augments; and to the uproar of voices, succeeds the whistling of the winds among the trees.

At this hour, a young female, who had lately become a mother, awaked out of sleep; for she thought she heard the cries of her first-born, demanding the sweet nourishment which nature provides. With eyes uplifted towards heaven, where the moon wandered among the clouds, I ruminated upon my unhappy fate. Atala appeared to me to be a monster of ingratitude. I, who had devoted myself to the flames, rather than forsake her! — to abandon me, at the moment of my execution! — And yet I thought I could love her forever; nay, so ardent was my affection, that I thought I could willingly die for her.

Pleasure, in extreme, serves as an incentive to keep us awake, by constantly admonishing us to enjoy the precious moment. On the contrary, extreme grief has the strange operation of putting us to sleep. Eyes, fatigued with shedding tears, naturally incline to close themselves; and Providence thus appears bountiful in our deepest afflictions.

In spite of myself, I yielded to that heavy slumber, which the miserable are sometimes permitted to enjoy. I dreamed that some one released me from my fetters; and I thought I experienced that relief which one feels after having been loaded with chains, and the hand of succor breaks them.

This sensation became so lively that it forced me to raise my eyelids. By the dim light of the moon, from which a ray then escaped between two clouds, I discerned a large white figure, leaning over me, in the act of untying the cords with which I was bound. I was about to cry out, when a hand, which I instantly knew, stopped my mouth.

One single cord remained; but it seemed impossible to break

it without disturbing a warrior, who covered it entirely with his body. Atala takes gentle hold of it; the warrior partly awakes, and half raises himself up. Atala stands immovable, and stares him in the face. The Indian, taking her for the Spirit of the ruins, lies down again, shuts his eyes, and invokes his god: — the cord is broken.

I rise, and follow my deliverer. But what a multitude of dangers surround us! Sometimes we are on the point of stumbling over savages who lie sleeping in the dark; sometimes we are hailed by a sentinel, whom Atala answers in a counterfeit voice. Children are heard crying on all sides; bulldogs beset our passage, with frightful barking. We are scarcely without the territory consecrated to death, before tremendous howlings rend the forest. The camp is awakened; fires are lighted; on every side, savages are seen running, with live torches in their hands. We precipitate our flight.

By the time Aurora appeared in the east, we were far in the desert. Great Spirit! thou knowest what was my transport when I found myself once more in solitude with Atala; with Atala, my deliverer; with Atala, who gave herself to me forever. Words failed upon my tongue; I fell upon my knees, and addressed the daughter of Simaghan in the following manner: "Men are very insignificant beings, at all times; but when visited by the genii, they are nothing. You are one of the genii; you have visited me, and I am unable to speak before you."

Atala tendered me her hand with a melancholy smile. "How was it possible," said she, "that I should not fly with you, when you would not depart without me? This night, I bribed the priest with presents; I made your tormentors drunk with the essence of fire; and it was my duty to hazard my life for you, since you had given yours for me. Yes, young idolater," added she, with an accent which frightened me, "the sacrifice shall be reciprocal."

Atala delivered me the arms she had brought away, and then she dressed my wound. In wiping it with a leaf of the palm tree, she bathed it with her tears. "This is a balsam," said I, "which you pour into my wound." "I fear," replied she, "that it will prove a poison." It came from the heart. She

tore one of her veils from her bosom, with which she made a compress, which she fastened with a ringlet of her hair.

Drunkenness, which lasts a long time among the savages, and is a kind of disease in their constitutions, undoubtedly prevented their pursuing us for several days; and if afterwards they made any search, it is probable it was towards the west, in the persuasion that we should descend the Meschaceba. But we had steered our course towards the immovable star, being directed by the moss which grows on the trunks of the oaks.

Alas! I soon discovered that I had been deceived with respect to the serenity, apparent in the countenance of Atala. In proportion as we advanced in the desert, her melancholy increased. She often started, and looked around her, without any visible cause.

I sometimes surprised her casting at me the most affectionate look, which she suddenly withdrew, and in sadness bestowed on some other object. What frightened me most was, that her eyes evidently betrayed some hidden mystery, some important secret, which she smothered in her breast. Always receiving and rejecting my caresses, animating and depressing my hopes, when I thought I had made some little impression upon her heart, a short time convinced me how much I had been deceived.

How many times did she say to me: "O my young friend! I love thee as I love the shade of the trees in the heat of the day! Thou art beautiful as the desert with all its flowers, and all its breezes. If I lean against thee, I heave a sigh; if my hand accidentally fall upon thine, it seems as if I was going to die. The other day, as thou wert inclining towards me, the winds moved thy hair across my face, and I thought I felt the light touch of invisible spirits.

"Yes, I have seen the roes of Mount Occou; I have heard the discourses of the most enlightened sages; but the sweetness of little fawns, and the wisdom of old men, are less pleasing and less powerful, than thy words. Well, poor Chactaw; I never shall be thy wife!"

The perpetual contradictions of love and religion in Atala: the excess of her tenderness, and the chastity of her manners; the haughtiness of her character, and her deep sensibility; the elevation of her mind in great affairs, her susceptibility in small

ones,—all tended to represent her to me as an incomprehensible being. Atala was not calculated to maintain a partial control over a man. Full of passions, she was full of power; he must either adore her, or hate her.

After fifteen days of our forced journey, we came to the chain of the Alleghany Mountains, and reached one of the branches of the Tennessee, a river which empties into the Ohio. Guided by the counsels of Atala, I built a canoe with bark, which I sewed together with the roots of the fir tree, and plastered over with gum of the plum tree. In this we embarked, and suffered ourselves to be carried away by the current of the river.

In the meantime, solitude, the continual presence of the beloved object, and our misfortunes themselves, every moment increased our love. The powers of Atala began to abate; and the passions, with which she was continually at war, began to triumph in some degree over her Christian virtues. She prayed often to her mother, whose incensed shade she seemed to have a desire to appease. Sometimes she asked me, if I heard a mournful voice, and whether I saw flames arise out of the earth.

As for me, worn out with fatigue, and foreboding that I should never return, but die in the wilderness, I oftentimes proposed to her, that we should build a little hut in the thickest of the forest, and there spend the remainder of our days together.

But she always resisted the proposition. "Consider," said she, "my young friend, that a warrior should be devoted to his country. What is a feeble woman, in comparison with the duties you have to fulfil? Take courage, son of Outalissi, and murmur not against thy destiny.

"The heart of man is like the sponge of the river, which, at one time, during a calm, imbibes pure water; at another time, when tempests have troubled the stream, it is swelled with the impure tide. Has the sponge a right to say: 'I thought that there never would be any storms, that the sun never would become scorching'? "

O René, if you fear the disorders of the heart, enter not into savage retreats. The great passions are solitary; and to transport them into the desert, is but to give them their empire.

Burdened with cares and apprehensions, exposed to fall into the hands of the enemy, to be swallowed up in the waters, to be

stung by serpents, or devoured by wild beasts; procuring with difficulty a pitiful subsistence, and knowing not which way to direct our steps, our misfortune seemed incapable of further augmentation, when an accident happened, which heaped up the measure of our woes.

It was the twenty-seventh sun since our departure from the cabins: the *fire moon* had commenced its course, and everything announced a storm. Towards the time when the Indian matrons hang the laboring staff upon the branches of the savin, and when the paroquets retire into the hollow cypresses, to enjoy the cool air in the heat of the day, the sky began to be overcast. All the voices of the solitude ceased; the desert was hushed; the mute forests rested in a universal calm.

Presently, the rolling of far distant thunder, extending into these woods, as old as the world, forced from them sounds which were truly sublime. Fearing that we should be buried in the deep, we strove to gain the shore, and to seek shelter in a thicket.

The place where we landed was a marshy piece of ground. We proceeded with difficulty, under an arch of smilax, and among entangling grape-vines, indigo plants, wild beans, and creeping lianes, which fettered our feet like nets. The humid ground made a rumbling noise all around us, and every moment we were in danger of being swallowed up in quagmire. Insects without number, and enormous bats, blinded us; rattlesnakes hissed on every side; and wolves, bears, carcajous, small tigers, which lurked in these retreats, filled them with their roarings.

In the meantime, the darkness increases: the tops of the trees are enveloped in thick mists. Suddenly the black cloud bursts, and streams of lightning fill the waste with fire. An impetuous wind breaks from its prison, mingling clouds with clouds, and forming one vast chaos. The sky opens to view at every clap, and through the crevices of the clouds are seen new heavens, and burning fields of ether. The whole mass of the forest bends. What a frightful and magnificent spectacle! The lightning sets fire to the woods in divers places; the devouring element spreads, and rises in volumes of flame. Columns of fire and smoke besiege the clouds, which disgorge torrents of sulphur upon the vast conflagration.

The roaring of the storm and of the fire, the noise of the winds, the groaning of the trees, the cries of imaginary beings, the howling of beasts, the dashing of the floods, the hissing of thunderbolts in the quenching waters; all these noises, multiplied by the echoes of the sky and the mountains, were enough to deafen the whole desert.

The great Spirit knows, that, at this moment, I saw nothing but Atala; I thought of nothing but her! At the foot of a birch tree, under which we had retreated, I made a shelter for her with my body; and in defending her from the storm, I frequently received a shower of rain, which poured upon us from the leaves of the trees. Seated in the water against the trunk of the tree, and holding my dearly beloved on my knees, notwithstanding our distressed situation, I could not but enjoy exquisite delight.

While we were listening to the noise of the tempest, I thought I felt a tear upon my hand from Atala's eye. "O cloud," cried I, "is this a drop of thy rain!" Then gently embracing her: "Atala," said I, "you secrete something from me. Open to me thy heart, O my delight! It gives great satisfaction to make known our griefs to a friend. Disclose to thy lover that other secret, which thou dost so obstinately withhold. Ah! I discern it; thou bewailest thy country!"

She directly replied: "Child of men, how should I weep for my country, when my father was not of the land of palm trees?" "How!" replied I, struck with astonishment, "your father not of the country of palm trees! Who then brought you into this land of tears? Answer me." Atala replied as follows:—

"Before my mother had carried as a marriage portion to the warrior Simaghan, thirty mares, twenty buffaloes, a hundred measures of the oil of nuts, fifty beaver skins, and many other treasures, she had been acquainted with a man of white flesh. Now the mother of my mother threw water into her face, and forced her to marry the magnanimous Simaghan, who had all the appearance of a king, and was honored by the people as a genius.

"But my mother said to her new husband, 'Kill me, for I am not worthy to be thy wife; and become not a father to what is not thine own offspring.' Simaghan replied: 'The great Spirit preserve me from such a base action! I will not mutilate thee: I will not cut off thy nose, nor thy ears; because thou hast been

sincere, and hast not been unfaithful to my couch. Thy offspring shall be my offspring; and I will not visit thee, till after the departure of the water-fowl, when the thirteenth moon shall begin to shine.'

"In the meantime I was born, and began to grow; in disposition resembling both the Spaniard and the Savage. My mother made me a Christian, like herself and my father. After that, she became a prey to grief and disappointment, and soon descended to the little cave, garnished with skins, from whence no one ever returns."

Such was the history of Atala. "And who then was thy father, poor orphan of the desert?" said I. "What did men call him upon earth, and what name did he bear among the genii?" "I never washed the feet of my father," said Atala. "I only know that he lived with a sister at St. Augustine, and that he was always faithful to my mother. Philip was his name among the angels, and men called him Lopez."

At these words, I set up a cry, which resounded through the woods. The sound of my transports mingled with the noise of the tempest. Pressing Atala to my heart, I cried, with interrupting sobs: "O my sister! O daughter of Lopez, daughter of my benefactor!" Atala, affrighted, demanded the cause of my distress; and when she learned that Lopez was that generous man who had adopted me at St. Augustine, and whom I had forsaken, in order to be free, she was herself overcome with joy and confusion.

This fraternal friendship, so unexpected, added to our love, was too much for our hearts. With eyes uplifted towards heaven and holding my beloved in my arms, in the midst of the desert, and in presence of the great Spirit, I called the proud forests, the lianes, the blazing pines, the overflowing river, the groaning mountains, and the very heavens themselves, to witness the solemn vows which I made, never to prove unfaithful to her whom my soul loved.

At the moment when I was sealing my vows with a gentle kiss, to which Atala at this time made but a feeble resistance, a rapid stream of lightning, followed by a tremendous clap of thunder, filled all the forest with sulphur and light; and shivered a tree at our feet. We fled, trembling with fright. But O wonderful!

— in the calm which succeeded this shock, we heard the sound of a bell!

We both stood speechless, and listened to this noise, so extraordinary in such a wilderness. Presently a dog was heard to bark at a great distance! As he approached, he redoubled his cries; and when he came up to us, he howled joyfully around our feet. An old hermit, carrying a small lantern, followed him through the woods.

"Blessed be a kind Providence," cried he as soon as he saw us; "I have been a long time seeking you! We commonly ring the missionary bell during the night, and in tempests; and after the example of our brethren of the Alps and Libanus, we have taught our dog to find strangers who are lost in these solitudes. He has scented you ever since the commencement of the storm, and he has conducted me here. O surprising! how young they are! Poor children! how much they must have suffered in this desert! Come, I have brought a bearskin, which I will put upon this young woman; and here is a little wine in our calabash. May God be praised in all his works! his mercy is very great, and his goodness is infinite."

Atala was already at the feet of the monk. "Director of prayer," said she, "I am a Christian. Heaven sends thee here to save me." As for me, I could hardly believe what I heard and saw. This charity seemed to me so far beyond the attainments of man, that I thought it must be all a dream. By the light of the little lantern which the hermit held in his hand, I had a glimpse of his beard and his hair, drenched in water. His feet, his hands, and his face were torn with briers, and stained with gore.

"Old man," cried I, at last, "what heart dost thou possess, who art not afraid of being struck with thunder?" "Afraid!" replied the father, with some degree of warmth; "afraid, where there are people in danger, and I can afford them relief! I should in that case be a very unworthy servant of Jesus Christ!"

"But dost thou know," said I, "that I am not a Christian!" "Young man," answered the hermit, "have I asked thee of thy religion? Has Jesus Christ said, 'My blood shall wash this and not that'? He died for the Jew, and for the Gentile; and he looked upon all men as brethren, and as dependent beings.

What I do for you here is but of small moment: you would find elsewhere much greater succors; but the praise ought not to redound to the priests. What are we, feeble solitary men, but humble instruments of a heavenly work! And yet why should the soldier be so ready to halt, when his commander-in-chief, with the cross in his hand, and the crown of thorns on his head, marches before him to the relief of mankind?"

These words sank deep into my heart; and tears of admiration and tenderness flowed from my eyes. "My dear converts," said the missionary, "I govern, in these forests, a little flock of your savage brethren. My grotto is not far from hence in the mountain. Come and warm yourselves in my cabin. You will not find in it the conveniences of life; but you will have there a shelter; and even for that, we ought to thank divine Providence; for there are many who are denied such a blessing."

THOMAS CHATTERTON

THOMAS CHATTERTON, the "Marvelous Youth" of literature. Born at Bristol, England, November 20, 1752; died in extreme poverty and wretchedness in London, August 25, 1770.

When he was sixteen, with amazing precocity his imagination created an antique character, and he wrote with passionate fire such poems as a fictitious person — Thomas Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century — might have composed.

THE MINSTREL'S SONG IN ÆLLA

O! SING unto my roundelay;
O! drop the briny tear with me;
Dance no more at holiday,
Like a running river be;
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his neck as summer snow,
Ruddy his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below:
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Sweet his tongue as throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought was he;
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;
Oh! he lies by the willow tree.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing,
In the briered dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing,
To the nightmares as they go.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true-love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Here, upon my true-love's grave,
Shall the garish flowers be laid,
Nor one holy saint to save
All the sorrows of a maid.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

With my hands I'll bind the briers,
Round his holy corse to gre;
Elfin-fairy, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Come with acorn cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood all away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,
Bear me to your deadly tide.
I die — I come — my true-love waits.
Thus the damsel spake, and died.

RESIGNATION

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky
Whose eye this atom globe surveys;
To Thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill —
But what the Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee
  Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
  And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
  Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
  For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still —
  The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
  The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
  I'll thank the inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
  Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
  Which on my sinking spirits steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
  Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

(From "Ælla")

MORNING

Bright sun had in his ruddy robes been dight,
  From the red east he flitted with his train;
The Houris draw away the gate of Night,
  Her sable tapestry was rent in twain:
The dancing streaks bedeckèd heaven's plain,
  And on the dew did smile with skimmering eye,
Like gouts of blood which do black armour stain,
  Shining upon the bourn which standeth by;
The soldiers stood upon the hillis side,
Like young enleavèd trees which in a forest bide.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, called the "Father of English Poetry." Born in London, about 1340; died there, October 25, 1400. Author of "Canterbury Tales," "Troilus and Cressida," "The Assembly of Fowls," "Book of the Duchess," "The House of Fame," "The Legend of Good Women."

The "Canterbury Tales" appeared when the poet was fifty years old. His language is not more difficult to acquire than that of Burns, and any one who will master a hundred obsolete words can read Chaucer with ease, and have a sense of being present at the dawn of British poetry. The rugged and picturesque epithets and exquisite cadence of his musical style pertain to the springtime of our literature.

THE PROLOGUE OF THE CANTERBURY TALES

WHAN that Aprille with his schowres swoote[1]
The drought of Marche hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich[2] licour,
Of which vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breethe
Enspired hath in every holte[3] and heethe
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours i-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodie,
That slepen al the night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in here corages: —
Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seeken straunge strondes,
To ferne halwes,[4] kouthe[5] in sondry londes:
And specially, from every schires ende
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martir for to seeke,
That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke.

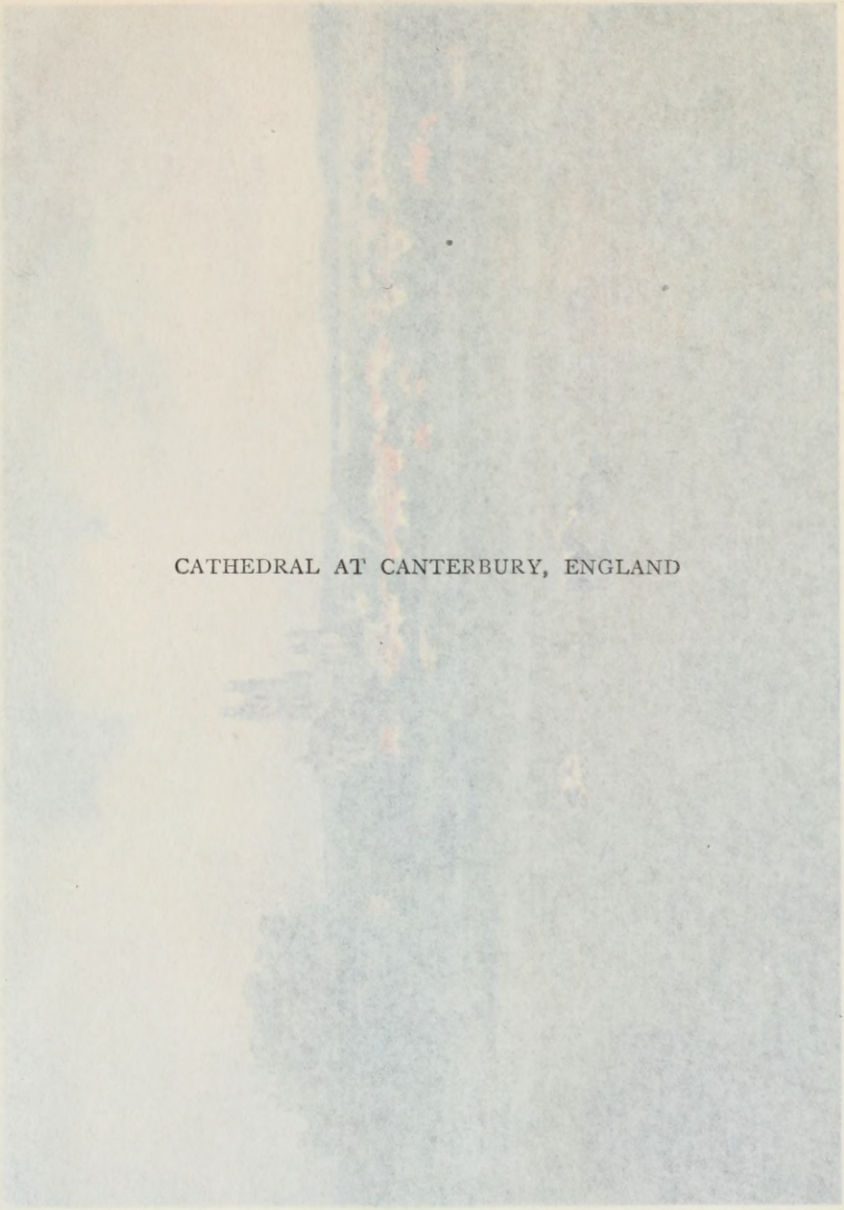
Byfel that, in that sesoun on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
At night was come into that hostelrie

[1] sweet [2] such [3] grove [4] distant saints [5] known

Wel nyne and twenty in a compainye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure i-falle [1]
In felaweschipe, and pilgryms were thei alle,
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde;
The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
And wel we weren esed [2] atte beste.[3]
And schortly, whan the sonne was to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everychon,[4]
That I was of here [5] felaweschipe anon,
And made forward erly for to ryse,
To take our wey ther as I yow devyse.
But natheles, whil I have tyme and space,
Or that I forther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun,
To telle yow al the condicioun
Of eche of hem, so as it semede me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degre;
And eek in what array that they were inne:
And at a knight than wol I first bygynne.

A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy man,
That from the tyme that he first bigan
To ryden out, he lovede chyvalrye,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisie.
Ful worthi was he in his lordes werre,[6]
And therto hadde he riden, noman ferre,[7]
As wel in Cristendom as in hethenesse,
And evere honoured for his worthinesse.
At Alisaundre he was whan it was wonne,[8]
Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bygonne;[9]
Aboven alle naciouns in Pruce.[10]
In Lettowe hadde he reysed [11] and in Ruce.
No cristen man so ofte of his degre.
In Gernade [12] atte siege hadde he be
Of Algesir, and riden in Belmarie.[13]

[1] fallen [2] accommodated [3] in the best manner [4] every one of them [5] their [6] war [7] farther [8] Alexandria was captured A.D. 1365, by Pierre de Lusignan, King of Cyprus, who, however, immediately abandoned it. [9] i.e. *he had been placed at the head of the table;* or, possibly, won chief place in tourneys. [10] *Pruce*, Prussia; *Lettowe*, Lithuania; *Ruce*, Russia [11] journeyed [12] The city of Algezir was taken from the Moorish King of Granada in 1344. [13] Palmyra



CATHEDRAL AT CANTERBURY, ENGLAND

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Of sondry folk, by aventure i-falle [1]
In felaweschipe, and pilgryms were thei alle,
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde;
The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
And wel we weren esed [2] atte beste.[3]
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At Lieys [1] was he, and at Satalie,[2]
Whan they were wonne; and in the Greete see [3]
At many a noble arive [4] hadde he be.
At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,
And foughten for oure feith at Tramassene
In lystes thries, and ay slayn his foo.
This ilke [5] worthi knight hadde ben also
Somtyme with the lord of Palatye,[6]
Ageyn another hethen in Turkye:
And everemore he hadde a sovereyn prys.[7]
And though that he was worthy, he was wys,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He nevere *y*it no vileinye ne sayde
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.[8]
He was a verray perfi*gh*t gentil knight.
But for to tellen *y*ou of his array,
His hors was good, but he ne was nou*gh*t gay.
Of fustyan he werede a gepoun [9]
Al bysmotered [10] with his habergeoun.
For he was late ycome from his viage,[11]
And wente for to doon [12] his pilgrimage.

With him ther was his sone, a *y*ong SQUYER,
A lovyere, and a lusty bacheler,
With lokkes crulle [13] as they were leyd in presse.
Of twenty *y*eer of age he was I gesse.
Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,
And wonderly delyvere,[14] and gret of strengthe.
And he hadde ben somtyme in chivachie,[15]
In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Picardie,
And born him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
Embrowded [16] was he, as it were a mede
Al ful of fresshe floures, white and reede.
Syngynge he was, or floytynge,[17] al the day;
He was as fressh as is the moneth of May.

[1] Layas, in Armenia [2] Attalia [3] the Mediterranean [4] *Arive*, disembarkation [5] same [6] Palathia, in Anatolia [7] great renown [8] no kind of person [9] a short cassock [10] smutted [11] journey [12] perform [13] curled [14] agile, nimble [15] military expedition [16] embroidered [17] playing on the flute

Schort was his goune, with sleeves longe and wyde
Wel cowde he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
He cowde songes make and wel endite,
Juste and eek daunce, and wel purtreye and write.
So hote he lovede, that by nightertale[1]
He sleep nomore than doth a nightyngale.
Curteys he was, lowely, and servysable,
And carf byforn his fader at the table.

A YEMAN[2] hadde he, and servauntz nomoo
At that tyme, for him luste ryde soo;[3]
And he was clad in coote and hood of grene.
A shef of pocok arwes[4] brighte and kene
Under his belte he bar ful thriftily.
Wel cowde he dresse his takel[5] yemanly;
His arwes drowpede nought with fetheres lowe.
And in his hond he bar a mighty bowe.
A not-heed[6] hadde he with a broun visage.
Of woode-craft wel cowde[7] he al the usage.
Upon his arm he bar a gay bracer,[8]
And by his side a swerd and a bokeler,
And on that other side a gay daggere,
Harneysed[9] wel, and scharp as poynt of spere;
A Cristofre[10] on his brest of silver schene.
An horn he bar, the bawdrik was of grene;
A forster was he sothly, as I gesse.

Ther was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,
That of hire smylyng was ful symple and coy;
Hire gretteste ooth ne was but by seynt Loy[11];
And sche was cleped madame Eglentyne.
Ful wel sche sang the servise divyne,
Entuned in hire nose ful semely;
And Frensch sche spak ful faire and fetysly,[12]
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frensch of Parys was to hire unknowe.
At mete wel i-taught was sche withalle;

[1] night-time [2] *Yeman*, or *yeoman*, is an abbreviation of *yeongeman*, as *youthe* is of *yeongthe*. [3] he preferred to ride so [4] arrows with peacock feathers [5] bows and arrows [6] *i. e.* round, like a nut, probably from being cropped. [7] knew [8] armor for the arm [9] equipped [10] a figure of St. Christopher [11] Either read Seinte Loy, St. Eligius or Seynt Eloy, St. Louis. [12] neatly, cleverly

Sche leet no morsel from hire lippes falle,
Ne wette hire fyngres in hire sauce deepe.
Wel cowde sche carie a morsel, and wel keepe,
That no drope ne fille uppon hire breste.
In curteisie was set ful moche hire leste.[1]
Hire overlippe wypede sche so clene,
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing[2] sene
Of greece, whan sche dronken hadde hire draughte.
Ful semely after hire mete sche raughte,[3]
And sikerly[4] sche was of gret disport,
And ful plesaunt, and amyable of port,
And peynede hire to countrefete[5] cheere
Of court, and ben estatlich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence.
But for to speken of hire conscience,
Sche was so charitable and so pitous,
Sche wolde weepe if that sche sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
Of smale houndes hadde sche, that sche fedde
With rosted flessh, or mylk and wastel breed.[6]
But sore wept sche if oon of hem were deed,
Or if men smot it with a yerde[7] smerte[8]:
And al was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semely hire wympel[9] i-pynched was;
Hire nose tretys[10]; hire eyen greye as glas;
Hire mouth ful smal, and therto softe and reed
But sikerly sche hadde a fair forheed.
It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe;
For hardily sche was not undergrowe.
Ful fetys[11] was hire cloke, as I was waar.
Of smal coral aboute hire arm sche baar
A peire of bedes gauded[12] al with grene;
And theron heng a broch of gold ful schene,
On which was first i-write a crowned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia.*

[1] delight, pleasure [2] fourth part; hence, bit [3] reached [4] surely [5] she took great pains to assume [6] best flour bread [7] a stick [8] hardly [9] a covering for the neck [10] long and well proportioned [11] neat, tasteful [12] with green gauds, or large Paternoster beads

Another NONNE with hire hadde sche,
That was hire chapeleyne, and PRESTES thre.
A MONK ther was, a fair for the maistrie,[1]
An out-rydere, that lovede venerye;[2]
A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
Ful many a deynté hors hadde he in stable:
And whan he rood, men mighte his bridel heere
Gynglen in a whistlyng wynd as cleere,
And eek as lowde as doth the chapel belle.
Ther as[3] this lord was kepere of the selle,
The reule of seynt Maure or of seint Beneyt,
Bycause that it was old and somdel streyt,
This ilke monk leet olde thinges pace,
And held after the newe world the space.
He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen,[4]
That seith, that hunters been noon holy men;
Ne that a monk, whan he is reccheles
Is likned to a fissch that is waterles;
This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloystre.
But thilke text held he not worth an oystre.
And I seide his opinioun was good.
What[5] schulde he studie, and make himselven wood,[6]
Uppon a book in cloystre alway to powre.
Or swynke with his handes, and laboure,
As Austyn byt[7]? How schal the world be served?
Lat Austyn have his swynk[8] to him reserved.
Therfore he was a pricasour[9] aright;
Greyhoundes he hadde as swifte as fowel in flight;
Of prikyng and of huntyng for the hare
Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
I saugh his sleves purfiled atte honde
With grys,[10] and that the fyneste of a londe.
And for to festne his hood under his chynne
He hadde of gold y-wrought a curious pynne:
A love-knotte in the grettere ende ther was.
His heed was balled, that schon as eny glas,

[1] *a fair one; for the maistrie*, excellent above all others [2] hunting [3] where [4] bald or scurvy; a molting [5] why [6] mad [7] biddeth [8] labor [9] a hard rider, from *prick*, to spur on a horse [10] gray rabbit fur

And eek his face as he hadde ben anoynt.
He was a lord ful fat and in good poynt;
His eyen steepe,[1] and rollyng in his heede,
That stemede as a forneys of a leede[2];
His bootes souple, his hors in gret estate.
Now certeinly he was a fair prelate;
He was not pale as a for-pyned[3] goost.
A fat swan lovede he best of eny roost.
His palfrey was as broun as is a berye.
A FRERE ther was, a wantown[4] and a merye,
A lymytour,[5] a ful solempne man.
In alle the ordres foure is noon that can[6]
So moche of daliaunce[7] and fair langage.
He hadde i-mad ful many a mariage
Of *y*onge wymmen, at his owne cost.
Unto his ordre he was a noble post.
Ful wel biloved and famulier was he
With frankeleyns[8] over-al in his cuntre,
And eek with worthi wommen of the toun:
For he hadde power of confessioun,
As seyde himself, more than a curat,
For of his ordre he was licentiat.
Ful sweetely herde he confessioun,
And plesaunt was his absolucioun;
He was an esy man to *y*eve penaunce
Ther as he wiste han[9] a good pitaunce[10];
For unto a poure ordre for to *y*ive
Is signe that a man is wel i-schrive.
For if he *y*af, he dorste make avaunt,[11]
He wiste that a man was repentaunt.
For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may not wepe although him sore smerte.
Therfore in stede of wepyng and preyeres,
Men moot *y*ive silver to the poure freres.
His typet[12] was ay farsed[13] ful of knyfes

[1] sunk deep in his head [2] copper caldron [3] wasted, tormented [4] lively [5] *i.e.* one licensed to beg within a certain district. [6] knew [7] gossip [8] wealthy landholders; country gentlemen of good estate [9] have [10] mess of victuals [11] boast [12] cowl [13] stuffed

And pynnes, for to yive faire wyfes.
And certeynli he hadde a mery noote;
Wel couthe he synge and pleyen on a rote.[1]
Of yeddynges[2] he bar utterly the prys.
His nekke whit was as the flour-de-lys.
Therto he strong was as a champioun.
He knew the tavernes wel in every toun,
And everych hostiler and tappestere,
Bet[3] then a lazer, or a beggestere,[4]
For unto such a worthi man as he
Acordede not, as by his faculté,
To han with sike lazars[5] aqueyntaunce.
It is not honest, it may not avaunce,
For to delen with no such poraille,[6]
But al with riche and sellers of vitaille.
And overal, ther as profyt schulde arise,
Curteys he was, and lowely of servyse.
Ther nas no man nowher so vertuous.
He was the beste beggere in his hous,
For though a widewe[7] hadde noght oo schoo,
So plesaunt was his *In principio*,[8]
Yet wolde he have a ferthing or he wente.
His purchas[9] was wel bettre than his rente.
And rage he couthe as it were right a whelpe,
In love-dayes[10] couthe he mochel helpe.
For ther he was not lik a cloysterer,
With a thredbare cope as is a poure scoler,
But he was lik a maister or a pope.
Of double worstede was his semy-cope,
That rounded as a belle out of the presse.
Somwhat he lipsede, for his wantownesse,
To make his Englissch swete upon his tunge;
And in his harpyng, whan that he hadde sunge,
His eyghen twynkled in his heed aright,
As don the sterres in the frosty night.
This worthi lymytour was cleped Huberd.

[1] on a harp [2] gleeman's songs [3] better [4] beggar [5] lepers [6] commonalty, poor people [7] widow [8] "In the beginning," Latin text either of the first verse of Genesis or of St. John's Gospel. [9] proceeds of his alms collecting [10] days appointed for the amicable settlement or arbitration of differences

A MARCHAUNT was ther with a forked berd,
In motteleye,[1] and high on horse he sat,
Uppon his heed a Flaundrisch bevere hat;
His botes clapsed faire and fetysly.
His resons he spak ful solempnely,
Sownynge [2] alway thencres of his wynnynge.
He wolde the see were kept for eny thinge
Betwixe Middelburgh and Orewelle.[3]
Wel couthe he in eschaunge scheeldes [4] selle.
This worthi man ful wel his wit bisette [5];
Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
So estatly was he of governaunce,
With his bargayns, and with his chevysaunce.[6]
For sothe he was a worthi man withalle,
But soth to sayn, I not [7] how men him calle.

A CLERK ther was of Oxenford also,
That unto logik hadde longe i-go.
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
But lokede holwe, and therto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overeste courtepy,[8]
For he hadde geten him yit no benefice,
Ne was so worldly for to have office.
For him was levere have [9] at his beddes heede
Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reede,
Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
Then robes riche, or fithele, or gay sawtrie.[10]
But al be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;
But al that he mighte of his frendes hente,[11]
On bookes and on lernyng he it spente,
And busily gan for the soules preye
Of hem that yaf him wherwith to scoleye,[12]
Of studie took he most cure and most heede.
Not oo word spak he more than was neede,

[1] mixed, various colors, motley [2] sounding [3] a seaport in Essex [4] French crowns, so called from their having a shield stamped on one side [5] employed his knowledge [6] an arrangement for borrowing money [7] know not [8] a sort of short upper cloak [9] *i.e.* he had rather, he preferred. [10] psaltery [11] get [12] to attend school

And that was seid in forme and reverence
And schort and quyk, and ful of high sentence.
Sownynge in moral vertu was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.
A SERGEANT OF LAWE, war and wys,
That often hadde ben atte parvys,[1]
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
Discret he was, and of gret reverence:
He semede such, his wordes weren so wise,
Justice he was ful often in assise,
By patente, and by pleyn commissioun;
For his science, and for his heih renoun,
Of fees and robes hadde he many oon.
So gret a purchasour was nowher noon.
Al was fee symple to him in effecte,
His purchasyng mighte nought ben enfecte.
Nowher so besy a man as he ther nas,
And yit he seemede besier than he was.
In termes hadde he caas and domes[2] alle,
That fro the tyme of kyng William were falle.
Therto he couthe endite, and make a thing,
Ther couthe no wight pynche[3] at his writyng;
And every statute couthe he pleyn by roote.
He rood but hoomly in a medlé coote,
Gird with a seynt[4] of silk, with barres[5] smale;
Of his array telle I no lenger tale.
A FRANKELEYN was in his compainye;
Whit was his berde, as is the dayesye.
Of his complexioun he was sangwyn.
Wel lovede he by the morwe[6] a sop in wyn.
To lyven in delite was al his wone,[7]
For he was Epicurus owne sone,
That heeld opynyoun that pleyn delyt
Was verraily felicité perfyt.
An houshaldere, and that a gret, was he;
Seynt Julian[8] he was in his countré.
His breed, his ale, was alway after oon[9];

[1] church porch [2] opinions [3] find fault with [4] belt [5] stripes [6] morning
[7] habit [8] Patron of pilgrims. [9] one o'clock

A bettre envyned [1] man was nowher noon.
Withoute bake mete was nevere his hous,
Of flessch and fissch, and that so plentevous,
Hit snewede in his hous of mete and drynke,
Of alle deyntees that men cowde thynke.
After the sondry sesouns of the yeer,
So chaungede he his mete and his soper.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
And many a brem and many a luce [2] in stewe.
Woo was his cook, but-if [3] his sauce were
Poynaunt and scharp, and redy al his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stood redy covered al the longe day.
At sessiouns ther was he lord and sire.
Ful ofte tyme he was knight of the schire.
An anlas [4] and a gipser [5] al of silk
Heng at his girdel, whit as morne [6] mylk.
A schirreve hadde he ben, and a countour [7];
Was nowher such a worthi vavasour.[8]

A good WIF was ther of byside BATHE,
But sche was somdel deef, and that was skathe.
Of cloth-makyng she hadde such an haunt,[9]
Sche passede hem [10] of Ypres and of Gaunt.
In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther noon
That to the offryng [11] byforn hire schulde goon,
And if ther dide certeyn so wroth was sche,
That sche was out of alle charité.
Hire keverchefs ful fyne weren of grounde;
I durste swere they weyghеden ten pounde
That on a Sonday were upon hire heed.
Hire hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,
Ful streyte y-teyd, and schoos ful moyste [12] and newe.
Bold was hire face, and fair, and reed of hewe.
Sche was a worthy womman al hire lyfe,
Housbondes at chirche dore sche hadde fyfe,
Withouten [13] other compainye in youthe;

[1] stocked with wine [2] pike [3] except [4] knife or dagger [5] a purse [6] morning [7] accountant [8] landholder [9] so large a custom [10] passed them off as [11] offertory [12] fresh [13] besides

But therof needeth nought to speke as nouthe.[1]
And thries hadde sche ben at Jerusalem;
Sche hadde passed many a straunge streem
At Rome sche hadde ben, and at Boloyne,
In Galice at seynt Jame, and at Coloyne.
Sche cowde moche of wandryng by the weye.
Gat-tothed [2] was sche, sothly for to seye.
Uppon an amblere esily sche sat,
Ywympled wel, and on hire heed an hat
As brood as is a bokeler or a targe;
A foot-mantel aboute hire hipes large,
And on hire feet a paire of spores scharpe.
In felaweschipe wel cowde sche lawghe and carpe.
Of remedyes of love sche knew parchaunce,
For of that art sche couthe [3] the olde daunce.

The Mellere was a stout carl for the nones,[4]
Ful big he was of braun, and eek of boones;
That prevede wel, for overal ther he cam,
At wrastlynge he wolde have alwey the ram.
He was schort schuldred, brood, a thikke knarre,[5]
Ther nas no dore that he nolde heve of harre,[6]
Or breke it at a rennyng with his heed.
His berd as ony sowe or fox was reed,
And therto brood, as though it were a spade.
Upon the cop [7] right of his nose he hade
A werte, and theron stood a tuft of heres,
Reede as the berstles of a sowes eeres.
His nose-thurles blake were and wyde.
A swerd and bokeler baar he by his side,
His mouth as wyde was as a gret forneys.
He was a janglere [8] and a golyardeys,[9]
And that was most of synne and harlotries.
Wel cowde he stele corn, and tollen thries;
And yet he hadde a thombe of gold pardé.
A whit cote and a blew hood werede he.

[1] now [2] with teeth far apart or projecting ; hence lascivious [3] knew [4] nonce [5] tree knot [6] hinge [7] top [8] a prater, babbler [9] From an imaginary Bishop Golias (perhaps invented by Walter Map), on whom were fathered satiric Latin rhymes in the twelfth century.

A baggepipe wel cowde he blowe and sowne,
And therwithal he broughte us out of towne.
A SOMPNOUR was ther with us in that place,
That hadde a fyr-reed cherubynes face,
For sawceflem [1] he was, with eyghen narwe.
And [quyk] he was, and [chirped], as a sparwe,
With skalled browes blake, and piled berd;
Of his visage children weren aferd.
Ther nas quyksilver, litarge, ne bremstoon,
Boras, ceruce, ne oille of tartre noon,
Ne oynement that wolde clense and byte,
That him mighte helpen of his whelkes white,
Ne of the knobbes sittyng on his cheekes.
Wel lovede he garleek, oynouns, and ek leekes,
And for to drinke strong wyn reed as blood.
Thanne wolde he speke, and crye as he were wood.[2]
And whan that he wel dronken hadde the wyn,
Than wolde he speke no word but Latyn.
With him ther rood a gentil PARDONER [3]
Of Rouncivale, his frend and his comper,[4]
That streyt was comen from the court of Rome.
Ful lowde he sang, Com hider, love, to me.
This sompnour bar to him a stif burdoun,
Was nevere trompe of half so gret a soun,
This pardoner hadde heer [5] as yelwe as wex,
But smothe it heng, as doth a strike of flex;
By unces [6] hynge his lokkes that he hadde,
And therwith he his schuldres overspradde.
Ful thinne it lay, by culpons [7] on and oon,
But hood, for jolitee, ne werede he noon,
For it was trussed up in his walet.
Him thoughte he rood al of the newe get,[8]
Dischevele, sauf his cappe, he rood al bare.
Suche glaryng eyghen hadde he as an hare.
A vernicle hadde he sowed upon his cappe.
His walet lay byforn him in his lappe,
Bret-ful of pardoun come from Rome al hoot.

[1] with red pimpled face [2] mad [3] a seller of indulgences [4] companion
[5] hair [6] ounces [7] shreds [8] fashion

A voys he hadde as smal as eny goot.
No berd hadde he, ne nevere scholde have,
As smothe it was as it were late i-schave;
Greet cheere made oure host us everichon,
And to the souper sette he us anon;
And servede us with vitaille atte beste.
Strong was the wyn, and wel to drynke us leste.[1]
A semely man oure hoost he was withalle
For to han been a marschal in an halle;
A large man he was with eyghen stepe,
A fairer burgeys was ther noon in Chepe:
Bold of his speche, and wys and wel i-taught,
And of manhede him lakkede right naught.
Eek therto he was right a mery man,
And after soper, playen he bygan,
And spak of myrthe amonges othre thinges,
Whan that we hadde maad our rekenynges.

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD, one of the most brilliant wits and conversationalists of the eighteenth century. Born in London, September 22, 1694; died March 24, 1773. Ambassador at The Hague; Secretary of State; Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In the world of literature his fame rests almost entirely on his well-known "Letters to his Son," a remarkable compendium of shrewd, worldly advice, many of whose cynical maxims remind one of La Rochefoucauld. "Take out their immorality," said Dr. Johnson of these Letters, "and they should be put into the hands of every young gentleman."

(From "LETTERS TO HIS SON")

BATH, *October 12, O. S.*, 1748.

DEAR BOY: I came here three days ago, upon account of a disorder in my stomach, which affected my head and gave me vertigo. I already find myself something better; and consequently do not doubt, but that the course of these waters will set me quite right. But however and wherever I am, your

[1] it pleased us well

welfare, your character, your knowledge, and your morals, employ my thoughts more than anything that can happen to me, or that I can fear or hope for myself. I am going off the stage, you are coming upon it; with me, what has been, has been, and reflection now would come too late; with you everything is to come, even, in some manner, reflection itself; so that this is the very time when my reflections, the result of experience, may be of use to you, by supplying the want of yours. As soon as you leave Leipsic, you will gradually be going into the great world; where the first impressions that you shall give of yourself will be of great importance to you; but those which you shall receive will be decisive, for they always stick. To keep good company, especially at your first setting out, is the way to receive good impressions. If you ask me what I mean by good company, I will confess to you, that it is pretty difficult to define; but I will endeavor to make you understand it as well as I can.

Good company is not what respective sets of company are pleased either to call or think themselves, but it is that company which all the people of the place call, and acknowledge to be, good company, notwithstanding some objections which they may form to some of the individuals who compose it. It consists chiefly (but by no means without exception) of people of considerable birth, rank, and character; for people of neither birth nor rank are frequently, and very justly admitted into it, if distinguished by any peculiar merit, or eminency in any liberal art or science. Nay, so motley a thing is good company, that many people, without birth, rank, or merit, intrude into it by their own forwardness, and others slide into it by the protection of some considerable person; and some even of indifferent characters and morals make part of it. But in the main, the good part preponderates, and people of infamous and blasted characters are never admitted. In this fashionable good company, the best manners and the best language of the place are most unquestionably to be learnt; for they establish and give the tone to both, which are therefore called the language and manners of good company: there being no legal tribunal to ascertain either.

A company, consisting wholly of people of the first quality,

cannot, for that reason, be called good company, in the common acceptation of the phrase, unless they are, into the bargain, the fashionable and accredited company of the place; for people of the very first quality can be as silly, as ill-bred, and as worthless, as people of the meanest degree. On the other hand, a company consisting entirely of people of very low condition, whatever their merit or parts may be, can never be called good company; and consequently should not be much frequented, though by no means despised.

A company wholly composed of men of learning, though greatly to be valued and respected, is not meant by the words *good company;* they cannot have the easy manners and *tournure* of the world, as they do not live in it. If you can bear your part well in such a company, it is extremely right to be in it sometimes, and you will be but more esteemed in other companies, for having a place in that. But then do not let it engross you; for if you do, you will be only considered as one of the *literati* by profession; which is not the way either to shine, or rise in the world.

The company of professed wits and poets is extremely inviting to most young men; who if they have wit themselves, are pleased with it, and if they have none, are sillily proud of being one of it: but it should be frequented with moderation and judgment, and you should by no means give yourself up to it. A wit is a very unpopular denomination, as it carries terror along with it; and people in general are as much afraid of a live wit, in company, as a woman is of a gun, which she thinks may go off of itself, and do her a mischief. Their acquaintance is, however, worth seeking, and their company worth frequenting; but not exclusively of others, nor to such a degree as to be considered only as one of that particular set.

But the company, which of all others you should most carefully avoid, is that low company, which, in every sense of the word, is low indeed; low in rank, low in parts, low in manners, and low in merit. You will, perhaps, be surprised, that I should think it necessary to warn you against such company, but yet I do not think it wholly unnecessary, after the many instances which I have seen, of men of sense and rank, discredited, vilified, and undone, by keeping such company.

Vanity, that source of many of our follies, and of some of our crimes, has sunk many a man into company, in every light infinitely below himself, for the sake of being the first man in it. There he dictates, is applauded, admired; and, for the sake of being the *Coryphæus* of that wretched chorus, disgraces and disqualifies himself soon for any better company. Depend upon it, you will sink or rise to the level of the company which you commonly keep: people will judge of you, and not unreasonably, by that. There is good sense in the Spanish saying, "Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are." Make it therefore your business, wherever you are, to get into that company which everybody in the place allows to be the best company next to their own; which is the best definition that I can give you of good company. But here, too, one caution is very necessary; for want of which many young men have been ruined, even in good company.

Good company (as I have before observed) is composed of a great variety of fashionable people, whose characters and morals are very different, though their manners are pretty much the same. When a young man, new in the world, first gets into that company, he very rightly determines to conform to, and imitate it. But then he too often, and fatally, mistakes the objects of his imitation. He has often heard that absurd term of genteel and fashionable vices. He there sees some people who shine, and who in general are admired and esteemed; and observes that these people are drunkards, or gamesters: upon which he adopts their vices, mistaking their defects for their perfections, and thinking that they owe their fashions and their luster to those genteel vices. Whereas it is exactly the reverse; for these people have acquired their reputation by their parts, their learning, their good breeding, and other real accomplishments: and are only blemished and lowered, in the opinions of all reasonable people, and of their own, in time, by these genteel and fashionable vices.

BATH, *October* 19, *O.S.* 1748.

DEAR BOY: Having, in my last, pointed out what sort of company you should keep, I will now give you some rules for

your conduct in it; rules which my own experience and observation enable me to lay down, and communicate to you, with some degree of confidence. I have often given you hints of this kind before, but then it has been by snatches; I will now be more regular and methodical. I shall say nothing with regard to your bodily carriage and address, but leave them to the care of your dancing-master, and to your own attention to the best models; remember, however, that they are of consequence.

Talk often, but never long: in that case, if you do not please, at least you are sure not to tire your hearers. Pay your own reckoning, but do not treat the whole company, this being one of the very few cases in which people do not care to be treated, every one being fully convinced that he has wherewithal to pay.

Tell stories very seldom, and absolutely never but where they are very apt and very short. Omit every circumstance that is not material, and beware of digressions. To have frequent recourse to narrative betrays great want of imagination.

Never hold anybody by the button, or the hand, in order to be heard out; for, if people are not willing to hear you, you had much better hold your tongue than them.

Most long talkers single out some one unfortunate man in company (commonly him whom they observe to be the most silent, or their next neighbor), to whisper, or at least in a half voice, to convey a continuity of words to. This is excessively ill-bred, and, in some degree, a fraud; conversation-stock being a joint and common property. But, on the other hand, if one of these unmerciful talkers lays hold of you, hear him with patience (and at least seeming attention), if he is worth obliging; for nothing will oblige him more than a patient hearing; as nothing would hurt him more than either to leave him in the midst of his discourse, or to discover your impatience under your affliction.

Take, rather than give, the tone of the company you are in. If you have parts, you will show them, more or less, upon every subject; and if you have not, you had better talk sillily upon a subject of other people's than of your own choosing.

Avoid as much as you can, in mixed companies, argumenta-

tive, polemical conversations; which though they should not, yet certainly do, indispose, for a time, the contending parties towards each other; and, if the controversy grows warm and noisy, endeavor to put an end to it, by some genteel levity or joke. I quieted such a conversation-hubbub once, by representing to them that though I was persuaded none there present would repeat, out of company, what passed in it, yet I could not answer for the discretion of the passengers in the street, who must necessarily hear all that was said.

Above all things, and upon all occasions, avoid speaking of yourself, if it be possible. Such is the natural pride and vanity of our hearts, that it perpetually breaks out, even in people of the best parts, in all the various modes and figures of the egotism.

Some, abruptly, speak advantageously of themselves, without either pretense or provocation. They are impudent. Others proceed more artfully, as they imagine; and forge accusations against themselves, complain of calumnies which they never heard, in order to justify themselves, by exhibiting a catalogue of their many virtues. They acknowledge it may, indeed, seem odd, that they should talk in that manner of themselves; it is what they do not like, and what they never would have done; no, no tortures should ever have forced it from them, if they had not been thus unjustly and monstrously accused. But, in these cases, justice is surely due to oneself, as well as to others; and when our character is attacked, we may say in our own justification, what otherwise we never would have said. This thin veil of Modesty drawn before Vanity, is much too transparent to conceal it, even from very moderate discernment.

Others go more modestly and more slyly still (as they think) to work; but, in my mind, still more ridiculously. They confess themselves (not without some degree of shame and confusion) into all the Cardinal Virtues; by first degrading them into weaknesses, and then owning their misfortune, in being made up of those weaknesses. They cannot see people suffer, without sympathizing with, and endeavoring to help them. They cannot see people want, without relieving them, though, truly, their own circumstances cannot very well afford it.

They cannot help speaking truth, though they know all the imprudence of it. In short, they know that, with all these weaknesses, they are not fit to live in the world, much less to thrive in it. But they are now too old to change, and must rub on as well as they can. This sounds too ridiculous and *outré*, almost, for the stage; and yet, take my word for it, you will frequently meet with it, upon the common stage of the world. And here I will observe, by the by, that you will often meet with characters in nature, so extravagant, that a discreet Poet would not venture to see them upon the stage in their true and high coloring,

This principle of vanity and pride is so strong in human nature, that it descends even to the lowest objects; and one often sees people angling for praise, where, admitting all they say to be true (which, by the way, it seldom is), no just praise is to be caught. One man affirms that he has rode post an hundred miles in six hours; probably it is a lie: but supposing it to be true, what then? Why, he is a very good post-boy, that is all. Another asserts, and probably not without oaths, that he has drunk six or eight bottles of wine at a sitting; out of charity, I will believe him a liar; for, if I do not, I must think him a beast.

Such, and a thousand more, are the follies and extravagances which vanity draws people into, and which always defeat their own purpose; and as Waller says, upon another subject:—

> "Make the wretch the most despised,
> Where most he wishes to be prized."

The only sure way of avoiding these evils, is never to speak of yourself at all. But when, historically, you are obliged to mention yourself, take care not to drop one single word that can directly or indirectly be construed as fishing for applause. Be your character what it will, it will be known; and nobody will take it upon your own word. Never imagine that anything you can say yourself will varnish your defects, or add luster to your perfections! but, on the contrary, it may, and nine times in ten will, make the former more glaring, and the latter obscure. If you are silent upon your own subject, neither envy, indignation, nor ridicule, will obstruct or allay the ap-

plause which you may really deserve; but if you publish your own panegyric upon any occasion, or in any shape whatsoever, and however artfully dressed or disguised, they will all conspire against you, and you will be disappointed of the very end you aim at.

Take care never to seem dark and mysterious; which is not only a very unamiable character, but a very suspicious one too; if you seem mysterious with others, they will be really so with you, and you will know nothing. The height of abilities is to have *volto sciolto* and *pensieri stretti;* that is, a frank, open, and ingenuous exterior, with a prudent interior; to be upon your own guard, and yet, by a seeming natural openness, to put people off theirs. Depend upon it; nine in ten of every company you are in will avail themselves of every indiscreet and unguarded expression of yours, if they can turn it to their own advantage. A prudent reserve is therefore as necessary as a seeming openness is prudent. Always look people in the face when you speak to them: the not doing it is thought to imply conscious guilt; besides that you lose the advantage of observing by their countenances what impression your discourse makes upon them. In order to know people's real sentiments, I trust much more to my eyes than to my ears: for they can say whatever they have a mind I should hear; but they can seldom help looking what they have no intention that I should know.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

Gilbert Keith Chesterton, an English journalist and critic. Born at Campden Hill, Kensington, 1874. Author of "The Wild Knight," "Greybeards at Play," "Twelve Types," "Browning," "Dickens," "The Club of Queer Trades," "Heretics." Chesterton's critical work has

greatly interested his readers, as he views and writes of old authors in a most original and entertaining manner. In fact, from a rhetorical standpoint, he has made of criticism a fine art.

(Chapters V and XII from G. K. Chesterton's "Charles Dickens" are here used by permission of the author and Dodd, Mead & Company, Publishers. Copyright, 1906, by Dodd, Mead & Company.)

THE GREAT POPULARITY

THERE is one aspect of Charles Dickens which must be of interest even to that subterranean race which does not admire his books. Even if we are not interested in Dickens as a great event in English literature, we must still be interested in him as a great event in English history. If he had not his place with Fielding and Thackeray, he would still have his place with Wat Tyler and Wilkes; for the man led a mob. He did what no English statesman, perhaps, has really done; he called out the people. He was popular in a sense of which we moderns have not even a notion. In that sense there is no popularity now. There are no popular authors to-day. We call such authors as Mr. Guy Boothby or Mr. William Le Queux popular authors. But this is popularity altogether in a weaker sense; not only in quantity, but in quality. The old popularity was positive; the new is negative. There is a great deal of difference between the eager man who wants to read a book, and the tired man who wants a book to read. A man reading a Le Queux mystery wants to get to the end of it. A man reading the Dickens novel wished that it might never end. Men read a Dickens story six times because they knew it so well. If a man can read a Le Queux story six times it is only because he can forget it six times. In short, the Dickens novel was popular, not because it was an unreal world, but because it was a real world; a world in which the soul could live. The modern "shocker" at its very best is an interlude in life. But in the days when Dickens's work was coming out in serial, people talked as if real life were itself the interlude between one issue of "Pickwick" and another.

In reaching the period of the publication of "Pickwick," we reach this sudden apotheosis of Dickens. Henceforward he filled the literary world in a way hard to imagine. Fragments of that huge fashion remain in our daily language; in the talk of every trade or public question are embedded the wrecks of that enormous religion. Men give out the airs of Dickens without even opening his books; just as Catholics can live in a tradition of Christianity without having looked at the New Testament. The man in the street has more memories of Dickens, whom he has not read, than of Marie Corelli, whom he has. There is nothing in any way parallel to this omnipresence and vitality in the great comic characters of Boz. There are no modern Bumbles and Pecksniffs, no modern Gamps and Micawbers. Mr. Rudyard Kipling (to take an author of a higher type than those before mentioned) is called, and called justly, a popular author; that is to say, he is widely read, greatly enjoyed, and highly remunerated; he has achieved the paradox of at once making poetry and making money. But let any one who wishes to see the difference try the experiment of assuming the Kipling characters to be common property like the Dickens characters. Let any one go into an average parlor and allude to Strickland as he would allude to Mr. Bumble, the Beadle. Let any one say that somebody is "a perfect Learoyd," as he would say "a perfect Pecksniff." Let any one write a comic paragraph for a halfpenny paper, and allude to Mrs. Hawksbee instead of to Mrs. Gamp. He will soon discover that the modern world has forgotten its own fiercest booms more completely than it has forgotten this formless tradition from its fathers. The mere dregs of it come to more than any contemporary excitement; the gleaning of the grapes of "Pickwick" is more than the whole vintage of "Soldiers Three." There is one instance, and I think only one, of an exception to this generalization; there is one figure in our popular literature which would really be recognized by the populace. Ordinary men would understand you if you referred currently to Sherlock Holmes. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle would no doubt be justified in rearing his head to the stars, remembering that Sherlock Holmes is the only really familiar

figure in modern fiction. But let him droop that head again with a gentle sadness, remembering that if Sherlock Holmes is the only familiar figure in modern fiction, Sherlock Holmes is also the only familiar figure in the Sherlock Holmes tales. Not many people could say offhand what was the name of the owner of Silver Blaze, or whether Mrs. Watson was dark or fair. But if Dickens had written the Sherlock Holmes stories, every character in them would have been equally arresting and memorable. A Sherlock Holmes would have cooked the dinner for Sherlock Holmes; a Sherlock Holmes would have driven his cab. If Dickens brought in a man merely to carry a letter, he had time for a touch or two, and made him a giant. Dickens not only conquered the world, he conquered it with minor characters. Mr. John Smauker, the servant of Mr. Cyrus Bantam, though he merely passes across the stage, is almost as vivid to us as Mr. Samuel Weller, the servant of Mr. Samuel Pickwick. The young man with the lumpy forehead, who only says "Esker" to Mr. Podsnap's foreign gentleman, is as good as Mr. Podsnap himself. They appear only for a fragment of time, but they belong to eternity. We have them only for an instant, but they have us forever.

In dealing with Dickens, then, we are dealing with a man whose public success was a marvel and almost a monstrosity. And here I perceive that my friend, the purely artistic critic, primed with Flaubert and Turgeniev, can contain himself no longer. He leaps to his feet, upsetting his cup of cocoa, and asks contemptuously what all this has to do with criticism. "Why begin your study of an author," he says, "with trash about popularity? Boothby is popular, and Le Queux is popular, and Mother Siegel is popular. If Dickens was even more popular, it may only mean that Dickens was even worse. The people like bad literature. If your object is to show that Dickens was good literature, you should rather apologize for his popularity, and try to explain it away. You should seek to show that Dickens's work was good literature, although it was popular. Yes, that is your task, to prove that Dickens was admirable, although he was admired!"

I ask the artistic critic to be patient for a little and to believe that I have a serious reason for registering this historic

popularity. To that we shall come presently. But as a manner of approach I may perhaps ask leave to examine this actual and fashionable statement, to which I have supposed him to have recourse — the statement that the people like bad literature, and even like literature because it is bad. This way of stating the thing is an error, and in that error lies matter of much import to Dickens and his destiny in letters. The public does not like bad literature. The public likes a certain kind of literature and likes that kind of literature even when it is bad better than another kind of literature even when it is good. Nor is this unreasonable; for the line between different types of literature is as real as the line between tears and laughter; and to tell people who can only get bad comedy that you have some first-class tragedy is as irrational as to offer a man who is shivering over weak warm coffee a really superior sort of ice.

Ordinary people dislike the delicate modern work, not because it is good or because it is bad, but because it is not the thing that they asked for. If, for instance, you find them pent in sterile streets and hungering for adventure and a violent secrecy, and if you then give them their choice between "A Study in Scarlet," a good detective story, and "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford," a good psychological monologue, no doubt they will prefer "A Study in Scarlet." But they will not do so because "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford" is a very good monologue, but because it is evidently a very poor detective story. They will be indifferent to "Les Aveugles," not because it is good drama, but because it is bad melodrama. They do not like good introspective sonnets; but neither do they like bad introspective sonnets, of which there are many. When they walk behind the brass of the Salvation Army band, instead of listening to harmonies at Queen's Hall, it is always assumed that they prefer bad music. But it may be merely that they prefer military music, music marching down the open street, and that if Dan Godfrey's band could be smitten with salvation and lead them, they would like that even better. And while they might easily get more satisfaction out of a screaming article in *The War Cry* than out of a page of Emerson about the Oversoul, this would

not be because the page of Emerson is another and superior kind of literature. It would be because the page of Emerson is another (and inferior) kind of religion.

Dickens stands first as a defiant monument of what happens when a great literary genius has a literary taste akin to that of the community. For this kinship was deep and spiritual. Dickens was not like our ordinary demagogues and journalists. Dickens did not write what the people wanted. Dickens wanted what the people wanted. And with this was connected that other fact which must never be forgotten, and which I have more than once insisted on, that Dickens and his school had a hilarious faith in democracy and thought of the service of it as a sacred priesthood. Hence there was this vital point in his popularism, that there was no condescension in it. The belief that the rabble will only read rubbish can be read between the lines of all our contemporary writers, even of those writers whose rubbish the rabble reads. Mr. Fergus Hume has no more respect for the populace than Mr. George Moore. The only difference lies between those writers who will consent to talk down to the people, and those writers who will not consent to talk down to the people. But Dickens never talked down to the people. He talked up to the people. He approached the people like a deity and poured out his riches and his blood. This is what makes the immortal bond between him and the masses of men. He had not merely produced something they could understand, but he took it seriously, and toiled and agonized to produce it. They were not only enjoying one of the best writers, they were enjoying the best he could do. His raging and sleepless nights, his wild walks in the darkness, his note-books crowded, his nerves in rags, all this extraordinary output was but a fit sacrifice to the ordinary man. He climbed towards the lower classes. He panted upwards on weary wings to reach the heaven of the poor.

His power, then, lay in the fact that he expressed with an energy and brilliancy quite uncommon the things close to the common mind. But with this mere phrase, the common mind, we collide with a current error. Commonness and the common mind are now generally spoken of as meaning in some

manner inferiority and the inferior mind,—the mind of the mere mob. But the common mind means the mind of all the artists and heroes; or else it would not be common. Plato had the common mind; Dante had the common mind; or that mind was not common. Commonness means the quality common to the saint and the sinner, to the philosopher and the fool; and it was this that Dickens grasped and developed. In everybody there is a certain thing that loves babies, that fears death, that likes sunlight: that thing enjoys Dickens. And everybody does not mean uneducated crowds; everybody means everybody: everybody means Mrs. Meynell. This lady, a cloistered and fastidious writer, has written one of the best eulogies of Dickens that exist, an essay in praise of his pungent perfection of epithet. And when I say that everybody understands Dickens I do not mean that he is suited to the untaught intelligence. I mean that he is so plain that even scholars can understand him.

The best expression of the fact, however, is to be found in noting the two things in which he is most triumphant. In order of artistic value, next after his humor, comes his horror. And both his humor and his horror are of a kind strictly to be called human; that is, they belong to the basic part of us, below the lowest roots of our variety. His horror, for instance, is a healthy churchyard horror, a fear of the grotesque defamation called death; and this every man has, even if he also has the more delicate and depraved fears that come of an evil spiritual outlook. We may be afraid of a fine shade with Henry James; that is, we may be afraid of the world. We may be afraid of a taut silence with Maeterlinck; that is, we may be afraid of our own souls. But every one will certainly be afraid of a Cock Lane Ghost, including Henry James and Maeterlinck. This latter is literally a mortal fear, a fear of death; it is not the immortal fear, or fear of damnation, which belongs to all the more refined intellects of our day. In a word, Dickens does, in the exact sense, make the flesh creep; he does not, like the decadents, make the soul crawl. And the creeping of the flesh on being reminded of its fleshly failure is a strictly universal thing which we can all feel, while some of us are as yet uninstructed in the art of spiritual crawl-

ing. In the same way the Dickens mirth is a part of man and universal. All men can laugh at broad humor, even thesubtle humorists. Even the modern *flâneur*, who can smile at a particular combination of green and yellow, would laugh at Mr. Lammle's request for Mr. Fledgeby's nose. In a word — the common things are common — even to the uncommon people.

These two primary dispositions of Dickens, to make the flesh creep and to make the sides ache, were a sort of twins of his spirit; they were never far apart, and the fact of their affinity is interestingly exhibited in the first two novels.

Generally he mixed the two up in a book and mixed a great many other things with them. As a rule he cared little if he kept six stories of quite different colors running in the same book. The effect was sometimes similar to that of playing six tunes at once. He does not mind the coarse tragic figure of Jonas Chuzzlewit crossing the mental stage which is full of the allegorical pantomime of Eden, Mr. Chollop and the *Watertoast Gazette*, a scene which is as much of a satire as "Gulliver," and nearly as much of a fairy tale. He does not mind binding up a rather pompous sketch of prostitution in the same book with an adorable impossibility like Bunsby. But "Pickwick" is so far a coherent thing that it is coherently comic and consistently rambling. And as a consequence his next book was, upon the whole, coherently and consistently horrible. As his natural turn for terrors was kept down in "Pickwick," so his natural turn for joy and laughter is kept down in "Oliver Twist." In "Oliver Twist" the smoke of the thieves' kitchen hangs over the whole tale, and the shadow of Fagin falls everywhere. The little lamp-lit rooms of Mr. Brownlow and Rose Maylie are to all appearance purposely kept subordinate, a mere foil to the foul darkness without. It was a strange and appropriate accident that Cruikshank and not "Phiz" should have illustrated this book. There was about Cruikshank's art a kind of cramped energy which is almost the definition of the criminal mind. His drawings have a dark strength: yet he does not only draw morbidly, he draws meanly. In the doubled-up figure and frightful eyes of Fagin in the condemned cell there is not only a baseness of

subject; there is a kind of baseness in the very technique of it. It is not drawn with the free lines of a free man; it has the half-witted secrecies of a hunted thief. It does not look merely like a picture of Fagin; it looks like a picture by Fagin. Among these dark and detestable plates there is one which has, with a kind of black directness, the dreadful poetry that does inhere in the story, stumbling as it often is. It represents Oliver asleep at an open window in the house of one of his humaner patrons. And outside the window, but as big and close as if they were in the room, stand Fagin and the foul-faced Monk, staring at him with dark, monstrous visages and great white, wicked eyes, in the style of the simple devilry of the draughtsman. The very *naïveté* of the horror is horrifying: the very woodenness of the two wicked men seems to make them worse than mere men who are wicked. But this picture of big devils at the window-sill does express, as has been suggested above, the thread of poetry in the whole thing; the sense, that is, of the thieves as a kind of army of devils compassing earth and sky crying for Oliver's soul and besieging the house in which he is barred for safety. In this matter there is, I think, a difference between the author and the illustrator. In Cruikshank there was surely something morbid; but, sensitive and sentimental as Dickens was, there was nothing morbid in him. He had, as Stevenson had, more of the mere boy's love of suffocating stories of blood and darkness; of skulls, of gibbets, of all the things, in a word, that are somber without being sad. There is a ghastly joy in remembering our boyish reading about Sikes and his flight; especially about the voice of that unbearable peddler which went on in a monotonous and maddening singsong, "will wash out grease-stains, mud-stains, blood-stains," until Sikes fled almost screaming. For this boyish mixture of appetite and repugnance there is a good popular phrase, "supping on horrors." Dickens supped on horrors as he supped on Christmas pudding. He supped on horrors because he was an optimist and could sup on anything. There was no saner or simpler schoolboy than Traddles, who covered all his books with skeletons.

"Oliver Twist" had begun in Bentley's *Miscellany*, which Dickens edited in 1837. It was interrupted by a blow that

for the moment broke the author's spirit and seemed to have broken his heart. His wife's sister, Mary Hogarth, died suddenly. To Dickens his wife's family seems to have been like his own; his affections were heavily committed to the sisters, and of this one he was peculiarly fond. All his life, through much conceit and sometimes something bordering on selfishness, we can feel the redeeming note of an almost tragic tenderness; he was a man who could really have died of love or sorrow. He took up the work of "Oliver Twist" again later in the year, and finished it at the end of 1838. His work was incessant and almost bewildering. In 1838 he had already brought out the first number of "Nicholas Nickleby." But the great popularity went booming on; the whole world was roaring for books by Dickens, and more books by Dickens, and Dickens was laboring night and day like a factory. Among other things he edited the "Memoirs of Grimaldi." The incident is only worth mentioning for the sake of one more example of the silly ease with which Dickens was drawn by criticism and the clever ease with which he managed, in these small squabbles, to defend himself. Somebody mildly suggested that, after all, Dickens had never known Grimaldi. Dickens was down on him like a thunderbolt, sardonically asking how close an intimacy Lord Braybrooke had with Mr. Samuel Pepys.

"Nicholas Nickleby" is the most typical perhaps of the tone of his earlier works. It is in form a very rambling, old-fashioned romance, the kind of romance in which the hero is only a convenience for the frustration of the villain. Nicholas is what is called in theatricals a stick. But any stick is good enough to beat a Squeers with. That strong thwack, that simplified energy, is the whole object of such a story; and the whole of this tale is full of a kind of highly picturesque platitude. The wicked aristocrats, Sir Mulberry Hawk, Lord Verisopht, and the rest are inadequate versions of the fashionable profligate. But this is not (as some suppose) because Dickens in his vulgarity could not comprehend the refinement of patrician vice. There is no idea more vulgar or more ignorant than the notion that a gentleman is generally what is called refined. The error of the Hawk conception is that,

if anything, he is too refined. Real aristocratic blackguards do not swagger and rant so well. A real fast baronet would not have defied Nicholas in the tavern with so much oratorical dignity. A real fast baronet would probably have been choked with apoplectic embarrassment and said nothing at all. But Dickens read into this aristocracy a grandiloquence and a natural poetry which, like all melodrama, is really the precious jewel of the poor.

But the book contains something which is much more Dickensian. It is exquisitely characteristic of Dickens that the truly great achievement of the story is the person who delays the story. Mrs. Nickleby, with her beautiful mazes of memory, does her best to prevent the story of Nicholas Nickleby from being told. And she does well. There is no particular necessity that we should know what happens to Madeline Bray. There is a desperate and crying necessity that we should know that Mrs. Nickleby once had a foot-boy who had a wart on his nose and a driver who had a green shade over his left eye. If Mrs. Nickleby is a fool, she is one of those fools who are wiser than the world. She stands for a great truth which we must not forget; the truth that experience is not in real life a saddening thing at all. The people who have had misfortunes are generally the people who love to talk about them. Experience is really one of the gaieties of old age, one of its dissipations. Mere memory becomes a kind of debauch. Experience may be disheartening to those who are foolish enough to try to coördinate it and to draw deductions from it. But to those happy souls, like Mrs. Nickleby, to whom relevancy is nothing, the whole of their past life is like an inexhaustible fairyland. Just as we take a rambling walk because we know that a whole district is beautiful, so they indulge a rambling mind because they know that a whole existence is interesting. A boy does not plunge into his future more romantically and at random than they plunge into their past.

Another gleam in the book is Mr. Mantalini. Of him, as of all the really great comic characters of Dickens, it is impossible to speak with any critical adequacy. Perfect absurdity is a direct thing, like physical pain, or a strong smell. A joke

is a fact. However indefensible it is, it cannot be attacked. However defensible it is, it cannot be defended. That Mr. Mantalini should say in praising the "outline" of his wife, "The two Countesses had no outlines, and the Dowager's was a demd outline," — this can only be called an unanswerable absurdity. You may try to analyze it, as Charles Lamb did the indefensible joke about the hare; you may dwell for a moment on the dark distinctions between the negative disqualification of the Countess and the positive disqualification of the Dowager, but you will not capture the violent beauty of it in any way. "She will be a lovely widow. I shall be a body. Some handsome women will cry; she will laugh demnebly." This vision of demoniac heartlessness has the same defiant finality. I mention the matter here, but it has to be remembered in connection with all the comic masterpieces of Dickens. Dickens has greatly suffered with the critics precisely through this stunning simplicity in his best work. The critic is called upon to describe his sensations while enjoying Mantalini and Micawber, and he can no more describe them than he can describe a blow in the face. Thus Dickens, in this self-conscious, analytical and descriptive age, loses both ways. He is doubly unfitted for the best modern criticism. His bad work is below that criticism. His good work is above it.

But gigantic as were Dickens's labors, gigantic as were the exactions from him, his own plans were more gigantic still. He had the type of mind that wishes to do every kind of work at once; to do everybody's work as well as its own. There floated before him a vision of a monstrous magazine, entirely written by himself. It is true that when this scheme came to be discussed, he suggested that other pens might be occasionally employed; but, reading between the lines, it is sufficiently evident that he thought of the thing as a kind of vast multiplication of himself, with Dickens as editor opening letters, Dickens as leader-writer writing leaders, Dickens as reporter reporting meetings, Dickens as reviewer reviewing books, Dickens, for all I know, as office-boy opening and shutting doors. This serial, of which he spoke to Messrs. Chapman and Hall, began and broke off and remains as a colossal fragment bound

together under the title of "Master Humphrey's Clock." One characteristic thing he wished to have in the periodical. He suggested an Arabian Nights of London, in which Gog and Magog, the giants of the city, should give forth chronicles as enormous as themselves. He had a taste for these schemes or frameworks for many tales. He made and abandoned many; many he half fulfilled. I strongly suspect that he meant Major Jackman, in "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings" and "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy," to start a series of studies of that lady's lodgers, a kind of history of No. 81, Norfolk Street, Strand. "The Seven Poor Travellers" was planned for seven stories; we will not say seven poor stories. Dickens had meant, probably, to write a tale for each article of "Somebody's Luggage": he only got as far as the hat and the boots. This gigantesque scale of literary architecture, huge and yet curiously cozy, is characteristic of his spirit, fond of size and yet fond of comfort. He liked to have story within story, like room within room, of some labyrinthine but comfortable castle. In this spirit he wished "Master Humphrey's Clock" to begin, and to be a big frame or bookcase for numberless novels. The clock started; but the clock stopped.

In the prologue by Master Humphrey reappear Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller, and of that resurrection many things have been said, chiefly expressions of a reasonable regret. Doubtless they do not add much to their author's reputation, but they add a great deal to their author's pleasure. It was ingrained in him to wish to meet old friends. All his characters are, so to speak, designed to be old friends; in a sense every Dickens character is an old friend, even when he first appears. He comes to us mellow out of many implied interviews, and carries the firelight on his face. Dickens was simply pleased to meet Pickwick again, and being pleased, he made the old man too comfortable to be amusing.

But "Master Humphrey's Clock" is now scarcely known except as the shell of one of the well-known novels. "The Old Curiosity Shop" was published in accordance with the original "Clock" scheme. Perhaps the most typical thing about it is the title. There seems no reason in particular, at the first and most literal glance, why the story should be

called after the Old Curiosity Shop. Only two of the characters have anything to do with such a shop, and they leave it forever in the first few pages. It is as if Thackeray had called the whole novel of "Vanity Fair" "Miss Pinkerton's Academy." It is as if Scott had given the whole story of "The Antiquary" the title of "The Hawes Inn." But when we feel the situation with more fidelity we realize that this title is something in the nature of a key to the whole Dickens romance. His tales always started from some splendid hint in the streets. And shops, perhaps the most poetical of all things, often set off his fancy galloping. Every shop, in fact, was to him the door of romance. Among all the huge serial schemes of which we have spoken, it is a matter of wonder that he never started an endless periodical called "The Street," and divided it into shops. He could have written an exquisite romance called "The Baker's Shop"; another called "The Chemist's Shop"; another called "The Oil Shop," to keep company with "The Old Curiosity Shop." Some incomparable baker he invented and forgot. Some gorgeous chemist might have been. Some more than mortal oil-man is lost to us forever. This Old Curiosity Shop he did happen to linger by: its tale he did happen to tell.

Around "Little Nell," of course, a controversy raged and rages; some implored Dickens not to kill her at the end of the story: some regret that he did not kill her at the beginning. To me the chief interest in this young person lies in the fact that she is an example, and the most celebrated example, of what must have been, I think, a personal peculiarity, perhaps a personal experience, of Dickens. There is, of course, no paradox at all in saying that if we find in a good book a wildly impossible character, it is very probable indeed that it was copied from a real person. This is one of the commonplaces of good art criticism. For although people talk of the restraints of fact and the freedom of fiction, the case for most artistic purposes is quite the other way. Nature is as free as air: art is forced to look probable. There may be a million things that do happen, and yet only one thing that convinces us as likely to happen. Out of a million possible things there may be only one appropriate thing. I fancy, therefore, that many

stiff, unconvincing characters are copied from the wild freak-show of real life. And in many parts of Dickens's work there is evidence of some peculiar affection on his part for a strange sort of little girl; a little girl with a premature sense of responsibility and duty; a sort of saintly precocity. Did he know some little girl of this kind? Did she die, perhaps, and remain in his memory in colors too ethereal and pale? In any case there are a great number of them in his works. Little Dorrit was one of them, and Florence Dombey with her brother, and even Agnes in infancy; and, of course, Little Nell. And, in any case, one thing is evident; whatever charm these children may have, they have not the charm of childhood. They are not little children: they are "little mothers." The beauty and divinity in a child lie in his not being worried, not being conscientious, not being like Little Nell. Little Nell has never any of the sacred bewilderment of a baby. She never wears that face, beautiful but almost half-witted, with which a real child half understands that there is evil in the universe.

As usual, however, little as the story has to do with the title, the splendid and satisfying pages have even less to do with the story. Dick Swiveller is perhaps the noblest of all the noble creations of Dickens. He has all the overwhelming absurdity of Mantalini, with the addition of being human and credible, for he knows he is absurd. His highfalutin is not done because he seriously thinks it right and proper, like that of Mr. Snodgrass, nor is it done because he thinks it will serve his turn, like that of Mr. Pecksniff, for both these beliefs are improbable; it is done because he really loves highfalutin, because he has a lonely literary pleasure in exaggerative language. Great draughts of words are to him like great draughts of wine — pungent and yet refreshing, light and yet leaving him in a glow. In unerring instinct for the perfect folly of a phrase he has no equal, even among the giants of Dickens. "I am sure," says Miss Wackles, when she had been flirting with Cheggs, the market-gardener, and reduced Mr. Swiveller to Byronic renunciation, "I am sure I'm very sorry if —" "Sorry," said Mr. Swiveller, "sorry in the possession of a Cheggs!" The abyss of bitterness is unfath-

omable. Scarcely less precious is the pose of Mr. Swiveller when he imitates the stage brigand. After crying, "Some wine here! Ho!" he hands the flagon to himself with profound humility, and receives it haughtily. Perhaps the very best scene in the book is that between Mr. Swiveller and the single gentleman with whom he endeavors to remonstrate for having remained in bed all day: "We cannot have single gentlemen coming into the place and sleeping like double gentlemen without paying extra. . . . An equal amount of slumber was never got out of one bed, and if you want to sleep like that you must pay for a double-bedded room." His relations with the Marchioness are at once purely romantic and purely genuine; there is nothing even of Dickens's legitimate exaggerations about them. A shabby, larky, good-natured clerk would, as a matter of fact, spend hours in the society of a little servant girl if he found her about the house. It would arise partly from a dim kindliness, and partly from that mysterious instinct which is sometimes called, mistakenly, a love of low company — that mysterious instinct which makes so many men of pleasure find something soothing in the society of uneducated people, particularly uneducated women. It is the instinct which accounts for the otherwise unaccountable popularity of barmaids.

And still the pot of that huge popularity boiled. In 1841 another novel was demanded, and "Barnaby Rudge" supplied. It is chiefly of interest as an embodiment of that other element in Dickens, the picturesque or even the pictorial. Barnaby Rudge, the idiot with his rags and his feathers and his raven, the bestial hangman, the blind mob — all make a picture, though they hardly make a novel. One touch there is in it of the richer and more humorous Dickens, the boy-conspirator, Mr. Sim Tappertit. But he might have been treated with more sympathy — with as much sympathy, for instance, as Mr. Dick Swiveller; for he is only the romantic guttersnipe, the bright boy at the particular age when it is most fascinating to found a secret society and most difficult to keep a secret. And if ever there was a romantic guttersnipe on earth it was Charles Dickens. "Barnaby Rudge" is no more an historical novel than Sim's secret league was a political movement; but

they are both beautiful creations. When all is said, however, the main reason for mentioning the work here is that it is the next bubble in the pot, the next thing that burst out of that whirling, seething head. The tide of it rose and smoked and sang till it boiled over the pot of Britain and poured over all America. In the January of 1842 he set out for the United States.

A NOTE ON THE FUTURE OF DICKENS

The hardest thing to remember about our own time, of course, is simply that it is a time; we all instinctively think of it as the Day of Judgment. But all the things in it which belong to it merely as this time will probably be rapidly turned upside down; all the things that can pass will pass. It is not merely true that all old things are already dead; it is also true that all new things are already dead; for the only undying things are the things that are neither new nor old. The more you are up with this year's fashion, the more (in a sense) you are already behind next year's. Consequently, in attempting to decide whether an author will, as it is cantly expressed, live, it is necessary to have very firm convictions about what part, if any part, of man is unchangeable. And it is very hard to have this if you have not a religion or, at least, a dogmatic philosophy.

The equality of men needs preaching quite as much as regards the ages, as regards the classes of men. To feel infinitely superior to a man in the twelfth century is just precisely as snobbish as to feel infinitely superior to a man in the Old Kent Road. There are differences between the man and us, there may be superiorities in us over the man; but our sin in both cases consists in thinking of the small things wherein we differ when we ought to be confounded and intoxicated by the terrible and joyful matters in which we are at one. But here again the difficulty always is that the things near us seem larger than they are, and so seem to be a permanent part of mankind, when they may really be only one of its parting modes of expression. Few people, for instance, realize that a time may easily come when we shall see the great outburst of Science in the nineteenth century as something quite as splen-

did, brief, unique, and ultimately abandoned, as the outburst of Art at the Renascence. Few people realize that the general habit of fiction, of telling tales in prose, may fade, like the general habit of the ballad, of telling tales in verse, has for the time faded. Few people realize that reading and writing are only arbitrary, and perhaps temporary sciences, like heraldry.

The immortal mind will remain, and by that writers like Dickens will be securely judged. That Dickens will have a high place in permanent literature there is, I imagine, no prig surviving to deny. But though all prediction is in the dark, I would devote this chapter to suggesting that his place in nineteenth-century England will not only be high, but altogether the highest. At a certain period of his contemporary fame, an average Englishman would have said that there were at that moment in England about five or six able and equal novelists. He could have made a list, Dickens, Bulwer Lytton, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, perhaps more. Forty years or more have passed, and some of them have slipped to a lower place. Some would now say that the highest platform is left to Thackeray and Dickens; some to Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot; some to Dickens, Thackeray, and Charlotte Brontë. I venture to offer the proposition that when more years have passed and more weeding has been effected, Dickens will dominate the whole England of the nineteenth century; he will be left on that platform alone.

I know that this is an almost impertinent thing to assert, and that its tendency is to bring in those disparaging discussions of other writers in which Mr. Swinburne brilliantly embroiled himself in his suggestive study of Dickens. But my disparagement of the other English Novelists is wholly relative and not in the least positive. It is certain that men will always return to such a writer as Thackeray, with his rich emotional autumn, his feeling that life is a sad but sacred retrospect, in which at least we should forget nothing. It is not likely that wise men will forget him. So, for instance, wise and scholarly men do from time to time return to the lyrists of the French Renascence, to the delicate poignancy of

Du Bellay; so they will go back to Thackeray. But I mean that Dickens will bestride and dominate our time as the vast figure of Rabelais dominates Du Bellay, dominates the Renascence and the world.

Let me put a negative reason first. The particular things for which Dickens is condemned (and justly condemned) by his critics are precisely those things which have never prevented a man from being immortal. The chief of them is the unquestionable fact that he wrote an enormous amount of bad work. This does lead to a man being put below his place in his own time: it does not affect his permanent place, to all appearance, at all. Shakespeare, for instance, and Wordsworth wrote not only an enormous amount of bad work, but an enormous amount of enormously bad work. Humanity edits such writers' works for them. Virgil was mistaken in cutting out his inferior lines; we would have undertaken the job. Moreover, in the particular case of Dickens there are special reasons for regarding his bad work as in some sense irrelevant. So much of it was written, as I have previously suggested, under a kind of general ambition that had nothing to do with his special genius; an ambition to be a public provider of everything, a warehouse of all human emotions. He held a kind of literary day of judgment. He distributed bad characters as punishments and good characters as rewards. My meaning can be best conveyed by one instance out of many. The character of the kind old Jew in "Our Mutual Friend" (a needless and unconvincing character) was actually introduced because some Jewish correspondent complains that the bad old Jew in "Oliver Twist" conveyed the suggestion that all Jews were bad. The principle is so light-headedly absurd that it is hard to imagine any literary man submitting to it for an instant. If ever he invented a bad auctioneer, he must immediately balance him with a good auctioneer; if he should have conceived an unkind philanthropist, he must on the spot, with whatever natural agony and toil, imagine a kind philanthropist. The complaint is frantic; yet Dickens, who tore people in pieces for much fairer complaints, liked this complaint of his Jewish correspondent. It pleased him to be mistaken for a public arbiter: it pleased him to be asked

(in a double sense) to judge Israel. All this is so much another thing, a non-literary vanity, that there is much less difficulty than usual in separating it from his serious genius: and by his serious genius, I need hardly say, I mean his comic genius. Such irrelevant ambitions as this are easily passed over, like the sonnets of great statesmen. We feel that such things can be set aside, as the ignorant experiments of men otherwise great, like the politics of Professor Tyndall or the philosophy of Professor Haeckel. Hence, I think, posterity will not care that Dickens has done bad work, but will know that he has done good.

Again, the other chief accusation against Dickens was that his characters and their actions were exaggerated and impossible. But this only meant that they were exaggerated and impossible as compared with the modern world and with certain writers (like Thackeray or Trollope) who were making a very exact copy of the manners of the modern world. Some people, oddly enough, have suggested that Dickens has suffered or will suffer from the change of manners. Surely this is irrational. It is not the creators of the impossible who will suffer from the process of time: Mr. Bunsby can never be any more impossible than he was when Dickens made him. The writers who will obviously suffer from time will be the careful and realistic writers, — the writers who have observed every detail of the fashion of this world which passeth away. It is surely obvious that there is nothing so fragile as a fact, that a fact flies away quicker than a fancy. A fancy will endure for two thousand years. For instance, we all have fancy for an entirely fearless man, a hero: and the Achilles of Homer still remains. But exactly the thing we do not know about Achilles is how far he was possible. The realistic narrators of the time are all forgotten (thank God), so we cannot tell whether Homer slightly exaggerated or wildly exaggerated or did not exaggerate at all the personal activity of a Mycenæan captain in battle: for the fancy has survived the facts. So the fancy of Podsnap may survive the facts of English commerce: and no one will know whether Podsnap was possible, but only know that he is desirable, like Achilles.

The positive argument for the permanence of Dickens comes

back to the thing that can only be stated and cannot be discussed: creation. He made things which nobody else could possibly make. He made Dick Swiveller in a very different sense from that in which Thackeray made Colonel Newcome. Thackeray's creation was observation: Dickens's was poetry, and is therefore permanent. But there is one other test that can be added. The immortal writer, I conceive, is commonly he who does something universal in a special manner. I mean that he does something interesting to all men in a way in which only one man or one land can do. Other men in that land, who do only what other men in other lands are doing as well, tend to have a great reputation in their day and to sink slowly into a second or a third or a fourth place. A parallel from war will make the point clearer. I cannot think that any one will doubt that, although Wellington and Nelson were always bracketed, Nelson will steadily become more important and Wellington less. For the fame of Wellington rests upon the fact that he was a good soldier in the service of England, exactly as twenty similar men were good soldiers in the service of Austria or Prussia or France. But Nelson is the symbol of a special mode of attack, which is at once universal and yet specially English, the sea. Now Dickens is at once as universal as the sea and as English as Nelson. Thackeray and George Eliot and the other great figures of that great England were comparable to Wellington in this, that the kind of thing they were doing—realism, the acute study of intellectual things—numerous men in France, Germany, and Italy were doing as well or better than they. But Dickens was really doing something universal, yet something that no one but an Englishman could do. This is attested by the fact that he and Byron are the men who, like pinnacles, strike the eye of the continent. The points would take long to study: yet they may take only a moment to indicate. No one but an Englishman could have filled his books at once with a furious caricature and with a positively furious kindness. In more central countries, full of cruel memories of political change, caricature is always inhumane. No one but an Englishman could have described the democracy as consisting of free men, but yet of funny men. In other countries where the democratic issue has been more

bitterly fought, it is felt that unless you describe a man as dignified you are describing him as a slave. This is the only final greatness of a man; that he does for all the world what all the world cannot do for itself. Dickens, I believe, did it.

The hour of absinthe is over. We shall not be much further troubled with the little artists who found Dickens too sane for their sorrows and too clean for their delights. But we have a long way to travel before we get back to what Dickens meant: and the passage is along a rambling English road, a twisting road such as Mr. Pickwick traveled. But this at least is part of what he meant; that comradeship and serious joy are not interludes in our travel; but that rather our travels are interludes in comradeship and joy, which through God shall endure forever. The inn does not point to the road; the road points to the inn. And all roads point at last to an ultimate inn, where we shall meet Dickens and all his characters: and when we drink again it shall be from the great flagons in the tavern at the end of the world.

RUFUS CHOATE

Rufus Choate. Born at Ipswich, Massachusetts, October 1, 1799; died at Halifax, Nova Scotia, July 13, 1859. He was the successor of Daniel Webster in the United States Senate. He was one of the most eminent of orators, and a unique figure in American life. If a brilliant imagination, worthy of an Oriental poet, served him well as a leader at the bar, he was also the most logical of reasoners. His keen wit was balanced by moral reverence for that which is highest and holiest. His published works are of permanent interest in our literature.

DANIEL WEBSTER

It would be a strange neglect of a beautiful and approved custom of the schools of learning, and of one of the most pious and appropriate of the offices of literature, if the college in which the intellectual life of Daniel Webster began, and to which his name imparts charm and illustration, should give no formal expression to her grief in the common sorrow; if she should not draw near, of the most sad, in the procession of the bereaved, to the tomb at the sea, nor find, in all her classic

shades, one affectionate and grateful leaf to set in the garland with which they have bound the brow of her child, the mightiest departed. Others mourn and praise him by his more distant and more general titles to fame and remembrance; his supremacy of intellect, his statesmanship of so many years, his eloquence of reason and of the heart, his love of country incorruptible, conscientious, and ruling every hour and act; that greatness combined of genius, of character, of manner, of place, of achievement, which was just now among us, and is not, and yet lives still and evermore. You come, his cherishing mother, to own a closer tie, to indulge an emotion more personal and more fond, — grief and exultation contending for mastery, as in the bosom of the desolated parent, whose tears could not hinder him from exclaiming, "I would not exchange my dead son for any living one of Christendom."

Many places in our American world have spoken his eulogy. To all places the service was befitting, for "his renown, is it not of the treasures of the whole country?" To some it belonged, with a strong local propriety, to discharge it. In the halls of Congress, where the majestic form seems ever to stand and the deep tones to linger, the decorated scene of his larger labors and most diffusive glory; in the courts of law, to whose gladsome light he loved to return, — putting on again the robes of that profession ancient as magistracy, noble as virtue, necessary as justice, — in which he found the beginning of his honors; in Faneuil Hall, whose air breathes and burns of him; in the commercial cities, to whose pursuits his diplomacy secured a peaceful sea; in the cities of the inland, around whom his capacious public affections, and wise discernment, aimed ever to develop the uncounted resources of that other, and that larger, and that newer America; in the pulpit, whose place among the higher influences which exalt a state, our guide in life, our consolation in death, he appreciated profoundly, and vindicated by weightiest argument and testimony, of whose offices, it is among the fittest, to mark and point the moral of the great things of the world, the excellency of dignity, and the excellency of power passing away as the pride of the wave, — passing from our eye to take on immortality; in these places, and such as these, there seemed a

reason beyond, and other, than the universal calamity, for such honors of the grave. But if so, how fit a place is this for such a service! We are among the scenes where the youth of Webster awoke first, and fully, to the life of the mind. We stand, as it were, at the sources, physical, social, moral, intellectual, of that exceeding greatness. Some now here saw that youth; almost it was yours, *Nilum parvum videre.* Some, one of his instructors certainly, some possibly of his classmates, or nearest college friends, some of the books he read, some of the apartments in which he studied, are here. We can almost call up from their habitation in the past, or in the fancy, the whole spiritual circle which environed that time of his life; the opinions he had embraced; the theories of mind, of religion, of morals, of philosophy, to which he had surrendered himself; the canons of taste and criticism which he had accepted; the great authors whom he loved best; the trophies which began to disturb his sleep; the facts of history which he had learned, believed, and begun to interpret; the shapes of hope and fear in which imagination began to bring before him the good and evil of the future. Still the same outward world is around you, and above you. The sweet and solemn flow of the river gleaming through intervale here and there; margins and samples of the same old woods, but thinned and retiring; the same range of green hills yonder, tolerant of culture to the top, but shaded then by primeval forests, on whose crest the last rays of sunset lingered; the summit of Ascutney; the great northern light that never sets; the constellations that walk around, and watch the pole; the same nature, undecayed, unchanging, is here. Almost, the idolatries of the old paganism grow intelligible. "*Magnorum fluminum capita veneramur,*" exclaims Seneca. "*Subita et ex abrupto vasti amnis eruptio aras habet!*" We stand at the fountain of a stream; we stand rather at the place where a stream, sudden, and from hidden springs, bursts to light; and whence we can follow it along and down, as we might our own Connecticut, and trace its resplendent pathway to the sea; and we venerate, and would almost build altars here. If I may adapt the lofty language of one of the admirers of William Pitt, we come naturally to this place, as if we could thus

recall every circumstance of splendid preparation which contributed to fit the great man for the scene of his glory. We come, as if better here than elsewhere, "we could watch, fold by fold, the bracing on of his Vulcanian panoply, and observe with pleased anxiety the leading forth of that chariot which, borne on irresistible wheels, and drawn by steeds of immortal race, is to crush the necks of the mighty, and sweep away the serried strength of armies."

And therefore it were fitter that I should ask of you, than speak to you, concerning him. Little indeed anywhere can be added now to that wealth of eulogy that has been heaped upon his tomb. Before he died even, renowned in two hemispheres, in ours he seemed to be known with a universal nearness of knowledge. He walked so long and so conspicuously before the general eye; his actions, his opinions, on all things, which had been large enough to agitate the public mind for the last thirty years and more, had had importance and consequences so remarkable — anxiously waited for, passionately canvassed, not adopted always into the particular measure, or deciding the particular vote of government or the country, yet sinking deep into the reason of the people — a stream of influence whose fruits it is yet too soon for political philosophy to appreciate completely; an impression of his extraordinary intellectual endowments, and of their peculiar superiority in that most imposing and intelligible of all forms of manifestation, the moving of others' minds by speech — this impression had grown so universal and fixed, and it had kindled curiosity to hear him and read him, so wide and so largely indulged; his individuality altogether was so absolute and so pronounced, the force of will no less than the power of genius; the exact type and fashion of his mind, not less than its general magnitude, were so distinctly shown through his musical and transparent style; the exterior of the man, the grand mystery of brow and eye, the deep tones, the solemnity, the sovereignty, as of those who would build states, "where every power and every grace did seem to set its seal," had been made, by personal observation, by description, by the exaggeration even of those who had felt the spell, by art, the daguerreotype, and picture, and statue, so familiar to the American eye, graven on

the memory like the Washington of Stuart; the narrative of the mere incidents of his life had been so often told — by some so authentically, and with such skill — and had been so literally committed to heart, that when he died there seemed to be little left but to say when and how his change came; with what dignity, with what possession of himself, with what loving thought for others, with what gratitude to God, uttered with unfaltering voice, that it was appointed to him there to die; to say how thus, leaning on the rod and staff of the promise, he took his way into the great darkness undismayed, till death should be swallowed up of life; and then to relate how they laid him in that simple grave, and turning and pausing and joining their voices to the voices of the sea, bade him hail and farewell. . . .

His college life was brilliant and without a stain; and in moving his admission to the bar, Mr. Gore presented him as one of extraordinary promise.

> "With prospects bright, upon the world he came —
> Pure love of virtue, strong desire of fame;
> Men watched the way his lofty mind would take,
> And all foretold the progress he would make."

And yet, if on some day as that season was drawing to its close, it had been foretold to him, that before his life — prolonged to little more than three score years and ten — should end, he should see that country, in which he was coming to act his part, expanded across a continent; the thirteen states of 1801 multiplied to thirty-one; the territory of the Northwest and the great valley below sown full of those stars of empire; the Mississippi forded, and the Sabine, and Rio Grande, and the Nueces; the ponderous gates of the Rocky Mountains opened to shut no more; the great tranquil sea become our sea; her area seven times larger, her people five times more in number; that through all experiences of trial, the madness of party, the injustice of foreign powers, the vast enlargement of her borders, the antagonisms of interior interest and feeling — the spirit of nationality would grow stronger still and more plastic; that the tide of American feeling would run ever fuller; that her agriculture would grow more scientific; her arts more various and instructed, and better rewarded;

her commerce winged to a wider and still wider flight; that the part she would play in human affairs would grow nobler ever, and more recognized; that in this vast growth of national greatness time would be found for the higher necessities of the soul; that her popular and her higher education would go on advancing; that her charities and all her enterprises of philanthropy would go on enlarging; that her age of lettered glory should find its auspicious dawn — and then it had been also foretold him that even so, with her growth and strength, should his fame grow and be established and cherished, there where she should garner up her heart; that by long gradations of service and labor he should rise to be, before he should taste of death, of the peerless among her great ones; that he should win the double honor, and wear the double wreath of professional and public supremacy; that he should become her wisest to counsel and her most eloquent to persuade; that he should come to be called the Defender of the Constitution and the preserver of honorable peace; that the "austere glory of suffering" to save the Union, should be his; that his death, at the summit of greatness, on the verge of a ripe and venerable age, should be distinguished, less by the flags at half-mast on ocean and lake, less by the minute-gun, less by the public procession, and the appointed eulogy, than by sudden paleness overspreading all faces, by gushing tears, by sorrow, thoughtful, boding, silent, the sense of desolateness, as if renown and grace were dead — as if the hunter's path, and the sailor's in the great solitude of wilderness or sea, henceforward were more lonely and less safe than before — had this prediction been whispered, how calmly had that perfect sobriety of mind put it all aside as a pernicious or idle dream! Yet, in the fulfilment of that prediction is told the remaining story of his life. . . .

But it is time that this eulogy was spoken. My heart goes back into the coffin there with him, and I would pause. I went — it is a day or two since — alone, to see again the home which he so dearly loved, the chamber where he died, the grave in which they laid him — all habited as when

> "His look drew audience still as night,
> Or summer's noontide air,"

till the heavens be no more. Throughout that spacious and calm scene all things to the eye showed at first unchanged. The books in the library, the portraits, the table at which he wrote, the scientific culture of the land, the course of agricultural occupation, the coming in of harvests, fruit of the seed his own hand had scattered, the animals and implements of husbandry, the trees planted by him in lines, in copses, in orchards, by thousands, the seat under the noble elm on which he used to sit to feel the southwest wind at evening, or hear the breathings of the sea, or the not less audible music of the starry heavens, all seemed at first unchanged. The sun of a bright day, from which, however, something of the fervors of midsummer were wanting, fell temperately on them all, filled the air on all sides with the utterances of life, and gleamed on the long line of ocean. Some of those whom on earth he loved best, still were there. The great mind still seemed to preside; the great presence to be with you; you might expect to hear again the rich and playful tones of the voice of the old hospitality. Yet a moment more, and all the scene took on the aspect of one great monument, inscribed with his name, and sacred to his memory. And such it shall be in all the future of America! The sensation of desolateness, and loneliness, and darkness, with which you see it now, will pass away; the sharp grief of love and friendship will become soothed; men will repair thither as they are wont to commemorate the great days of history; the same glance shall take in, and the same emotions shall greet and bless the Harbor of the Pilgrims, and the Tomb of Webster.

A FURTHER TRIBUTE TO WEBSTER

THEY say he was ambitious! Yes, as Ames said of Hamilton, "there is no doubt that he desired glory; and that, feeling his own force, he longed to deck his brow with the wreath of immortality." But I believe he would have yielded his arm, his frame to be burned, before he would have sought to grasp the highest prize of earth by any means, by any organization, by any tactics, by any speech, which in the least degree endangered the harmony of the system.

They say, too, he loved New England! He did love New Hampshire — that old granite world — the crystal hills, gray and cloud-topped; the river, whose murmur lulled his cradle; the old hearthstone; the grave of father and mother. He loved Massachusetts, which adopted and honored him — that sounding sea-shore, that charmed elm-tree seat, that reclaimed farm, that choice herd, that smell of earth, that dear library, those dearer friends; but the "sphere of his duties was his true country." Dearly he loved you, for he was grateful for the open arms with which you welcomed the stranger and sent him onwards and upwards.

But when the crisis came, and the winds were let loose, and that sea of March "wrought and was tempestuous," then you saw that he knew even you only as you were, American citizens; then you saw him rise to the true nature and stature of American citizenship; then you read on his brow only what he thought of the whole Republic; then you saw him fold the robes of his habitual patriotism around him, and counsel for all — for all.

So, then, he served you — "to be pleased with his service was your affair, not his."

And now what would he do, what would he be if he were here to-day? I do not presume to know. But what a loss we have in him!

I have read that in some hard battle, when the tide was running against him, and his ranks were breaking, some one in the agony of a need of generalship exclaimed, "Oh for an hour of Dundee!" So say I, Oh for an hour of Webster now! Oh for one more roll of that thunder inimitable! One more peal of that clarion! One more grave and bold counsel of moderation! One more throb of American feeling! One more Farewell Address! And then might he ascend unhindered to the bosom of his Father and his God.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO. Born at Arpinum, Italy, January 3, 106 B.C. Put to death by order of Antony, December 7, 43 B.C. One of the foremost men of the old Roman world, and with the exception of Demosthenes the most eminent of ancient orators. He is known to all scholars by his famous orations, such as those "Against Catiline," "For the Manilian Law," and "In Defense of Milo"; his philosophic essays "On Friendship" and "On Old Age"; and his numerous charming and instructive letters to intimate friends.

(The following translation is taken from "Bohn's Libraries.")

ON OLD AGE

"O TITUS, if I shall have assisted you at all, or alleviated the anxiety which now fevers, and, fixed in your heart, distracts you, shall I have any reward?"

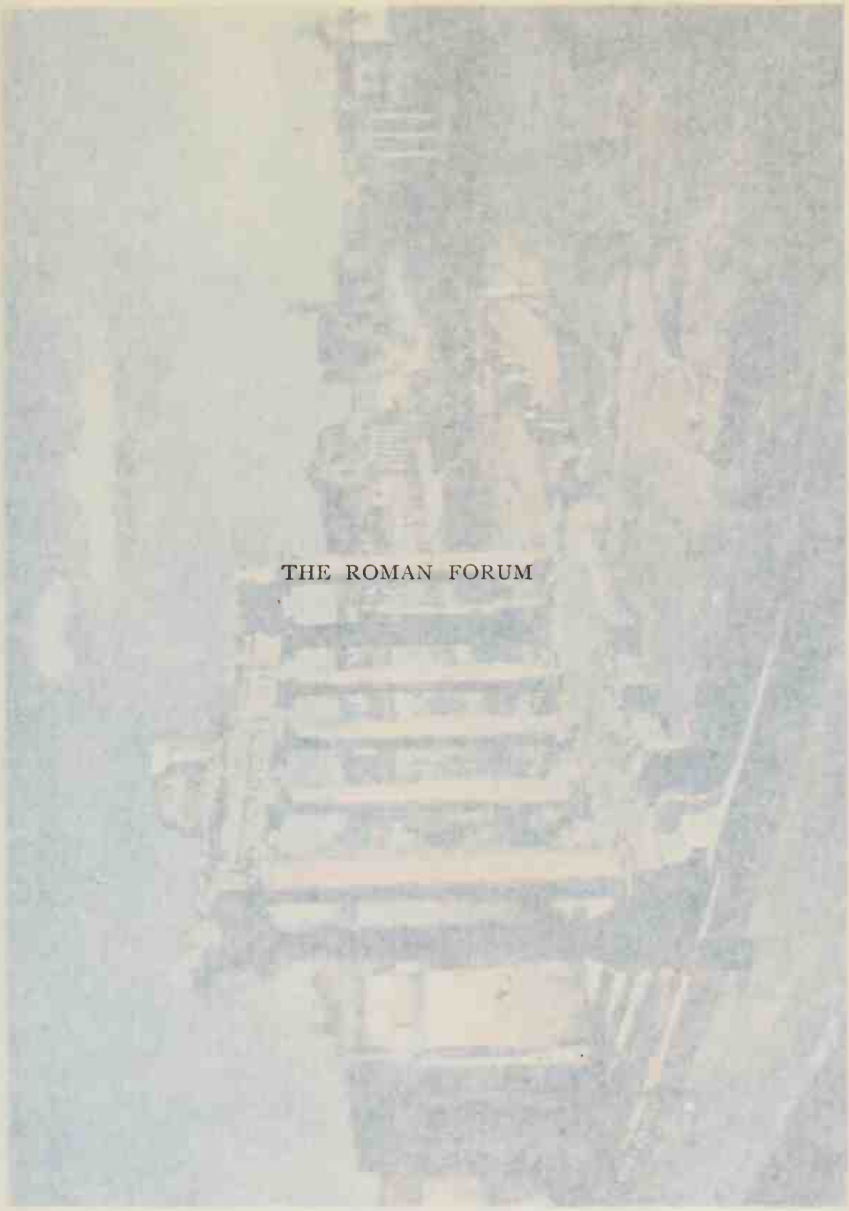
For I may address you, Atticus, in the same lines in which he addresses Flaminius:—

"That man, not of great property, but rich in integrity."

And yet I am very sure that not, as Flaminius,

"Are you, O Titus, so racked by anxiety night and day:"

for I know the regularity and even temperament of your mind; and I am well aware that you have derived not only your surname from Athens, but also refinement and wisdom: and yet I suspect that you are sometimes too deeply affected by the same causes by which I myself am; the consolation of which is of a higher kind, and requires to be put off to another occasion. But at present I have thought it good to write to you something on Old Age; for of this burden which I have in common with you of old age, either now weighing upon, or at any rate approaching us, I wish both you and myself to be relieved, although I am very sure that you indeed bear it, and will bear it, with



THE ROMAN FORUM

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"That man, not of great property, but rich in integrity."

And yet I am very sure that not, as Flaminius,

"Are you, O Titus, so racked by anxiety night and day:"

for I know the regularity and even temperament of your mind; and I am well aware that you have derived not only your surname from Athens, but also refinement and wisdom: and yet I suspect that you are sometimes too deeply affected by the same causes by which I myself am; the consolation of which is of a higher kind, and requires to be put off to another occasion. But at present I have thought it good to write to you something on Old Age; for of this burden which I have in common with you of old age, either now weighing upon, or at any rate approaching us, I wish both you and myself to be relieved, although I am very sure that you indeed bear it, and will bear it, with

temper and wisdom (as you do all things). But to my mind, when I was about to write an essay on old age, you occurred as worthy of a gift, which each of us might enjoy in common. For my part I have found the composition of this book so delightful, that it has not only wiped off all the annoyances of old age, but has rendered old age even easy and delightful. Never, therefore, can philosophy be praised in a manner sufficiently worthy, inasmuch as he who obeys philosophy is able to pass every period of life without irksomeness. But upon other subjects we both have discoursed much, and often shall discourse: this book, on the subject of old age, I have sent to you. And all the discourse we have assigned not to Tithonus, as Aristo the Chian did, lest there should be too little of authority in the tale; but to Marcus Cato, when an old man, that the discourse might carry with it the greater weight; at whose house we introduce Lælius and Scipio, expressing their wonder that he so patiently bears old age, and him replying to them. And if he shall appear to discourse more learnedly than he himself was accustomed to do in his own books, ascribe it to Greek literature, of which it is well known that he was very studious in old age. But what need is there to say more? for now the conversation of Cato himself shall unfold all my sentiments on old age.

Scipio. — I am very often accustomed with my friend here, C. Lælius, to admire as well your surpassing and accomplished wisdom in all other matters, O Marcus Cato, as also especially that I have never perceived old age to be burdensome to you; which to most old men is so disagreeable, that they say they support a burden heavier than Ætna. Cato. — It is not a very difficult matter, Scipio and Lælius, which you seem to be surprised at; for to those who have no resource in themselves for living well and happily, every age is burdensome; but to those who seek all good things from themselves, nothing can appear evil which the necessity of nature entails; in which class particularly is old age, which all men wish to attain, and yet they complain of it when they have attained it; so great is the inconsistency and waywardness of folly. They say that it steals over them more quickly than they had supposed. Now, first of all, who compelled them to form a false estimate of its progress? for how does old age more quickly steal upon youth, than youth

upon boyhood? Then, again, how would old age be less burdensome to them, if they were in their 8ooth year than in their 8oth? for the past time, however long, when it had flowed away, would not be able to soothe with any consolation an old age of folly. Wherefore, if you are accustomed to admire my wisdom, — and I would that it were worthy of your high opinion and my surname, — in this I am wise that I follow nature, that best guide, as a god, and am obedient to her; by whom it is not likely, when the other parts of life have been well represented, that the last act should have been ill done, as it were, by an indolent poet. But yet it was necessary that there should be something final, and, as in the berries of trees and the fruits of the earth, something withered and falling through seasonable ripeness; which must be taken quietly by a wise man: for what else is it, to war with nature, than, after the manner of the giants, to fight with the gods? LÆLIUS. But, Cato, you will do a very great favor to us, as I may also engage on behalf of Scipio, if inasmuch as we hope, or at least desire, to become old men, we shall have learned long before from you by what methods we may most easily be able to bear the increasing burden of age. CATO. Well, I will do so, Lælius; especially if, as you say, it is likely to be pleasant to each of you. SCIPIO. In truth we wish, unless it be irksome, Cato, just as if you had completed some long journey, on which we also must enter, to see of what nature that spot is at which you have arrived.

CATO. I will do it as well as I shall be able, Lælius; for I have often been present at the complaints of men of my own age (and equals with equals, according to the old proverb, most easily flock together), and have heard the things which Caius Salinator and Spurius Albinus, men of consular rank, and nearly of my age, were wont to deplore: on the one hand, that they had no pleasures, without which they thought life was valueless; on the other, that they were neglected by those by whom they had been accustomed to be courted, in which they appeared to me not to accuse that which deserved accusation; for if that happened from the fault of old age, the same things would be experienced by me and all others advanced in years: and yet the old age of many of them I have remarked to be without complaint, who were not grieved to be

let free from the thraldom of the passions, and were not looked down upon by their friends; but of all complaints of this kind, the fault lies in the character of the man, not in his age. For old men of regulated minds, and neither testy nor ill-natured, pass a very tolerable old age. But a discontented and ill-natured disposition is irksome in every age. LÆLIUS. It is as you say, Cato. But perhaps some one may say, that to you, on account of your wealth, and resources, and dignity, old age appears better to endure, but that this cannot be the lot of many. CATO. That to be sure, Lælius, is something, but all things are by no means involved in it: as Themistocles is said to have replied to a certain man of Seriphus in a dispute, when the other had said that he had gained distinction, not by his own glory, but by that of his country; "neither, by Hercules," said he, "if I had been a man of Seriphus, should I ever have been eminent, nor if you had been an Athenian, would you ever have been renowned." Which, in like manner, can be said about old age. For neither can old age be easy in extreme poverty, not even to a wise man; nor to a foolish man, even in the greatest plenty, otherwise than burdensome. The fittest arms of old age, Scipio and Lælius, are the attainment and practice of the virtues; which, if cultivated at every period of life, produce wonderful fruits when you have lived to a great age; not only, inasmuch as they never fail, not even in the last period of life — and yet that is a very great point — but also because the consciousness of a life well spent, and the recollection of many virtuous actions, is most delightful.

I, when a young man, was as fond of Quintus Maximus, the same who recovered Tarentum, though an old man, as if he had been one of my own age. For there was in that man dignity refined by courtesy; nor had old age changed his character. And yet I began to cultivate his acquaintance when he was not a very old man, but still when somewhat advanced in age. For he had been consul for the first time in the year after I was born, and in his fourth consulship I, then a stripling, marched with him as a soldier to Capua, and in the fifth year after, as quæstor to Tarentum; I was next made ædile, and four years afterwards prætor, an office which I held in the consulship of Tuditanus and Cethegus, when he, a very old man, was the promoter of the

Cincian law, about fees and presents. He both carried on campaigns like a young man when he was quite old, and by his temper cooled Hannibal when impetuous from the fire of youth, about whom our friend Ennius has admirably spoken: "Who alone, by delay retrieved our state; for he did not value rumor above our safety, therefore brighter and brighter is now the glory of that man." And with what vigilance, with what talent did he recover Tarentum? When too, in my hearing, as Salinator, who, after losing the town, had taken refuge in the citadel, was boasting and speaking thus: "It was owing to my exertions, Quintus Fabius, that you recovered Tarentum." "Unquestionably," said he laughing, "for unless you had lost it, I should never have regained it." Nor in truth was he more excellent in arms than in civil affairs; for, in his second consulship, when Spurius Carvilius, his colleague, was neuter, he made a stand to the utmost of his power against Caius Flaminius, tribune of the commons, when he was for distributing the Picenian and Gallic land to individuals, contrary to the authority of the senate: and when he was augur, he had the spirit to say that those things were performed with the best auspices which were performed for the welfare of the commonwealth; that those things which were undertaken against the commonwealth were undertaken in opposition to the auspices. Many excellent points have I remarked in that man: but there is nothing more deserving of admiration than the way in which he bore the death of his son Marcus, an illustrious man, and one of consular rank. The panegyric he pronounced is still in our hands; which when we read, what philosopher do we not despise? nor, in truth, was he great only in public and in the eyes of his fellow-citizens, but still more admirable in private and at home. What conversation! what maxims! what deep acquaintance with ancient history! what knowledge of the law of augury! his learning too, for a Roman, was extensive. He retained in memory all, not only domestic but foreign wars; and I at that time enjoyed his conversation with as much avidity as if I was already divining that which came to pass, that when he was gone, there would be none other for me to learn from.

To what end then do I say so much about Maximus? because doubtless you see that it is quite wrong to say that such

an old age was miserable. Still, all men cannot be Scipios or Maximi, so as to remember the stormings of cities, battles by land and sea, wars conducted and triumphs gained by themselves. The old age also of a life passed in peace and innocence and elegance is a gentle and mild one, such as we have heard that of Plato to have been, who, in his eighty-first year, died while writing; such as that of Isocrates, who says that he wrote that book which is entitled the "Panathenaicon" in his ninety-fourth year, and he lived five years after: whose master, Gorgias, the Leontine, completed one hundred and seven years, nor did he ever loiter in his pursuit and labor; who, when it was asked of him why he liked to be so long in life, said: "I have no cause for blaming old age." An admirable answer, and worthy of a man of learning: for the foolish lay their own vices and their own faults to the charge of old age, which that Ennius, of whom I lately made mention, was not disposed to do: "As the gallant steed, who often at the close of the race won the Olympic prizes, now worn-out with old age, takes his rest." He compares his own old age to that of a mettled and victorious steed, and that indeed you can very well remember; for it was in the nineteenth year after his death that the present consuls, Titus Flaminius and Marcus Acilius, were elected, and he died in the second consulship of Cœpio and Philip; when I too, at the age of sixty-five, had supported the Voconian law with a powerful voice and unimpaired lungs. At the age of seventy, for so many years Ennius lived, he in such a manner endured two burdens, which are deemed the greatest, poverty and old age, that he almost seemed to take pleasure in them. For when I consider it in my mind, I find four causes why old age is thought miserable: one, that it calls us away from the transaction of affairs; the second, that it renders the body more feeble; the third, that it deprives us of almost all pleasures; the fourth, that it is not very far from death. Of these causes let us see, if you please, how great and how reasonable each of them is.

Does old age draw us away from active duties? From which? from those which are performed by youth and strength? Are there, then, no concerns of old age, which even when our bodies are feeble, are yet carried on by the mind? Was Q. Maximus, then, unemployed? Was L. Paulus, your father,

Scipio, unemployed, the father-in-law of that most excellent man, my son? Those other old men, the Fabricii, the Curii, the Coruncanii, when they supported the commonwealth by wisdom and authority, were they unemployed? It was an aggravation of the old age of Appius Claudius that he was blind, and yet he, when the opinion of the senate was inclined to peace, and the conclusion of a treaty with Pyrrhus, did not hesitate to utter these words, which Ennius has expressed in verse: "Whither have your minds, which used to stand upright before, in folly turned away?" And all the rest with the utmost dignity, for the poem is well known to you, and yet the speech of Appius himself still exists: and he delivered this speech seventeen years after his second consulship, when ten years had intervened between the two consulships, and he had been censor before his former consulship; from which it is concluded that in the war with Pyrrhus, he was a very old man, and yet we have been thus informed by our fathers. Therefore they advance no argument, who say that old age is not engaged in active duty, and resemble those who should say that the pilot in navigation is unemployed, for that while some climb the mast, others run up and down the decks, others empty the bilge-water, he, holding the helm, sits at the stern at his ease. He does not do those things that the young men do, but in truth he does much greater and better things. Great actions are not achieved by exertions of strength, or speed, or by quick movement of bodies, but by talent, authority, judgment; of which faculties old age is usually so far from being deprived, that it is even improved in them: unless, indeed, I, who both as a soldier and tribune, and lieutenant-general, and consul, have been employed in various kinds of wars, now seem to you to be idle when I am not engaged in wars. But I counsel the senate as to what wars are to be engaged in, and in what manner; against Carthage, which has now for a long time been meditating mischief, I have long been denouncing war; about which I shall not cease to fear until I shall know that it has been razed to the ground; which victory I wish the immortal gods may reserve for you, Scipio, that you may consummate the unfinished exploits of your grandfather; since whose death this is the thirty-third year: but all succeeding years will cherish the memory of that man. He died in the year before

I was censor, nine years after my consulship, when he had been in my consulship created consul a second time. Would he, therefore, if he had lived to one hundred years old, ever have regretted his old age? for he would not exercise himself, either in running a race, or in leaping, or at a distance with spears, or in close quarters with swords, but in counsel, reflection, and judgment. Now, unless those faculties existed in old men, our ancestors would never have called the supreme council by the name of senate. Among the Lacædemonians, those who hold the highest office, as they are, so also are they styled, elders. But if you shall be inclined to read or hear of foreign matters, you will find the greatest commonwealths have been overthrown by young men, and supported and restored by the old. "Pray, how lost you your commonwealth, so great as it was, in so short a time?" For such is the appeal, as it is in the play of the poet Nævius; both other answers are given, and these especially: "There came forward orators inexperienced, foolish young men." Rashness, beyond a doubt, belongs to life when in its bloom; wisdom to it in old age.

But the memory is impaired. I believe it, unless you keep it in practice, or if you are by nature rather dull. Themistocles had learned by heart the names of all his fellow-citizens. Do you suppose, therefore, when he advanced in age, he was accustomed to address him as Lysimachus who was Aristides? For my part, I know not only those persons who are alive, but their fathers also, and grandfathers; nor in reading tombstones am I afraid, as they say, lest I should lose my memory; for by reading these very tombstones, I regain my recollection of the dead. Nor indeed have I heard of any old man having forgotten in what place he had buried a treasure; they remember all things which they care about; appointments of bail; who are indebted to them, and to whom they are indebted. What do lawyers? what do pontiffs? what do augurs? what do philosophers, when old men? how many things they remember! The intellectual powers remain in the old, provided study and application be kept up; and that not only in men illustrious and of high rank, but also in private and peaceful life. Sophocles wrote tragedies up to the period of extreme old age; and when on account of that pursuit he seems to be neglecting the family

property, he was summoned by his sons into a court of justice that, as according to our practice, fathers mismanaging their property are wont to be interdicted their possessions, so in his case the judges might remove him from the management of the estate as being imbecile. Then the old man is related to have read aloud to the judges that play which he held in his hands and had most recently written, the Œdipus Coloneus, and to have asked whether that appeared the poem of a dotard; on the recital of which, he was acquitted by the sentences of the judges. Did, then, old age compel this man, or Homer, or Hesiod, or Simonides, or Stesichorus, or those men whom I mentioned before, Isocrates, Gorgias, or the chiefs of the philosophers, Pythagoras, Democritus, or Plato, or Xenocrates, or afterwards Zeno, Cleanthes, or him whom you have also seen at Rome, Diogenes the stoic, to falter in their pursuits? Was not the vigorous pursuit of their studies commensurate with their life in all these men? Come, to pass over these sublime pursuits, I can mention in the Sabine district, country gentlemen at Rome, neighbors and acquaintances of mine, in whose absence scarcely ever are any important works done in the farm, either in sowing, or in reaping, or in storing the produce; and yet in those men this is less to be wondered at; for no man is so old, as not to think he may live a year. But they also take pains in those matters, which they know do not at all concern themselves. "He plants trees to benefit another generation," as our friend Statius says in his Synephebi. Nor, in truth, let the husbandman, however old, hesitate to reply to any one who asks him "for whom he is sowing": "For the immortal gods, who intended that I should not only receive these possessions from my ancestors, but also transmit them to my descendants."

Cæcilius speaks more wisely about an old man looking forward to another generation, than the following: "In truth, old age, if thou bringest with thee no other fault when thou arrivest, this one is enough, that by living long, one sees many things which he does not like:" — and many things, perhaps, which he does like; and youth also often meets with things which he does not like. But the same Cæcilius makes the following assertion, which is still more objectionable: "Then, for my part, I reckon this circumstance connected with old age the

most wretched, to be conscious at that age that one is disagreeable to others." Pleasant rather than disagreeable. For as wise old men take pleasure in young men possessed of good disposition, and the old age of those persons becomes lighter who are courted and loved by youth; so young men take pleasure in the lessons of the old, by which they are led on to the pursuits of virtue. Nor am I aware that I am less agreeable to you than you are to me. But you see that old age is so far from being feeble and inactive, that it is even industrious, and always doing and devising something; namely, such pursuits as have belonged to each man in former life. Nay, they even learn something new; as we see Solon in his verses boasting, who says that he was becoming an old man, daily learning something new, as I have done, who, when an old man, learned the Greek language; which too I so greedily grasped, as if I were desirous of satisfying a long protracted thirst, that those very things became known to me which you now see me use as illustrations. And when I heard that Socrates had done this on the lyre, for my part I should like to do that also, — for the ancients used to learn the lyre: but with their literature, at any rate, I have taken pains.

Nor even now do I feel the want of the strength of a young man — for that was the second topic about the faults of old age — no more than when a young man I felt the want of the strength of the bull or of the elephant. What one has, that one ought to use; and whatever you do, you should do it with all your strength. For what expression can be more contemptible than that of Milo of Crotona, who, when he was now an old man, and was looking at the prize-fighters exercising themselves on the course, is reported to have looked at his arms, and, weeping over them, to have said: "But these, indeed, are now dead." Nay, foolish man, not these arms so much as yourself; for you never derived your nobility from yourself, but from your chest and your arms. Nothing of the kind did Sextus Ælius ever say, nothing of the kind many years before did Titus Coruncanius, nothing lately did Publius Crassus; by whom instructions in jurisprudence were given to their fellow-citizens, and whose wisdom was progressive even to their latest breath. For the orator, I fear lest he be enfeebled by old age; for elo-

quence is a gift not of mind only, but also of lungs and strength. On the whole, that melodiousness in the voice is graceful, I know not how, even in old age; which, indeed, I have not lost, and you see my years. Yet there is a graceful style of eloquence in an old man, unimpassioned and subdued, and very often the elegant and gentle discourse of an eloquent old man wins for itself a hearing; and if you have not yourself the power to produce this effect, yet you may be able to teach it to Scipio and Lælius. For what is more delightful than old age surrounded with the studious attention of youth? Shall we not leave even such a resource to old age, as to teach young men, instruct them, train them to every department of duty? an employment, indeed, than which what can be more noble? But, for my part, I thought the Cneius and Publius Scipios, and your two grandfathers, L. Æmilius and P. Africanus, quite happy in the attendance of noble youths; nor are any preceptors of liberal accomplishments to be deemed otherwise than happy, though their strength hath fallen into old age and failed; although that very failure of strength is more frequently caused by the follies of youth than by those of old age; for a lustful and intemperate youth transmits to old age an exhausted body. Cyrus too, in Xenophon, in that discourse which he delivered on his death-bed when he was a very old man, said that he never felt that his old age had become feebler than his youth had been. I recollect, when a boy, that Lucius Metellus, who, when four years after his second consulship he had been made "pontifex maximus," and for twenty-two years held that sacerdotal office, enjoyed such good strength at the latter period of his life, that he felt no want of youth. There is no need for me to speak about myself, and yet that is the privilege of old age, and conceded to my time of life.

Do you see how, in Homer, Nestor very often proclaims his own virtues? for he was now living in the third generation of men; nor had he occasion to fear lest, when stating the truth about himself, he should appear either too arrogant or too talkative; for, as Homer says, from his tongue speech flowed sweeter than honey; for which charm he stood in need of no strength of body; and yet the famous chief of Greece nowhere wishes to have ten men like Ajax, but like Nestor; and

he does not doubt if that should happen, Troy would in a short time perish. But I return to myself. I am in my eighty-fourth year. In truth I should like to be able to make the same boast that Cyrus did: but one thing I can say, that although I have not, to be sure, that strength which I had either as a soldier in the Punic war, or as quæstor in the same war, or as consul in Spain, or, four years afterwards, when as military tribune I fought a battle at Thermopylæ, in the consulship of Marcus Acilius Glabrio: yet, as you see, old age has not quite enfeebled me or broken me down: the senate-house does not miss my strength, nor the rostra, nor my friends, nor my clients, nor my guests; for I have never agreed to that old and much-praised proverb, which advises you to become an old man early, if you wish to be an old man long. I for my part would rather be an old man for a shorter length of time than be an old man before I was one. And, therefore, no one as yet has wished to have an interview with me, to whom I have been denied as engaged. But I have less strength than either of you two. Neither even do you possess the strength of Titus Pontius the centurion: is he, therefore, the more excellent man? Only let there be a moderate degree of strength, and let every man exert himself as much as he can; and in truth that man will not be absorbed in regretting the want of strength. Milo, at Olympia, is said to have gone over the course while supporting on his shoulders a live ox. Whether, then, would you rather have this strength of body, or Pythagoras's strength of intellect, bestowed upon you? In a word, enjoy that blessing while you have it: when it is gone, do not lament it; unless, indeed, young men ought to lament the loss of boyhood, and those a little advanced in age the loss of adolescence. There is a definite career in life, and one way of nature, and that a simple one; and to every part of life its own peculiar period has been assigned: so that both the feebleness of boys, and the high spirit of young men, and the steadiness of now fixed manhood, and the maturity of old age, have something natural, which ought to be enjoyed in their own time. I suppose that you hear, Scipio, what your grandfather's host, Masinissa, is doing at this day, at the age of ninety: when he has commenced a journey on foot, he never mounts at all: when on horseback, he never dismounts: by

no rain, by no cold, is he prevailed upon to have his head covered; that there is in him the greatest hardiness of frame; and therefore he performs all the duties and functions of a king. Exercise, therefore, and temperance, even in old age, can preserve some remnant of our pristine vigor.

Is there no strength in old age? neither is strength exacted from old age. Therefore, by our laws and institutions, our time of life is relieved from those tasks which cannot be supported without strength. Accordingly, so far are we from being compelled to do what we cannot do, that we are not even compelled to do as much as we can. But so feeble are many old men, that they cannot execute any task of duty, or any function of life whatever; but that in truth is not the peculiar fault of old age, but belongs in common to bad health. How feeble was the son of Publius Africanus, he who adopted you! What feeble health, or rather no health at all, had he! and had that not been so, he would have been the second luminary of the state; for to his paternal greatness of soul a richer store of learning had been added. What wonder, therefore, in old men, if they are sometimes weak, when even young men cannot escape that. We must make a stand, Scipio and Lælius, against old age, and its faults must be atoned for by activity; we must fight, as it were, against disease, and in like manner against old age. Regard must be paid to health; moderate exercises must be adopted; so much of meat and drink must be taken, that the strength may be recruited, not oppressed. Nor, indeed, must the body alone be supported, but the mind and the soul much more; for these also, unless you drop oil on them as on a lamp, are extinguished by old age. And our bodies, indeed, by weariness and exercise, become oppressed; but our minds are rendered buoyant by exercise. For as to those, of whom Cæcilius speaks, "foolish old men," fit characters for comedy, by these he denotes the credulous, the forgetful, the dissolute; which are the faults not of old age, but of inactive, indolent, drowsy old age. As petulance and lust belong to the young more than to the old, yet not to all young men, but to those who are not virtuous; so that senile folly, which is commonly called dotage, belongs to weak old men, and not to all. Four stout sons, five daughters, so great a family, and such numerous dependants, did Appius manage,

although both old and blind; for he kept his mind intent like a bow, nor did he languidly sink under the weight of old age. He retained not only authority, but also command, over his family: the slaves feared him; the children respected him; all held him dear; there prevailed in that house the manners and good discipline of our fathers. For on this condition is old age honored if it maintains itself, if it keeps up its own right, if it is subservient to no one, if even to its last breath it exercises control over its dependants. For, as I like a young man in whom there is something of the old, so I like an old man in whom there is something of the young; and he who follows this maxim, in body will possibly be an old man, but he will never be an old man in mind. I have in hand my seventh book of Antiquities; I am collecting all the materials of our early history; of all the famous causes which I have defended, I am now completing the pleadings; I am employed on the law of augurs, of pontiffs, of citizens. I am much engaged also in Greek literature, and, after the manner of the Pythagoreans, for the purpose of exercising my memory, I call to mind in the evening what I have said, heard, and done on each day. These are the exercises of the understanding; these are the race-courses of the mind; whilst I am perspiring and toiling over these, I do not greatly miss my strength of body. I attend my friends, I come into the senate very often, and spontaneously bring forward things much and long thought of, and I maintain them by strength of mind, not of body; and if I were unable to perform these duties, yet my couch would afford me amusement, when reflecting on those matters which I was no longer able to do, — but that I am able, is owing to my past life: for, by a person who always lives in these pursuits and labors, it is not perceived when old age steals on. Thus gradually and unconsciously life declines into old age; nor is its thread suddenly broken, but the vital principle is consumed by length of time.

Then follows the third topic of blame against old age, that they say it has no pleasures. Oh, noble privilege of age! if indeed it takes from us that which is in youth the greatest defect. For listen, most excellent young men, to the ancient speech of Archytas of Tarentum, a man eminently great and illustrious, which was reported to me when I, a young man,

was at Tarentum with Quintus Maximus. He said that no more deadly plague than the pleasure of the body was inflicted on men by nature; for the passions, greedy of that pleasure, were in a rash and unbridled manner incited to possess it; that hence arose treasons against one's country, hence the ruining of states, hence clandestine conferences with enemies: in short, that there was no crime, no wicked act, to the undertaking of which the lust of pleasure did not impel; but that fornications and adulteries and every such crime, were provoked by no other allurements than those of pleasure. And whereas either nature or some god had given to man nothing more excellent than his mind; that to this divine function and gift, nothing was so hostile as pleasure; since where lust bore sway, there was no room for self-restraint; and in the realm of pleasure, virtue could by no possibility exist. And that this might be the better understood, he begged you to imagine in your mind any one actuated by the greatest pleasure of the body that could be enjoyed; he believed no one would doubt, but that so long as the person was in that state of delight, he would be able to consider nothing in his mind, to attain nothing by reason, nothing by reflection: wherefore that there was nothing so detestable and so destructive as pleasure, inasmuch as that when it was excessive and very prolonged, it extinguished all the light of the soul. Nearchus of Tarentum, our host, who had remained throughout in friendship with the Roman people, said he had heard from older men, that Archytas held this conversation with Caius Pontius the Samnite, the father of him by whom, in the Caudian battle, Spurius Postumius and Titus Veturius, the consuls, were overcome, on which occasion Plato the Athenian had been present at that discourse; and I find that he came to Tarentum in the consulship of Lucius Camillus and Appius Claudius. Wherefore do I adduce this? that we may understand that if we could not by reason and wisdom despise pleasure, great gratitude would be due to old age for bringing it to pass that that should not be a matter of pleasure which is not a matter of duty. For pleasure is hostile to reason, hinders deliberation, and, so to speak, closes the eyes of the mind, nor does it hold any intercourse with virtue. I indeed acted reluctantly in expelling from the senate Lucius Flamininus, brother of that very brave man,

Titus Flamininus, seven years after he had been consul; but I thought that his licentiousness should be stigmatized. For that man, when he was consul in Gaul, was prevailed on at a banquet, by a courtesan, to behead one of those who were in chains, condemned on a capital charge. He escaped in the censorship of his brother Titus, who had immediately preceded me: but so profligate and abandoned an act of lust could by no means be allowed to pass by me and Flaccus, since with private infamy it combined the disgrace of the empire.

I have often heard from my elders, who said that, in like manner, they, when boys, had heard from old men, that Caius Fabricius was wont to wonder that when he was ambassador to king Pyrrhus, he had heard from Cineas the Thessalian, that there was a certain person at Athens, who professed himself a wise man, and that he was accustomed to say that all things which we did were to be referred to pleasure: and that hearing him say so, Manius Curius and Titus Coruncanius were accustomed to wish that that might be the persuasion of the Samnites and Pyrrhus himself, that they might the more easily be conquered when they had given themselves up to pleasure. Manius Curius had lived with Publius Decius, who, five years before the consulship of the former, had devoted himself for the commonwealth in his fourth consulship. Fabricius had been acquainted with him, and Coruncanius had also known him; who, as well from his own conduct in life, as from the great action of him whom I mention, Publius Decius, judged that there was doubtless something in its own nature excellent and glorious, which should be followed for its own sake, and which, scorning and despising pleasure, all the worthiest men pursued. To what end then have I said so many things about pleasure? Because it is so far from being any disparagement, that it is even the highest praise to old age, that it has no great desire for any pleasures. It lacks banquets, and piled-up boards, and fast-coming goblets; it is therefore also free from drunkenness and indigestion and sleeplessness. But if something must be conceded to pleasure (since we do not easily withstand its allurements, for Plato beautifully calls pleasure the bait of evils, inasmuch as, by it, in fact, men are caught as fishes with a hook), although old age has nothing to do with extravagant banquets,

yet in reasonable entertainments it can experience pleasure. I, when a boy, often saw Caius Duilius, son of Marcus, the first man who had conquered the Carthaginians by sea, returning from dinner, when an old man: he took delight in numerous torches and musicians, things which he, as a private person, had assumed to himself without any precedent: so much indulgence did his glory give him. But why do I refer to others? let me now return to myself. First of all, I always had associates in clubs; and clubs were established when I was quæstor, on the Idæan worship of the great mother being adopted. Therefore I feasted with my associates altogether in a moderate way; but there was a kind of fervor peculiar to that time of life, and as that advances, all things will become every day more subdued. For I did not calculate the gratification of those banquets by the pleasures of the body, so much as by the meetings of friends and conversations. For well did our ancestors style the reclining of friends at an entertainment, because it carried with it a union of life, by the name "convivium" better than the Greeks do, who call this same thing as well by the name of "compotatio" as "concœnatio": so that what in that kind (of pleasures) is of the least value, that they appear most to approve of.

For my part, on account of the pleasure of conversation, I am delighted also with seasonable entertainments, not only with those of my own age, of whom very few survive, but with those of your age, and with you; and I give great thanks to old age, which has increased my desire for conversation, and taken away that of eating and drinking. But even if such things delight any person (that I may not appear altogether to have declared war against pleasure, of which perhaps a certain limited degree is even natural), I am not aware that even in these pleasures themselves old age is without enjoyment. For my part, the presidencies established by our ancestors delight me; and that conversation, which after the manner of our ancestors, is kept up over our cups from the top of the table; and the cups, as in the Symposium of Xenophon, small and dewy, and the cooling of the wine in summer, and in turn either the sun, or the fire in winter: practices which I am accustomed to follow among

the Sabines also, and I daily join a party of neighbors, which we prolong with various conversation till late at night, as far as we can. But there is not, as it were, so ticklish a sensibility of pleasures in old men. I believe it: but then neither is there the desire. But nothing is irksome unless you long for it. Well did Sophocles, when a certain man inquired of him, advanced in age, whether he enjoyed venereal pleasures, reply: "The gods give me something better; nay, I have run away from them with gladness, as from a wild and furious tyrant." For to men fond of such things, it is perhaps disagreeable and irksome to be without them; but to the contented and satisfied it is more delightful to want them than to enjoy them: and yet he does not want who feels no desire; therefore I say that this freedom from desire is more delightful than enjoyment. But if the prime of life has more cheerful enjoyment of those very pleasures, in the first place they are but petty objects which it enjoys, as I have said before; then they are those of which old age, if it does not abundantly possess them, is not altogether destitute. As he is more delighted with Turpio Ambivius, who is spectator on the foremost bench, yet he also is delighted who is in the hindmost; so youth having a close view of pleasures, is perhaps more gratified; but old age is as much delighted as is necessary in viewing them at a distance. But of what high value are the following circumstances, that the soul, after it has served out, as it were, its time under lust, ambition, contention, enmities, and all the passions, shall retire within itself, and, as the phrase is, live with itself? But if it has, as it were, food for study and learning, nothing is more delightful than an old age of leisure. I saw Caius Gallus, the intimate friend of your father, Scipio, almost expiring in the employment of calculating the sky and the earth. How often did daylight overtake him when he had begun to draw some figure by night; how often did night, when he had begun in the morning! How it did delight him to predict to us the eclipses of the sun and the moon, long before their occurrence! What shall we say in the case of pursuits less dignified, yet, notwithstanding, requiring acuteness! How Nævius did delight in his Punic war! how Plautus in his Truculentus! how in his Pseudolus! I saw also the old man Livy, who, though he had brought a play upon the stage six years

before I was born, in the consulship of Cento and Tuditanus, yet advanced in age even to the time of my youth. Why should I speak of Publius Licinius Crassus's study both of pontifical and civil law? or of the present Publius Scipio, who within these few days was created chief pontiff? Yet we have seen all these persons whom I have mentioned, ardent in these pursuits when old men. But as to Marcus Cethegus, whom Ennius rightly called the "marrow of persuasion," with what great zeal did we see him engage in the practice of oratory, even when an old man! What pleasures, therefore, arising from banquets, or plays, or harlots, are to be compared with these pleasures? And these, indeed, are the pursuits of learning, which too, with the sensible and well educated, increase along with their age: so that is a noble saying of Solon, when he says in a certain verse, as I observed before, that he grew old learning many things every day — than which pleasure of the mind, certainly, none can be greater.

I come now to the pleasures of husbandmen, with which I am excessively delighted; which are not checked by any old age, and appear in my mind to make the nearest approach to the life of a wise man. For they have relation to the earth, which never refuses command, and never returns without interest that which it hath received; but sometimes with less, generally with very great interest. And yet for my part it is not only the product, but the virtue and nature of the earth itself delight me; which, when in its softened and subdued bosom it has received the scattered seed, first of all confines what is hidden within it, from which harrowing, which produces that effect, derives its name (*occatio*); then, when it is warmed by heat and its own compression, it spreads it out, and elicits from it the verdant blade, which, supported by the fibers of the roots, gradually grows up, and, rising on a jointed stalk, is now inclosed in a sheath, as if it were of tender age, out of which, when it hath shot up, it then pours forth the fruit of the ear, piled in due order, and is guarded by a rampart of beards against the pecking of the smaller birds. Why should I, in the case of vines, tell of the plantings, the risings, the stages of growth? That you may know the repose and amusement of my old age, I assure you that I can never have enough of that gratification.

For I pass over the peculiar nature of all things which are produced from the earth: which generates such great trunks and branches from so small a grain of the fig or from the grape-stone, or from the minutest seeds of other fruits and roots: shoots, plants, twigs, quicksets, layers, do not these produce the effect of delighting any one even to admiration? The vine, indeed, which by nature is prone to fall, and is borne down to the ground, unless it be propped, in order to raise itself up, embraces with its tendrils, as it were with hands, whatever it meets with; which, as it creeps with manifold and wandering course, the skill of the husbandmen, pruning with the knife, restrains from running into a forest of twigs, and spreading too far in all directions. Accordingly, in the beginning of spring, in those twigs which are left, there rises up as it were at the joints of the branches that which is called a bud, from which the nascent grape shows itself; which, increasing in size by the moisture of the earth and the heat of the sun, is at first very acid to the taste, and then as it ripens grows sweet, and being clothed with its large leaves does not want moderate warmth, and yet keeps off the excessive heat of the sun; than which what can be in fruit on the one hand more rich, or on the other hand more beautiful in appearance? Of which not only the advantage, as I said before, but also the cultivation and the nature itself delights me: the rows of props, the joining of the heads, the tying up and propagation of vines, and the pruning of some twigs, and the grafting of others, which I have mentioned. Why should I allude to irrigations, why to the diggings of the ground, why to the trenching by which the ground is made much more productive? Why should I speak of the advantage of manuring? I have treated of it in that book which I wrote respecting rural affairs, concerning which the learned Hesiod has not said a single word, though he has written about the cultivation of the land. But Homer, who, as appears to me, lived many ages before, introduces Laertes soothing the regret which he felt for his son, by tilling the land and manuring it. Nor indeed is rural life delightful by reason of corn-fields only and meadows and vineyards and groves, but also for its gardens and orchards; also for the feeding of cattle, the swarms of bees, and the variety of all kinds of flowers. Nor do plantings only give me delight,

but also ingraftings; than which agriculture has invented nothing more ingenious.

I can enumerate many amusements of rustic life; but even those things which I have mentioned, I perceive to have been rather long. But you will forgive me; for both from my love of rural life I have been carried away, and old age is by nature rather talkative, that I may not appear to vindicate it from all failings. In such a life then as this, Marcus Curius, after he had triumphed over the Samnites, over the Sabines, over Pyrrhus, spent the closing period of his existence. In contemplating whose country seat, too (for it is not far distant from my house), I cannot sufficiently admire either the continence of the man himself, or the moral character of the times.

When the Samnites had brought a great quantity of gold to Curius as he sat by his fireside, they were repelled with disdain by him; for he said that it did not appear to him glorious to possess gold, but to have power over those who possessed gold. Could so great a soul fail in rendering old age pleasant? But I come to husbandmen, that I may not digress from myself. In the country at that time there were senators, and they too old men: inasmuch as Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus was at the plow when it was announced to him that he was made dictator: by whose command when dictator, Caius Servilius Ahala, the master of the horse, arrested and put to death Spurius Melius, who was aspiring to kingly power. From their country house, Curius and other old men were summoned to the senate, from which cause they who summoned them were termed "viatores." Was then their old age to be pitied, who amused themselves in the cultivation of land? In my opinion, indeed, I know not whether any other can be more happy: and not only in the discharge of duty, because to the whole race of mankind the cultivation of the land is beneficial; but also from the amusement, which I have mentioned, and that fullness and abundance of all things which are connected with the food of men, and also with the worship of the gods; so that, since some have a desire for these things, we may again put ourselves on good terms with pleasure. For the wine-cellar of a good and diligent master is always well stored;

the oil casks, the pantry also, the whole farm-house is richly supplied; it abounds in pigs, kids, lambs, hens, milk, cheese, honey. Then, too, the countrymen themselves call the garden a second dessert. And then what gives a greater relish to these things is that kind of leisure labor, fowling and hunting. Why should I speak of the greenness of meadows, or the rows of trees, or the handsome appearance of vineyards and olive grounds? Let me cut the matter short. Nothing can be either more rich in use, or more elegant in appearance than ground well tilled; to the enjoyment of which old age is so far from being an obstacle, that it is even an invitation and allurement. For where can that age be better warmed either by basking in the sun or by the fire, or again be more healthfully refreshed by shades or waters? Let the young, therefore, keep to themselves their arms, horses, spears, clubs, tennis-ball, swimmings, and races: to us old men let them leave out of many amusements the *tali* and *tesseræ;* and even in that matter it may be as they please, since old age can be happy without these amusements.

For many purposes the books of Xenophon are very useful; which read, I pray you, with diligence, as you are doing. At what length is agriculture praised by him in that book, which treats of the management of private property, and which is styled "Œconomicus." And that you may understand that nothing to him appears so kingly as the pursuit of agriculture, Socrates in that book converses with Critobulus [and remarks], that Cyrus the younger, king of the Persians, preëminent in talent and the glory of his empire, when Lysander the Lacedæmonian, a man of the highest valor, had come to him at Sardis, and had brought to him presents from the allies, both in other respects was courteous and kind towards Lysander, and in particular showed to him an inclosed piece of ground planted with great care. And that when Lysander admired both the tallness of the trees and the lines arranged in a quincunx, and the ground well cultivated and clear, and the sweetness of the perfumes which were breathed from the flowers, he said that he admired not only the diligence, but also the skilfulness of the man by whom these grounds had been planned and measured out; and that Cyrus answered him: "Well, it was I who planned all these grounds; mine are the rows, mine the laying out; many

also of these trees were planted by my own hand." That then Lysander, beholding his purple robe and the elegance of his person, and his Persian dress adorned with much gold and many jewels, said: "O Cyrus, they truly report you as happy, since excellence is combined with your fortune!" This lot then old men may enjoy; nor does age hinder us from retaining the pursuit both of other things, and especially of cultivating the land, even to the last period of old age. In the case of Marcus Valerius Corvus, we have heard that he continued to live to his hundredth year, while, when his (active) life had been spent, he lived in the country and tilled the land: between whose first and sixth consulship forty-six years intervened. Thus, as long a period of life as our ancestors considered to reach to the beginning of old age, just so long was the career of his honors: and the close of his life was happier on this account than the middle, because it had more of authority and less of toil. Now authority is the crown of old age. How great was it in Lucius Cæcilius Metellus! how great in Atilius Calatinus! on whom was that singular inscription — "Many nations agree that he was the leading man of the people." It is a well-known epitaph, inscribed on his tomb. He therefore was justly dignified, about whose praises the report of all men was concurrent. How great a man have we seen in Publius Crassus, late Pontifex Maximus; how great a man subsequently in Marcus Lepidus, invested with the same sacerdotal office! Why should I speak of Paulus or Africanus? or, as I have already done, about Maximus? men not only in whose expressed judgment, but even in whose acquiescence authority resided. Old age, especially an honored old age, has so great authority, that this is of more value than all the pleasures of youth.

But in my whole discourse remember that I am praising that old age which is established on the foundations of youth: from which this is effected which I once asserted with the great approbation of all present, — that wretched was the old age which had to defend itself by speaking. Neither gray hairs nor wrinkles can suddenly catch respect; but the former part of life honorably spent, reaps the fruits of authority at the close. For these very observances, which seem light and common, are marks of honor — to be saluted, to be sought after, to

receive precedence, to have persons rising up to you, to be attended on the way, to be escorted home, to be consulted; points which, both among us and in other states, in proportion as they are the most excellent in their morals, are the most scrupulously observed. They say that Lysander the Lacedæmonian, whom I mentioned a little above, was accustomed to remark, that Lacedæmon was the most honorable abode for old age; for nowhere is so much conceded to that time of life, nowhere is old age more respected. Nay, further, it is recorded that when at Athens, during the games, a certain elderly person had entered the theater, a place was nowhere offered him in that large assembly by his own townsmen; but when he had approached the Lacedæmonians, who, as they were ambassadors, had taken their seats together in a particular place, they all rose up and invited the old man to a seat; and when reiterated applause had been bestowed upon them by the whole assembly, one of them remarked, that the Athenians knew what was right, but were unwilling to do it. There are many excellent rules in our college, but this of which I am treating especially, that in proportion as each man has the advantage in age, so he takes precedence in giving his opinion; and older augurs are preferred not only to those who are higher in office, but even to such as are in actual command. What pleasures, then, of the body can be compared with the privileges of authority? which they who have nobly employed seem to me to have consummated the drama of life, and not like inexpert performers, to have broken down in the last act. Still old men are peevish, and fretful, and passionate, and unmanageable, — nay, if we seek for such, also covetous: but these are the faults of their characters, not of their old age. And yet that peevishness and those faults which I have mentioned have some excuse, not quite satisfactory indeed, but such as may be admitted. They fancy that they are neglected, despised, made a jest of; besides, in a weak state of body every offense is irritating. All which defects, however, are extenuated by good dispositions and qualities; and this may be discovered not only in real life, but on the stage, from the two brothers that are represented in the "Brothers"; how much austerity in the one, and how much gentleness in the other! Such is the fact: for as it is not every wine, so it is not every man's

life, that grows sour from old age. I approve of gravity in old age, but this in a moderate degree, like everything else; harshness, by no means. What avarice in an old man can propose to itself I cannot conceive: for can anything be more absurd than, in proportion as less of our journey remains, to seek a greater supply of provisions?

A fourth reason remains, which seems most of all to distress and render anxious our time of life, namely, the near approach of death, which certainly cannot be far distant from old age. O wretched old man, who in so long a time of life hast not seen that death is a thing to be despised! Which either ought altogether to be regarded with indifference, if it entirely annihilates the mind, or ought even to be desired, if it leads it to a place where it is destined to be immortal. Yet no third alternative certainly can be found.

What, therefore, should I fear, if after death I am sure either not to be miserable or to be happy? Although who is so foolish, though he be young, as to be assured that he will live even till the evening? Nay, that period of life has many more probabilities of death than ours has: young men more readily fall into diseases, suffer more severely, are cured with more difficulty, and therefore few arrive at old age. Did not this happen so, we should live better and more wisely, for intelligence, and reflection, and judgment reside in old men, and if there had been none of them, no states could exist at all. But I return to the imminence of death. What charge is that against old age, since you see it to be common to youth also? I experienced not only in the case of my own excellent son, but also in that of your brothers, Scipio, men plainly marked out for the highest distinction, that death was common to every period of life. Yet a young man hopes that he will live a long time, which expectation an old man cannot entertain. His hope is but a foolish one: for what can be more foolish than to regard uncertainties as certainties, delusions as truths? An old man indeed has nothing to hope for; yet he is in so much the happier state than a young one; since he has already attained what the other is only hoping for. The one is wishing to live long, the other has lived long. And yet, good gods! what is there in man's life that can be called long? For allow the latest period: let us anticipate the age of the kings

of the Tartessii. For there dwelt, as I find it recorded, a man named Arganthonius at Gades, who reigned for eighty years, and lived 120. But to my mind, nothing whatever seems of long duration, in which there is any end. For when that arrives, then the time which has passed has flowed away; that only remains which you have secured by virtue and right conduct. Hours indeed depart from us, and days and months and years; nor does past time ever return, nor can it be discovered what is to follow. Whatever time is assigned to each to live, with that he ought to be content: for neither need the drama be performed entire by the actor, in order to give satisfaction, provided he be approved in whatever act he may be: nor need the wise man live till the *plaudite*. For the short period of life is long enough for living well and honorably; and if you should advance further, you need no more grieve than farmers do when the loveliness of springtime hath passed, that summer and autumn have come. For spring represents the time of youth, and gives promise of the future fruits; the remaining seasons are intended for plucking and gathering in those fruits. Now the harvest of old age, as I have often said, is the recollection and abundance of blessings previously secured. In truth everything that happens agreeably to nature is to be reckoned among blessings. What, however, is so agreeable to nature as for an old man to die? which even is the lot of the young, though nature opposes and resists. And thus it is that young men seem to me to die, just as when the violence of flame is extinguished by a flood of water: whereas old men die, as the exhausted fire goes out, spontaneously, without the exertion of any force: and as fruits when they are green are plucked by force from the trees, but when ripe and mellow drop off, so violence takes away their lives from youths, maturity from old men; a state which to me indeed is so delightful, that the nearer I approach to death, I seem as it were to be getting sight of land, and at length, after a long voyage, to be just coming into harbor.

Of all the periods of life there is a definite limit; but of old age there is no limit fixed; and life goes on very well in it, so long as you are able to follow up and attend to the duty of your situation, and, at the same time, to care nothing about death: whence it happens that old age is even of higher spirit

and bolder than youth. Agreeable to this was the answer given to Pisistratus, the tyrant, by Solon; when on the former inquiring, "in reliance on what hope he so boldly withstood him," the latter is said to have answered, "on old age." The happiest end of life is this — when the mind and the other senses being unimpaired, the same nature, which put it together, takes asunder her own work. As in the case of a ship or a house, he who built them takes them down most easily; so the same nature which has compacted man, most easily breaks him up. Besides, every fastening of glue, when fresh, is with difficulty torn asunder, but easily when tried by time. Hence it is that that short remnant of life should be neither greedily coveted, nor without reason given up: and Pythagoras forbids us to abandon the station or post of life without the orders of our commander, that is of God. There is indeed a saying of the wise Solon, in which he declares that he does not wish his own death to be unattended by the grief and lamentation of friends. He wishes, I suppose, that he should be dear to his friends. But I know not whether Ennius does not say with more propriety: —

"Let no one pay me honor with tears, nor celebrate my funeral with mourning."

He conceives that a death ought not to be lamented which an immortality follows. Besides, a dying man may have some degree of consciousness, but that for a short time, especially in the case of an old man: after death, indeed, consciousness either does not exist, or it is a thing to be desired. But this ought to be a subject of study from our youth to be indifferent about death; without which study no one can be of tranquil mind. For die we certainly must, and it is uncertain whether or not on this very day. He, therefore, who at all hours dreads impending death, how can he be at peace in his mind? concerning which there seems to be no need of such long discussion, when I call to mind not only Lucius Brutus, who was slain in liberating his country; nor the two Decii, who spurred on their steeds to a voluntary death; nor Marcus Atilius, who set out to execution, that he might keep a promise pledged to the enemy; nor the two Scipios, who even with their very bodies sought to obstruct the march of the Carthaginians; nor your grandfather

Lucius Paulus, who by his death atoned for the temerity of his colleague in the disgraceful defeat at Cannæ; nor Marcus Marcellus, whose corpse not even the most merciless foe suffered to go without the honor of sepulture; but that our legions, as I have remarked in my "Antiquities," have often gone with cheerful and undaunted mind to that place, from which they believed that they should never return. Shall, then, well-instructed old men be afraid of that which young men, and they not only ignorant, but mere peasants, despise? On the whole, as it seems to me indeed, a satiety of all pursuits causes a satiety of life. There are pursuits peculiar to boyhood; do therefore young men regret the loss of them? There are also some of early youth; does that now settled age, which is called middle life, seek after these? There are also some of this period; neither are they looked for by old age. There are some final pursuits of old age; accordingly, as the pursuits of the earlier parts of life fall into disuse, so also do those of old age; and when this has taken place, satiety of life brings on the seasonable period of death.

Indeed I do not see why I should not venture to tell you what I myself think concerning death; because I fancy I see it so much the more clearly, in proportion as I am less distant from it. I am persuaded that your fathers, Publius Scipio, and Caius Lælius, men of the greatest eminence and very dear friends of mine, are living; and that life too which alone deserves the name of life. For whilst we are shut up in this prison of the body, we are fulfilling as it were the function and painful task of destiny: for the heaven-born soul has been degraded from its dwelling-place above, and as it were buried in the earth, a situation uncongenial to its divine and immortal nature. But I believe that the immortal gods have shed souls into human bodies, that beings might exist who might tend the earth, and by contemplating the order of the heavenly bodies, might imitate it in the manner and regularity of their lives. Nor have reason and argument alone influenced me thus to believe, but likewise the high name and authority of the greatest philosophers. I used to hear that Pythagoras and the Pythagoreans, who were all but our neighbors, who were formerly called the Italian philosophers, had no doubt that we possess souls derived from the uni-

versal divine mind. Moreover, the arguments were conclusive to me, which Socrates delivered on the last day of his life concerning the immortality of the soul, — he who was pronounced by the oracle of Apollo the wisest of all men. But why say more? I have thus persuaded myself, such is my belief: that since such is the activity of our souls, so tenacious their memory of things past, and their sagacity regarding things future, — so many arts, so many sciences, so many discoveries, that the nature which comprises these qualities cannot be mortal; and since the mind is ever in action and has no source of motion, because it moves itself, I believe that it never will find any end of motion, because it never will part from itself; and that since the nature of the soul is uncompounded, and has not in itself any admixture heterogeneous and dissimilar to itself, I maintain that it cannot undergo dissolution; and if this be not possible, it cannot perish; and it is a strong argument, that men know very many things before they are born, since when mere boys, while they are learning difficult subjects, they so quickly catch up numberless ideas, that they seem not to be learning them then for the first time, but to remember them, and to be calling them to recollection. Thus did our Plato argue.

Moreover, in Xenophon, Cyrus the elder, on his deathbed, discourses thus: "Never imagine, O my dearest sons, that when I have departed from you, I shall exist nowhere, or cease to be: for while I was with you you never saw my soul; though you concluded from the actions which I performed that it was in this body. Believe, therefore, that it still exists, though you will see nothing of it. Nor, in truth, would the honors of illustrious men continue after death, if their own spirits did not make us preserve a longer remembrance of them. I could never, indeed, be persuaded that souls, while they were in mortal bodies, lived; and when they had quitted them, perished; nor, in truth, that the soul became senseless when it made its escape from a senseless body; but that it then became wise when freed from every corporeal admixture, it had become pure and genuine. Besides, when the constitution of man is broken up by death, it is clear whither each of its other parts depart; for they all return to the source from whence they sprang; whereas the soul alone, neither shows itself when it is with us,

nor when it departs. Further, you see there is nothing so like death as sleep. Yet the souls of persons asleep especially manifest their divine nature; for when they are disengaged and free, they foresee many future events. From which we conclude in what state they will be when they shall have altogether released themselves from the fetters of the body. Wherefore, if this is the case, regard me as a god, but if the soul is destined to perish along with the body, yet you, reverencing the gods, who oversee and control all this beautiful system, will affectionately and sacredly preserve my memory." Such were the dying words of Cyrus.

Let me, if you please, revert to my own views. No one will ever persuade me that either your father, Paulus, or two grandfathers, Paulus and Africanus, or the father of Africanus, or his uncle, or the many distinguished men whom it is unnecessary to recount, aimed at such great exploits as might reach to the recollection of posterity, had they not perceived in their mind that posterity belonged to them. Do you suppose, to boast a little of myself, after the manner of old men, that I should have undergone such great toils, by day and night, at home and in service, had I thought to limit my glory by the same bounds as my life? Would it not have been far better to pass an easy and quiet life without any toil or struggle? But I know not how my soul, stretching upwards, has ever looked forward to posterity, as if, when it had departed from life, then at last it would begin to live. And, indeed, unless this were the case, that souls were immortal, the souls of the noblest of men would not aspire above all things to an immortality of glory. Why need I adduce that the wisest man ever dies with the greatest equanimity, the most foolish with the least? Does it not seem to you that the soul, which sees more and further, sees that it is passing to a better state, while that body, whose vision is duller, does not see it? I, indeed, am transported with eagerness to see your fathers, whom I have respected and loved: nor in truth is it those only I desire to meet whom I myself have known; but those also of whom I have heard or read, and have myself written. Whither, indeed, as I proceed, no one assuredly should easily force me back, nor, as they did with Pelias, cook me again to youth. For if any god should

grant me, that from this period of life I should become a child again and cry in the cradle, I should earnestly refuse it: nor in truth should I like, after having run, as it were, my course, to be called back to the starting-place from the goal. For what comfort has life? What trouble has it not, rather? But grant that it has; yet it assuredly has either satiety or limitation (of its pleasures). For I am not disposed to lament the loss of life, which many men, and those learned men too, have often done; neither do I regret that I have lived, since I have lived in such a way that I conceive I was not born in vain: and from this life I depart as from a temporary lodging, not as from a home. For nature has assigned it to us as an inn to sojourn in, not a place of habitation. Oh, glorious day! when I shall depart to that divine company and assemblage of spirits, and quit this troubled and polluted scene. For I shall go not only to those great men of whom I have spoken before, but also to my son Cato, than whom never was better man born, nor more distinguished for pious affection; whose body was burned by me, whereas, on the contrary, it was fitting that mine should be burned by him. But his soul not deserting me, but oft looking back, no doubt departed to those regions whither it saw that I myself was destined to come. Which, though a distress to me, I seemed patiently to endure: not that I bore it with indifference, but I comforted myself with the recollection that the separation and distance between us would not continue long. For these reasons, O Scipio (since you said that you with Lælius were accustomed to wonder at this), old age is tolerable to me, and not only not irksome, but even delightful. And if I am wrong in this, that I believe the souls of men to be immortal, I willingly delude myself: nor do I desire that this mistake, in which I take pleasure, should be wrested from me as long as I live; but if I, when dead, shall have no consciousness, as some narrow-minded philosophers imagine, I do not fear lest dead philosophers should ridicule this my delusion. But if we are not destined to be immortal, yet it is a desirable thing for a man to expire at his fit time. For, as nature prescribes a boundary to all other things, so does she also to life. Now old age is the consummation of life, just as of a play; from the fatigue of which we ought to escape, especially when satiety is superadded. This

is what I had to say on the subject of old age; to which may you arrive! that, after having experienced the truth of those statements which you have heard from me, you may be enabled to give them your approbation.

CLEANTHES

CLEANTHES, a pupil of Zeno, and one of the founders of the Stoic philosophy. Born at Assos, 331 B.C.; died 232 B.C., of voluntary starvation. His "Hymn to Zeus" is one of the world's classics.

HYMN TO ZEUS

O UNDER various sacred Names ador'd!
Divinity supreme! all-potent Lord!
Author of Nature! whose unbounded Sway
And Legislative Pow'r all Things obey!
Majestick *Jove!* all hail! To Thee belong
The suppliant Pray'r, and tributary Song:
To Thee from all thy mortal Offspring due;
From Thee we came, from Thee our Being drew;
Whatever lives and moves, great Sire! is thine,
Embodied Portions of the Soul divine.
Therefore to Thee will I attune my String,
And of thy wondrous Pow'r forever sing.
The wheeling Orbs, the wand'ring Fires above,
That round this earthly Sphere incessant move,
Through all this boundless World admit thy Sway,
And roll spontaneous where thou point'st the Way.
Such is the Awe imprest on Nature round
When through the Void thy dreadful Thunders sound,
Those flaming Agents of thy matchless Pow'r:
Astonish'd Worlds hear, tremble, and adore.
Thus paramount to All, by All obey'd,
Ruling that Reason which thro' All convey'd

Informs this gen'ral Mass, Thou reign'st ador'd,
Supreme, unbounded, universal Lord.
For nor in Earth, nor earth-encircling Floods,
Nor yon æthereal Pole, the Seat of Gods,
Is ought perform'd without thy Aid divine;
Strength, Wisdom, Virtue, mighty *Jove*, are thine!
Vice is the Act of Man, by Passion tost,
And in the shoreless Sea of Folly lost.
But Thou, what Vice disorders, canst compose;
And profit by the Malice of thy Foes;
So blending Good with Evil, Fair with Foul,
As thence to model one harmonious Whole:
One universal Law of Truth and Right;
But wretched Mortals shun the heav'nly Light;
And, tho' to Bliss directing still their Choice,
Hear not, or heed not Reason's sacred Voice,
That common Guide ordain'd to point the Road
That leads obedient Man to solid Good.
Thence quitting Virtue's lovely Paths they rove,
As various Objects various Passions move.
Some thro' opposing Crowds and threat'ning War
Seek Pow'r's bright Throne, and Fame's triumphal Car,
Some, bent on Wealth, pursue with endless Pain
Oppressive, sordid, and dishonest Gain:
While others, to soft Indolence resign'd,
Drown in corporeal Sweets th' immortal Mind.
But, O great Father, Thunder-ruling God!
Who in thick Darkness mak'st thy dread Abode!
Thou, from whose Bounty all good Gifts descend,
Do Thou from Ignorance Mankind defend!
The Clouds of Vice and Folly, O controul;
And shed the Beams of Wisdom on the Soul!
Those radiant Beams, by whose all-piercing Flame
Thy Justice rules this universal Frame.
That honor'd with a Portion of thy Light
We may essay thy Goodness to requite
With honorary Songs, and grateful Lays,
And hymn thy glorious Works with ceaseless Praise,
The proper Talk of Man: and sure to sing

Of Nature's Laws, and Nature's mighty King
Is Bliss supreme. Let Gods with Mortals join!
The Subject may transport a Breast divine.
— *Eighteenth century translation, anonymous.*

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Arthur Hugh Clough. Born in Liverpool, January 1, 1819; died in Florence, November 13, 1861. For a time Fellow at Oriel, Oxford. A gifted poet of rare spiritual sensitiveness, moral sincerity, delicate humor, and absolute intellectual honesty. See "Poems and Memoir" (by F. T. Palgrave, 1862); "Poems and Prose Remains" (1869).

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH

Say not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. An English poet, philosopher, and literary critic of high rank, and an intimate friend and associate of Wordsworth and Southey. Born at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, October 21, 1772; died July 25, 1834. Author of "The Ancient Mariner," "Wallenstein," "Christabel," "Poems on Various Subjects," "Aids to Reflection," "Table Talk." The best edition of Coleridge's works is that edited by Professor Shedd in seven volumes.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

PART I

An ancient Mariner meeteth three gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.

IT is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three:
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The Bridegroom's doors are open'd wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
Mayst hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand:
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The wedding-guest is spellbound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye —
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years' child;
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone,
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

"The ship was cheer'd, the harbor clear'd,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

"The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon —"
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

The ship drawn by a storm toward the south pole.

"With sloping masts and dripping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,

The ship drove fast, loud roar'd the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snowy cliffs
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken —
The ice was all between.

The land of ice, and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and howl'd,
Like noises in a swound!

"At length did cross an Albatross:
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hail'd it in God's name.

Till a great sea-bird, called the Albatross, came through the snow fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steer'd us through!

"And a good south-wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perch'd for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmer'd the white moon-shine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?" — "With my cross-bow
I shot the ALBATROSS."

The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

Part II

"The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

"And the good south-wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hollo!

"And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averr'd, I had kill'd the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
'Ah wretch!' said they, 'the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!'

His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

"Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averr'd, I had kill'd the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist.

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow follow'd free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line.

"Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

"All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,

Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

"Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink:
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

"The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

"About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

"And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us
From the land of mist and snow.

A spirit had followed them: one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, — neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

"And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was wither'd at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

"Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung."

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner: — in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

Part III

" There pass'd a weary time. Each throat
Was parch'd, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

" At first it seem'd a little speck,
And then it seem'd a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

" A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it near'd and near'd:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tack'd and veer'd.

" With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood;
I bit my arm, I suck'd the blood,
And cried, 'A sail! a sail!'

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

" With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call;
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

A flash of joy.

" 'See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!'

And horror follows: for can it be a ship, that comes onward without wind or tide?

" The western wave was all a flame,
The day was well-nigh done,
Almost upon the western wave

Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

"And straight the Sun was fleck'd with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peer'd
With broad and burning face.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

"Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

"Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate;
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a DEATH, and are there two?
Is DEATH that woman's mate?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun.

The specter-woman and her death-mate, and no other on board the skeleton-ship. Like vessel, like crew!

"*Her* lips were red, *her* looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-Mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

"The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won, I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

Death and *Life-in-Death* have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner.

"The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the Dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea
Off shot the specter-bark.

No twilight within the courts of the sun.

"We listen'd and look'd sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seem'd to sip!

At the rising of the moon.

The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd white;
From the sails the dew did drip —
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

" One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

One after another.

" Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropp'd down one by one.

His shipmates drop down dead.

" The souls did from their bodies fly, —
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it pass'd me by
Like the whizz of my CROSS-BOW!"

But *Life-in-Death* begins her work on the ancient Mariner.

PART IV

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribb'd sea-sand.

The wedding-guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown." —
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

" Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

"The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm

"I look'd upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I look'd upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.

"I look'd to Heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gush'd,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

"I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye
And the dead were at my feet.

"The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they;
The look with which they look'd on me
Had never pass'd away.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.

"An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

"The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside —

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and

"Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;

But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

" Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watch'd the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they rear'd, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

" Within the shadow of the ship
I watch'd their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coil'd and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

" O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
And I bless'd them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I bless'd them unaware.

Their beauty and their happiness.

He blesseth them in his heart.

" The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea."

The spell begins to break.

Part V

" Oh Sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

" The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remain'd,
I dreamt that they were fill'd with dew;
And when I awoke, it rain'd.

By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

" My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

" I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light — almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

" And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.

" The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

" And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain pour'd down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

" The thick black cloud was cleft, and still,
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

" The loud wind never reach'd the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on.

" They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;

It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

"The helmsman steer'd, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools
— We were a ghastly crew.

"The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pull'd at one rope,
But he said nought to me."

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

But not by the souls of the men, nor by dæmons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

"For when it dawn'd — they dropp'd their arms,
And cluster'd round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies pass'd.

"Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mix'd, now one by one.

"Sometimes, a-drooping from the sky,
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air,
With their sweet jargoning!

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;

And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

"It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

"Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

"Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

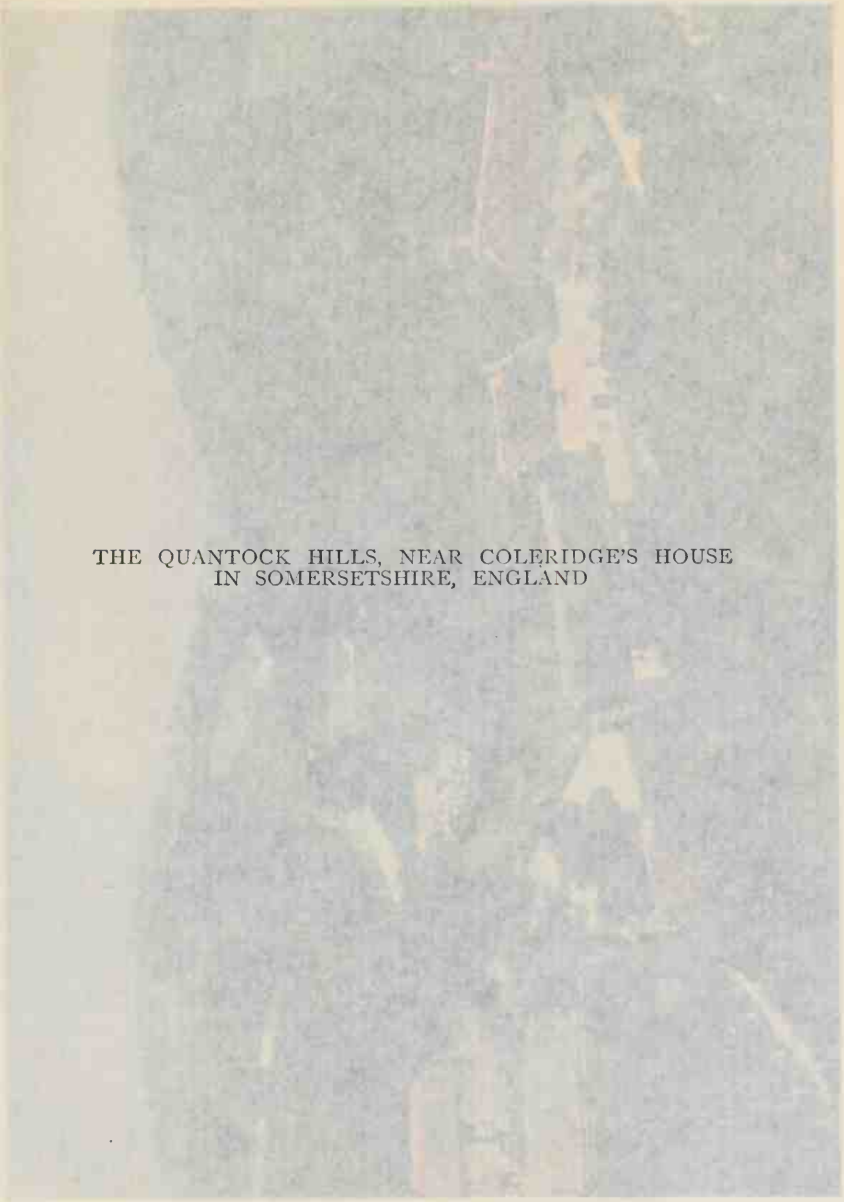
The lonesome spirit from the south pole carries on the ship as far as the line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

"The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fix'd her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion —
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

"Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

"How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life return'd,
I heard and in my soul discern'd
Two voices in the air.

The Polar Spirit's fellow dæmons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and



THE QUANTOCK HILLS, NEAR COLERIDGE'S HOUSE
IN SOMERSETSHIRE, ENGLAND

And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

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A pleasant noise till noon,
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"'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

"'The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

"The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'"

PART VI

FIRST VOICE

"'BUT tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing —
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the OCEAN doing?'

SECOND VOICE

"'Still as a slave before his lord,
The OCEAN hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast —

"'If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

FIRST VOICE

"'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

SECOND VOICE

" ' The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

" ' Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

" I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

" All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fix'd on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

" The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never pass'd away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

" And now this spell was snapt: once more
I view'd the ocean green,
And look'd far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen —

The curse is finally expiated.

" Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

" But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:

Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

"It raised my hair, it fann'd my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring —
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

"Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sail'd softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze —
On me alone it blew.

And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

"Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countrée?

"We drifted o'er the harbor bar,
And I with sobs did pray —
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

"The harbor bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

"The rock shone bright, the kirk no less
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steep'd in silentness
The steady weathercock.

"And the bay was white with silent light,
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies

"A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turn'd my eyes upon the deck —
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

And appear in their own forms of light.

"Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat;
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

"This seraph band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land
Each one a lovely light;

"This seraph band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart —
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

"But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turn'd perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

"The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

"I saw a third — I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood."

Part VII

"This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.

The Hermit of the Wood.

How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countrée.

"He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve —
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

"The skiff-boat near'd: I heard them talk,
'Why this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?'

"'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said — Approacheth the ship with wonder.
'And they answer not our cheer!
The planks look warp'd! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

"'Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

"'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look —
(The Pilot made reply),
I am a-fear'd' — 'Push on, push on!'
Said the Hermit cheerily.

"The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirr'd;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

"Under the water it rumbled on, The ship suddenly sinketh.
Still louder and more dread:

It reach'd the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

" Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drown'd
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.

" Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

" I moved my lips — the Pilot shriek'd,
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And pray'd where he did sit.

" I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laugh'd loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

" And now, all in my own countrée,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepp'd forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"'O shrive me, shrive me, holy man!'
The Hermit cross'd his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say
— What manner of man art thou?'

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrive him; and the penance of life falls on him.

" Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd
With a woeful agony,

Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land.

"I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

"What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark! the little vesper-bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer.

"O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

"O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk,
With a goodly company! —

"To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!

And to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turn'd from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunn'd,
And is of sense forlorn,
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

KUBLA KHAN

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree;
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
  Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Infolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!

And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles, meandering with a mazy motion,
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed
And drank the milk of Paradise.

WILLIAM COLLINS

WILLIAM COLLINS. Born at Chichester, England, December 25, 1721, died there, June 12, 1759.

Author of "The Passions," the "Dirge in Cymbeline," an "Ode to Evening," which is one of the best pieces of metrical work in the language.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

ODE TO EVENING

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,
Or upland fallows gray
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves
Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, sure found beneath the sylvan shed,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipped Health,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favorite name!

WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS

WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS. A popular and voluminous novelist of great dramatic power, as well as a successful playwright.

Born in London, January 8, 1824; died there, September 23, 1889. Author of "The Moonstone," "The Woman in White," "The New Magdalen," "No Name," "Basil," "The Dead Secret," "The Two Destinies," "The Legacy of Cain," "Armadale."

A TERRIBLY STRANGE BED

SHORTLY after my education at college was finished, I happened to be staying at Paris with an English friend. We were both young men then, and lived, I am afraid, rather a wild life, in the delightful city of our sojourn. One night we were idling about the neighborhood of the Palais Royal, doubtful to what amusement we should next betake ourselves. My friend proposed a visit to Frascati's, but his suggestion was not to my taste. I knew Frascati's, as the French saying is, by heart; had lost and won plenty of five-franc pieces there, merely for amusement's sake, until it was amusement no longer, and was thoroughly tired, in fact, of all the ghastly respectabilities of such a social anomaly as a respectable gambling-house. "For

heaven's sake," said I to my friend, "let us go somewhere where we can see a little genuine, blackguard, poverty-stricken gaming with no false gingerbread glitter thrown over it at all. Let us get away from fashionable Frascati's, to a house where they don't mind letting in a man with a ragged coat, or a man with no coat, ragged or otherwise." — "Very well," said my friend, "we needn't go out of the Palais Royal to find the sort of company you want. Here's the place just before us; as blackguard a place, by all report, as you could possibly wish to see." In another minute we arrived at the door, and entered the house.

When we got upstairs, and had left our hats and sticks with the doorkeeper, we were admitted into the chief gambling-room. We did not find many people assembled there. But, few as the men were who looked up at us on our entrance, they were all types, lamentably true types, of their respective classes.

We had come to see blackguards; but these men were something worse. There is a comic side, more or less appreciable, in all blackguardism. Here there was nothing but tragedy, — mute, weird tragedy. The quiet in the room was horrible. The thin, haggard, long-haired young man, whose sunken eyes fiercely watched the turning up of the cards, never spoke; the flabby, fat-faced, pimply player, who pricked his piece of pasteboard perseveringly, to register how often black won, and how often red, never spoke; the dirty, wrinkled old man, with the vulture eyes, and the darned greatcoat, who had lost his last *sou*, and still looked on desperately, after he could play no longer, never spoke. Even the voice of the croupier sounded as if it were strangely dulled and thickened in the atmosphere of the room. I had entered the place to laugh; but the spectacle before me was something to weep over. I soon found it necessary to take refuge, in excitement, from the depression of spirits which was fast stealing on me. Unfortunately I sought the nearest excitement by going to the table, and beginning to play. Still more unfortunately, as the event will show, I won, — won prodigiously; won incredibly; won at such a rate, that the regular players at the table crowded round me, and staring at my stakes with hungry, superstitious eyes, whispered to one another, that the English stranger was going to break the bank.

The game was *Rouge et Noir*. I had played at it in every city in Europe, without, however, the care or the wish to study the theory of chances, that philosopher's stone of all gamblers. And a gambler, in the strict sense of the word, I had never been. I was heart-whole from the corroding passion for play. My gaming was a mere idle amusement. I never resorted to it by necessity, because I never knew what it was to want money. I never practised it so incessantly as to lose more than I could afford, or to gain more than I could coolly pocket without being thrown off my balance by my good luck. In short, I had hitherto frequented gambling-tables, just as I frequented ball-rooms and opera-houses, because they amused me, and because I had nothing better to do with my leisure hours.

But on this occasion it was very different. Now, for the first time in my life, I felt what the passion for play really was. My success first bewildered, and then, in the most literal meaning of the word, intoxicated me. Incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that I only lost when I attempted to estimate chances, and played according to previous calculation. If I left everything to luck, and staked without any care or consideration, I was sure to win, — to win in the face of every recognized probability in favor of the bank. At first some of the men present ventured their money safely enough on my color; but I speedily increased my stakes to sums which they dared not risk. One after another, they left off playing, and breathlessly looked on at my game.

Still, time after time, I staked higher and higher, and still won. The excitement in the room rose to fever pitch. The silence was interrupted by a deep, muttered chorus of oaths and exclamations in different languages, every time the gold was shoveled across to my side of the table. Even the imperturbable croupier dashed his rake on the floor in a (French) fury of astonishment at my success. But one man present preserved his self-possession; and that man was my friend. He came to my side, and, whispering in English, begged me to leave the place satisfied with what I had already gained. I must do him the justice to say that he repeated his warnings and entreaties several times; and only left me, and went away, after I had rejected his advice (I was, to all intents and purposes, gambling-

drunk) in terms which rendered it impossible for him to address me again that night.

Shortly after he had gone, a hoarse voice behind me cried: "Permit me, my dear sir, permit me to restore to their proper place two Napoleons which you have dropped. Wonderful luck, sir! I pledge you my word of honor as an old soldier, in the course of my long experience in this sort of thing, I never saw such luck as yours, never! Go on, sir; *sacré mille bombes!* Go on boldly, and break the bank!"

I turned round, and saw, nodding and smiling at me with inveterate civility, a tall man, dressed in a frogged and braided surtout.

If I had been in my senses, I should have considered him, personally, as being rather a suspicious specimen of an old soldier. He had goggling, bloodshot eyes, mangy mustachios, and a broken nose. His voice betrayed a barrack-room intonation of the worst order; and he had the dirtiest pair of hands I ever saw, even in France. These little personal peculiarities exercised, however, no repelling influence on me. In the mad excitement, the reckless triumph, of that moment, I was ready to "fraternize" with anybody who encouraged me in my game. I accepted the old soldier's proffered pinch of snuff, clapped him on the back, and swore he was the honestest fellow in the world, — the most glorious relic of the Grand Army that I had ever met with. "Go on!" cried my military friend, snapping his fingers in ecstasy, — "go on, and win! Break the bank; *mille tonnerres!* My gallant English comrade, break the bank!"

And I *did* go on, — went on at such a rate, that in another quarter of an hour the croupier called out, "Gentlemen, the bank has discontinued for to-night!" All the notes, and all the gold in that "bank," now lay in a heap under my hands; the whole floating capital of the gambling-house was waiting to pour into my pockets.

"Tie up the money in your pocket-handkerchief, my worthy sir," said the old soldier, as I wildly plunged my hands into my heap of gold. "Tie it up as we used to tie up a bit of dinner in the Grand Army: your winnings are too heavy for any breeches-pockets that ever were sewed. There, that's it. Shovel them in, notes and all. *Credié!* what luck! Stop!

another Napoleon on the floor! *Ah! sacré petit polisson de Napoleon!* have I found thee at last? Now then, sir, two tight double-knots each way, with your honorable permission, and the money's safe. Feel it! feel it, fortunate sir! hard and round as a cannon-ball. *Ah, bah!* if they had only fired such cannon-balls at us at Austerlitz! *nom d'une pipe!* if they only had! And now, as an ancient grenadier, as an ex-brave of the French army, what remains for me to do? I ask what? Simply this: to entreat my valued English friend to drink a bottle of champagne with me, and toast the goddess Fortune in foaming goblets before we part!"

"Excellent ex-brave! Convivial ancient grenadier! Champagne by all means! An English cheer for an old soldier! Hurrah! hurrah! Another English cheer for the goddess Fortune! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

"Bravo! the Englishman; the amiable, gracious Englishman, in whose veins circulates the vivacious blood of France! Another glass? *Ah, bah!* the bottle is empty. Never mind! *Vive le vin!* I, the old soldier, order another bottle, and half a pound of *bonbons* with it!"

"No, no, ex-brave; never, ancient grenadier! *Your* bottle last time; *my* bottle this. Behold it! Toast away! The French army! the great Napoleon! the present company! the croupier! the honest croupier's wife and daughters — if he has any! the ladies generally! Everybody in the world!"

By the time the second bottle of champagne was emptied, I felt as if I had been drinking liquid fire: my brain seemed all aflame. No excess in wine had ever had this effect on me before in my life. Was it the result of a stimulant acting upon my system when I was in a highly excited state? Was my stomach in a particularly disordered condition? Or was the champagne amazingly strong?

"Ex-brave of the French army!" cried I, in a mad state of exhilaration, "*I am* on fire! how are *you?* You have set me on fire! Do you hear, my hero of Austerlitz? Let us have a third bottle of champagne to put the flame out!"

The old soldier wagged his head, rolled his goggle eyes, until I expected to see them slip out of their sockets; placed his dirty forefinger by the side of his broken nose; solemnly

ejaculated "Coffee!" and immediately ran off into an inner room.

The word pronounced by the eccentric veteran seemed to have a magical effect on the rest of the company present. With one accord they all rose to depart. Probably they had expected to profit by my intoxication; but, finding that my new friend was benevolently bent on preventing me from getting dead drunk, had now abandoned all hope of thriving pleasantly on my winnings. Whatever their motive might be, at any rate they went away in a body. When the old soldier returned, and sat down again opposite to me at the table, we had the room to ourselves. I could see the croupier, in a sort of vestibule which opened out of it, eating his supper in solitude. The silence was now deeper than ever.

A sudden change, too, had come over the "ex-brave." He assumed a portentously solemn look; and, when he spoke to me again, his speech was ornamented by no oaths, enforced by no finger-snapping, enlivened by no apostrophes or exclamations.

"Listen, my dear sir," said he, in mysteriously confidential tones, — "listen to an old soldier's advice. I have been to the mistress of this house (a very charming woman, with a genius for cookery), to impress on her the necessity of making us some particularly strong and good coffee. You must drink this coffee in order to get rid of your little amiable exaltation of spirits before you think of going home, — you *must*, my good and gracious friend! With all that money to take home to-night, it is a sacred duty to yourself to have your wits about you. You are known to be a winner, to an enormous extent, by several gentlemen present to-night, who, in a certain point of view, are very worthy and excellent fellows; but they are mortal men, my dear sir, and they have their amiable weaknesses! Need I say more? Ah, no, no! you understand me. Now, this is what you must do, — send for a cabriolet when you feel quite well again, draw up all the windows when you get into it, and tell the driver to take you home only through the large and well-lighted thoroughfares. Do this, and you and your money will be safe. Do this, and to-morrow you will thank an old soldier for giving you a word of honest advice."

Just as the ex-brave ended his oration in very lachrymose tones, the coffee came in, ready poured out in two cups. My attentive friend handed me one of the cups with a bow. I was parched with thirst, and drank it off at a draught. Almost instantly afterwards, I was seized with a fit of giddiness, and felt more completely intoxicated than ever. The room whirled round and round furiously; the old soldier seemed to be regularly bobbing up and down before me like the piston of the steam-engine. I was half deafened by a violent singing in my ears; a feeling of utter bewilderment, helplessness, idiocy, overcame me. I rose from my chair, holding on by the table to keep my balance; and stammered out, that I felt dreadfully unwell, — so unwell that I did not know how I was to get home.

"My dear friend," answered the old soldier, and even his voice seemed to be bobbing up and down as he spoke, — "my dear friend, it would be madness to go home in *your* state; you would be sure to lose your money; you might be robbed and murdered with the greatest ease. *I* am going to sleep here: do *you* sleep here too. They make up capital beds in this house: take one, sleep off the effects of the wine, and go home safely with your winnings to-morrow, — to-morrow, in broad daylight."

I had but two ideas left, — one, that I must never let go hold of my handkerchief full of money; the other, that I must lie down somewhere immediately, and fall off into a comfortable sleep. So I agreed to the proposal about the bed, and took the offered arm of the old soldier, carrying my money with my disengaged hand. Preceded by the croupier, we passed along some passages, and up a flight of stairs, into the bedroom which I was to occupy. The ex-brave shook me warmly by the hand, proposed that we should breakfast together, and then, followed by the croupier, left me for the night.

I ran to the wash-stand; drank some of the water in my jug; poured the rest out, and plunged my face into it; then sat down in a chair, and tried to compose myself. I soon felt better. The change for my lungs, from the fetid atmosphere of the gambling-room to the cool air of the apartment I now occupied; the almost equally refreshing change for my eyes,

from the glaring gas-lights of the "salon" to the dim, quiet flicker of one bedroom candle, — aided wonderfully the restorative effects of cold water. The giddiness left me, and I began to feel a little like a reasonable being again. My first thought was of the risk of sleeping all night in a gambling-house; my second, of the still greater risk of trying to get out after the house was closed, and of going home alone at night, through the streets of Paris, with a large sum of money about me. I had slept in worse places than this on my travels: so I determined to lock, bolt, and barricade my door, and take my chance till the next morning.

Accordingly, I secured myself against all intrusion; looked under the bed, and into the cupboard; tried the fastening of the window; and then, satisfied that I had taken every proper precaution, pulled off my upper clothing, put my light, which was a dim one, on the hearth among a feathery litter of wood-ashes, and got into bed, with the handkerchief full of money under my pillow.

I soon felt not only that I could not go to sleep, but that I could not even close my eyes. I was wide awake, and in a high fever. Every nerve in my body trembled; every one of my senses seemed to be preternaturally sharpened. I tossed and rolled, and tried every kind of position, and perseveringly sought out the cold corners of the bed, and all to no purpose. Now I thrust my arms over the clothes; now I poked them under the clothes. Now I violently shot my legs straight out down to the bottom of the bed; now I convulsively coiled them up as near my chin as they would go. Now I shook out my crumpled pillow, changed it to the cool side, patted it flat, and lay down quietly on my back; now I fiercely doubled it in two, set it up on end, thrust it against the board of the bed, and tried a sitting posture. Every effort was in vain. I groaned with vexation, as I felt that I was in for a sleepless night.

What could I do? I had no book to read. And yet, unless I found out some method of diverting my mind, I felt certain that I was in the condition to imagine all sorts of horrors, to rack my brain with forebodings of every possible and impossible danger, in short, to pass the night in suffering all conceivable varieties of nervous terror.

I raised myself on my elbow, and looked about the room, which was brightened by a lovely moonlight pouring straight through the window, to see if it contained any pictures or ornaments that I could at all clearly distinguish. While my eyes wandered from wall to wall, a remembrance of Le Maistre's delightful little book, "Voyage autour de ma Chambre," occurred to me. I resolved to imitate the French author, and find occupation and amusement enough to relieve the tedium of my wakefulness, by making a mental inventory of every article of furniture I could see, and by following up to their sources the multitude of associations which even a chair, a table, or a wash-hand stand may be made to call forth.

In the nervous, unsettled state of my mind at that moment, I found it much easier to make my inventory than to make my reflections, and thereupon soon gave up all hope of thinking in Le Maistre's fanciful track, or, indeed, of thinking at all. I looked about the room at the different articles of furniture, and did nothing more.

There was, first, the bed I was lying in, — a four-post bed, of all things in the world, to meet with in Paris! yes, a thorough, clumsy British four-poster, with the regular top lined with chintz, the regular fringed valance all round, the regular stifling, unwholesome curtains, which I remembered having mechanically drawn back against the posts, without particularly noticing the bed, when I first got into the room. Then there was the marble-topped wash-hand stand, from which the water I had spilt, in my hurry to pour it out, was still dripping, slowly and more slowly, on to the brick floor. Then two small chairs with my coat, waistcoat, and trousers flung on them. Then a large elbow-chair, covered with dirty white dimity, with my cravat and shirt-collar thrown over the back. Then a chest of drawers with two of the brass handles off, and a tawdry, broken china inkstand placed on it by way of ornament for the top. Then the dressing-table, adorned by a very small looking-glass, and a very large pincushion. Then the window, an unusually large window. Then a dark old picture, which the feeble candle dimly showed me. It was the picture of a fellow in a high Spanish hat, crowned with a plume of towering feathers. A swarthy, sinister ruffian, looking upward, shading his eyes

with his hand, and looking intently upward, it might be at some tall gallows at which he was going to be hanged. At any rate, he had the appearance of thoroughly deserving it.

The picture put a kind of constraint upon me to look upward, too, at the top of the bed. It was a gloomy, and not an interesting, object; and I looked back at the picture. I counted the feathers in the man's hat: they stood out in relief, — three white, two green. I observed the crown of his hat, which was of a conical shape, according to the fashion supposed to have been favored by Guido Fawkes. I wondered what he was looking up at. It couldn't be at the stars: such a desperado was neither astrologer nor astronomer. It must be at the high gallows, and he was going to be hanged presently. Would the executioner come into possession of his conical crowned hat, and plume of feathers? I counted the feathers again, — three white, two green.

While I still lingered over this very improving and intellectual employment, my thoughts insensibly began to wander. The moonlight shining into the room reminded me of a certain moonlight night in England, the night after a picnic party in a Welsh valley. Every incident of the drive homeward through lovely scenery, which the moonlight made lovelier than ever, came back to my remembrance, though I had never given the picnic a thought for years; though, if I had *tried* to recollect it, I could certainly have recalled little or nothing of that scene long past. Of all the wonderful faculties that help to tell us we are immortal, which speaks the sublime truth more eloquently than memory? Here was I, in a strange house of the most suspicious character, in a situation of uncertainty, and even of peril, which might seem to make the cool exercise of my recollection almost out of the question; nevertheless remembering, quite involuntarily, places, people, conversations, minute circumstances of every kind, which I had thought forgotten forever, which I could not possibly have recalled at will, even under the most favorable auspices. And what cause had produced, in a moment, the whole of this strange, complicated, mysterious effect? Nothing but some rays of moonlight shining in at my bedroom window.

I was still thinking of the picnic, of our merriment on the

drive home, of the sentimental young lady who *would* quote "Childe Harold" because it was moonlight; I was absorbed by these past scenes and past amusements, — when, in an instant, the thread on which my memories hung snapped asunder; my attention immediately came back to present things more vividly than ever; and I found myself, I neither knew why nor wherefore, looking hard at the picture again.

Looking for what?

Good God! the man had pulled his hat down on his brows! No, the hat itself was gone! Where was the conical crown? Where the feathers, — three white, two green? Not there. In place of the hat and feathers, what dusky object was it that now hid his forehead, his eyes, his shading hand?

Was the bed moving?

I turned on my back, and looked up. Was I mad? drunk? dreaming? giddy again? Or was the top of the bed really moving down, sinking slowly, regularly, silently, horribly, right down throughout the whole of its length and breadth, right down upon me, as I lay underneath?

My blood seemed to stand still. A deadly, paralyzing coldness stole all over me, as I turned my head round on the pillow, and determined to test whether the bed-top was really moving or not, by keeping my eye on the man in the picture.

The next look in that direction was enough. The dull, black, frowzy outline of the valance above me was within an inch of being parallel with his waist. I still looked breathlessly; and steadily, and slowly, very slowly, I saw the figure, and the line of frame below the figure, vanish, as the valance moved down before it.

I am, constitutionally, anything but timid. I have been, on more than one occasion, in peril of my life, and have not lost my self-possession for an instant; but when the conviction first settled on my mind that the bed-top was really moving, was steadily and continuously sinking down upon me, I looked up shuddering, helpless, panic-stricken, beneath the hideous machinery for murder, which was advancing closer and closer to suffocate me where I lay.

I looked up motionless, speechless, breathless. The candle,

fully spent, went out; but the moonlight still brightened the room. Down and down, without pausing and without sounding, came the bed-top; and still my panic-terror seemed to bind me faster and faster to the mattress on which I lay. Down and down it sank, till the dusty odor from the lining of the canopy came stealing into my nostrils.

At that final moment, the instinct of self-preservation startled me out of my trance, and I moved at last. There was just room for me to roll myself sideways off the bed. As I dropped noiselessly to the floor, the edge of the murderous canopy touched me on the shoulder.

Without stopping to draw my breath, without wiping the cold sweat from my face, I rose instantly on my knees to watch the bed-top. I was literally spellbound by it. If I had heard footsteps behind me, I could not have turned round; if a means of escape had been miraculously provided for me, I could not have moved to take advantage of it. The whole life in me was, at that moment, concentrated in my eyes.

It descended; the whole canopy, with the fringe round it, came down, down, close down, so close that there was not room now to squeeze my finger between the bed-top and the bed. I felt at the sides, and discovered that what had appeared to me, from beneath, to be the ordinary light canopy of a four-post bed, was in reality a thick, broad mattress, the substance of which was concealed by the valance and its fringe. I looked up, and saw the four posts rising hideously bare. In the middle of the bed-top was a huge wooden screw that had evidently worked it down through a hole in the ceiling, just as ordinary presses are worked down on the substance selected for compression. The frightful apparatus moved without making the faintest noise. There had been no creaking as it came down: there was now not the faintest sound from the room above. Amid a dead and awful silence, I beheld before me, in the nineteenth century, and in the civilized capital of France, such a machine for secret murder by suffocation as might have existed in the worst days of the Inquisition, in the lonely inns among the Hartz Mountains, in the mysterious tribunals of Westphalia! Still, as I looked on it, I could not move; I could hardly breathe; but I began to recover the power of

thinking, and in a moment I discovered the murderous conspiracy framed against me, in all its horror.

My cup of coffee had been drugged, and drugged too strongly. I had been saved from being smothered by having taken an overdose of some narcotic. How I had chafed and fretted at the fever-fit which had preserved my life by keeping me awake! How recklessly I had confided myself to the two wretches who had led me into this room, determined, for the sake of my winnings, to kill me in my sleep by the surest and most horrible contrivance for secretly accomplishing my destruction! How many men, winners like me, had slept, as I had proposed to sleep, in that bed, and had never been seen or heard of more! I shuddered at the bare idea of it.

But, ere long, all thought was again suspended by the sight of the murderous canopy moving once more. After it had remained on the bed, as nearly as I could guess, about ten minutes, it began to move up again. The villains who worked it from above evidently believed that their purpose was now accomplished. Slowly and silently, as it had descended, that horrible bed-top rose towards its former place. When it reached the upper extremities of the four posts, it reached the ceiling too. Neither hole nor screw could be seen; the bed became, in appearance, an ordinary bed again, the canopy an ordinary canopy, even to the most suspicious eyes.

Now, for the first time, I was able to move, to rise from my knees, to dress myself in my upper clothing, and to consider of how I should escape. If I betrayed, by the slightest noise, that the attempt to suffocate me had failed, I was certain to be murdered. Had I made any noise already? I listened intently, looking towards the door.

No! no footsteps in the passage outside; no sound of a tread, light or heavy, in the room above: absolute silence everywhere. Besides locking and bolting my door, I had moved an old wooden chest against it, which I had found under the bed. To remove this chest (my blood ran cold as I thought what its contents *might* be), without making some disturbance, was impossible; and, moreover, to think of escaping through the house, now barred up for the night, was sheer insanity. Only one chance was left me, — the window. I stole to it on tiptoe.

My bedroom was on the first floor, above an *entresol*, and looked into the back street. I raised my hand to open the window, knowing that on that action hung, by the merest hair's breadth, my chance of safety. They keep vigilant watch in a house of murder. If any part of the frame cracked, if the hinge creaked, I was a lost man! It must have occupied me at least five minutes, reckoning by time, — five *hours*, reckoning by suspense, — to open that window. I succeeded in doing it silently, in doing it with all the dexterity of a housebreaker, and then looked down into the street. To leap the distance beneath me would be almost certain destruction. Next I looked round at the sides of the house. Down the left side ran the thick water-pipe: it passed close by the outer edge of the window. The moment I saw the pipe, I knew I was saved. My breath came and went freely for the first time since I had seen the canopy of the bed moving down upon me.

To some men, the means of escape which I had discovered might have seemed difficult and dangerous enough: to *me*, the prospect of slipping down the pipe into the street did not suggest even a thought of peril. I had always been accustomed, by the practice of gymnastics, to keep up my schoolboy powers as a daring and expert climber; and knew that my head, hands, and feet would serve me faithfully in any hazards of ascent or descent. I had already got one leg over the window-sill, when I remembered the handkerchief filled with money under my pillow. I could well have afforded to leave it behind me; but I was revengefully determined that the miscreants of the gambling-house should miss their plunder, as well as their victim. So I went back to the bed, and tied the heavy handkerchief at my back by my cravat.

Just as I had made it tight, and fixed it in a comfortable place, I thought I heard a sound of breathing outside the door. The chill feeling of horror ran through me again as I listened. No! dead silence still in the passage: I had only heard the night air blowing softly into the room. The next moment I was on the window-sill; and the next I had a firm grip on the water-pipe with my hands and knees.

I slid down into the street easily and quietly, as I thought I should, and immediately set off, at the top of my speed, to a

branch "prefecture" of police, which I knew was situated in the immediate neighborhood. A "subprefect," and several picked men among his subordinates, happened to be up, maturing, I believe, some scheme for discovering the perpetrator of a mysterious murder which all Paris was talking of just then. When I began my story in a breathless hurry, and in very bad French, I could see that the subprefect suspected me of being a drunken Englishman who had robbed somebody; but he soon altered his opinion as I went on; and, before I had anything like concluded, he shoved all the papers before him into a drawer, put on his hat, supplied me with another (for I was bareheaded), ordered a file of soldiers, desired his expert followers to get ready all sort of tools for breaking open doors, and ripping up brick flooring, and took my arm, in the most friendly and familiar manner possible, to lead me with him out of the house. I will venture to say, that when the subprefect was a little boy, and was taken for the first time to the play, he was not half as much pleased as he was now at the job in prospect for him at the gambling-house.

Away we went through the streets, the subprefect cross-examining and congratulating me in the same breath, as we marched at the head of our formidable *posse comitatus*. Sentinels were placed at the back and front of the house the moment we got to it. A tremendous battery of knocks was directed against the door; a light appeared at the window; I was told to conceal myself behind the police. Then came more knocks, and a cry of "Open, in the name of the law!" At that terrible summons, bolts and locks gave way before an invisible hand; and, the moment after, the subprefect was in the passage, confronting a waiter, half dressed, and ghastly pale. This was the short dialogue which immediately took place: —

"We want to see the Englishman who is sleeping in this house."

"He went away hours ago."

"He did no such thing. His friend went away: *he* remained. Show us to his bedroom."

"I swear to you, M. le Sous-prefet, he is not here. He —"

"I swear to you, M. le Garçon, he is. He slept here; he didn't find your bed comfortable; he came to us to complain

of it; here he is, among my men; and here am I, ready to look for a flea or two in his bedstead. Renaudin!" (calling to one of the subordinates, and pointing to the waiter), "collar that man, and tie his hands behind him. Now, then, gentlemen, let us walk upstairs."

Every man and woman in the house was secured, — the "old soldier" the first. Then I identified the bed in which I had slept; and then we went into the room above.

No object that was at all extraordinary appeared in any part of it. The subprefect looked round the place, commanded everybody to be silent, stamped twice on the floor, called for a candle, looked attentively at the spot he had stamped on, and ordered the flooring there to be carefully taken up. This was done in no time. Lights were produced; and we saw a deep, raftered cavity between the floor of this room and the ceiling of the room beneath. Through this cavity, there ran perpendicularly a sort of case of iron, thickly greased; and inside the case appeared the screw, which communicated with the bed-top below. Extra lengths of screw, freshly oiled; levers, covered with felt; all the complete upper works of a heavy press, constructed with infernal ingenuity so as to join the fixtures below, and, when taken to pieces again, to go into the smallest possible compass, were next discovered, and pulled out upon the floor. After some little difficulty, the subprefect succeeded in putting the machinery together, and, leaving his men to work it, descended with me to the bedroom. The smothering canopy was then lowered, but not so noiselessly as I had seen it lowered. When I mentioned this to the subprefect, his answer, simple as it was, had a terrible significance. "My men," said he, "are working down the bed-top for the first time: the men whose money you won were in better practice."

We left the house in the sole possession of two police agents, every one of the inmates being removed to prison on the spot. The subprefect, after taking down my *procès verbal* in his office, returned with me to my hotel to get my passport. "Do you think," I asked, as I gave it to him, "that any men have really been smothered in that bed, as they tried to smother *me?*"

"I have seen dozens of drowned men laid out at the Morgue," answered the subprefect, "in whose pocket-books were

found letters, stating that they had committed suicide in the Seine, because they had lost everything at the gaming-table. Do I know how many of those men entered the same gambling-house that *you* entered, won as *you* won, took that bed as *you* took it, slept in it, were smothered in it, and were privately thrown into the river, with a letter of explanation written by the murderers, and placed in their pocket-books? No man can say how many, or how few, have suffered the fate from which you have escaped. The people of the gambling-house kept their bedstead-machinery a secret from *us*, even from the police. The dead kept the rest of the secret from them. Good night, or, rather, good morning, M. Faulkner! Be at my office again at nine o'clock. In the meantime, *au revoir!*"

The rest of my story is soon told. I was examined and re-examined; the gambling-house was strictly searched all through, from top to bottom; the prisoners were separately interrogated; and two of the less guilty among them made a confession. *I* discovered that the old soldier was the master of the gambling-house: *justice* discovered that he had been drummed out of the army, as a vagabond, years ago; that he had been guilty of all sorts of villainies since, that he was in possession of stolen property, which the owners identified; and that he, the croupier, another accomplice, and the woman who had made my cup of coffee, were all in the secret of the bedstead. There appeared some reason to doubt whether the inferior persons attached to the house knew anything of the suffocating machinery; and they received the benefit of that doubt, by being treated simply as thieves and vagabonds. As for the old soldier and his two head myrmidons, they went to the galleys; the woman who had drugged my coffee was imprisoned for I forget how many years; the regular attendants at the gambling-house were considered "suspicious," and placed under "surveillance"; and I became, for one whole week (which is a long time), the head "lion" in Parisian society. My adventure was dramatized by three illustrious playmakers, but never saw theatrical daylight; for the censorship forbade the introduction, on the stage, of a correct copy of the gambling-house bedstead.

CONFUCIUS

CONFUCIUS. Born about 551 B.C.; died 476 B.C. A Chinese philosopher still venerated and obeyed by a nation of four hundred millions, more than two thousand years after his death. One of the world's greatest ethical teachers, and the enunciator — in a negative form — of the Golden Rule. For many centuries his doctrines have formed almost the entire amount of instruction given in the schools of China, as well as the main subject for the National Examinations for the Civil Service. Divine honors are paid to him twice a year by the Chinese emperor, as well as by millions of his subjects, and numberless temples have been reared in his honor.

THE SIXTEEN SACRED MAXIMS

I

YOU must put in practice the duties prescribed by filial piety, and observe that deference which is due from a younger to an elder brother: by these means only can you learn to set a proper value upon those obligations which nature imposes on all men.

II

You must always preserve a respectful remembrance of your ancestors: hence will result constant peace and union in your family.

III

Let harmony and concord reign throughout every village: by this quarrels will be banished, and lawsuits be prevented.

IV

Let those who cultivate the earth and breed silkworms be esteemed and respected: you will then want neither grain for your nourishment nor clothing to cover you.

V

Let frugality, temperance, modesty, and prudent economy become the objects of your reflection, and regulate your conduct.

VI

Let the public schools be carefully maintained; and, above all, let youth be instructed early in the duties of life, and formed to good morals.

VII

Let every one attend to his own business and to the duties of his office; they will then be better discharged.

VIII

Let religious sects be carefully extirpated as soon as they spring up: it might be too late afterwards.

IX

Let the terrors of the penal laws be often held up to the people: for rude and intractable minds can be restrained by fear only.

X

Endeavor to acquire a perfect knowledge of the rules of civility and politeness: these tend to maintain concord.

XI

Let the education of children, and particularly younger sons, be the principal object of your attention.

XII

Avoid slander, and abstain from malicious accusations.

XIII

Conceal none of those criminals who, on account of their crimes, have been banished from society, and condemned to a wandering life: by concealing them, you become their accomplices.

XIV

Be punctual in paying the duties and taxes imposed by the prince: this will free you from the oppression of those who collect them, and from vexatious lawsuits.

XV

Be careful to act in concert with the magistrates of the district to which you belong, and to second their efforts in discharging the duties of their office: by these means they will be enabled to detect the guilty, and to prevent robbery and theft.

XVI

Restrain every sudden emotion of passion, and you will avoid many dangers.

RELIGIOUS BELIEF

CHANG-TI, or *Supreme Lord* or *Being*, is the principle of everything that exists, and Father of all living. He is eternal, immovable, and independent: his power knows no bounds: his sight equally comprehends the past, the present, and the future, and penetrates even to the inmost recesses of the heart. Heaven and earth are under his government: all events, all revolutions, are the consequences of his dispensation and will. He is pure, holy, and impartial: wickedness offends his sight; but he beholds with an eye of complacency the virtuous actions of men. Severe, yet just, he punishes vice in an exemplary manner, even in princes and rulers; and often precipitates the guilty, to crown with honor the man who walks after his own heart, and whom he hath raised from obscurity. Good, merciful, and full of pity, he forgives, on the repentance of the wicked; and public calamities, and the irregularity of the seasons, are only salutary warnings, which his fatherly goodness gives to men, to induce them to reform and amend.

There is no other principle of all things but a vacuum and nothing; from nothing all things have sprung, to nothing they must again return; and there all our hopes end.

Cherish mildness, suppress passion; then you need not wait for the mediation of others: habits of contention will cease of their own accord. How excellent would such manners be!

Labor and determination of the will are mutually necessary to each other, in order to the perfect accomplishment of any great object.

ELIZA COOK

ELIZA COOK. Born in London, 1818; died at Wimbledon, September 23, 1889. Author of many touching poems, including "The Old Arm-Chair," "The Old Farm Gate," "The Home in the Heart," "I Miss Thee, My Mother."

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR

I LOVE it, I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it with sighs.
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;
Would you know the spell? — a mother sat there!
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me that shame would never betide
With Truth for my creed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat, and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshiped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped, —
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled!
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in her old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past! but I gaze on it now,
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide.

Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
Whilst scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

James Fenimore Cooper. A popular and exceedingly entertaining writer of stories of adventure and heroism on sea and land. Born in Burlington, New Jersey, September 15, 1789; died at Cooperstown, New York, September 14, 1851. Author of "The Spy," "The Pioneers," "The Pilot," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Red Rover," "The Prairie," "The Pathfinder," "The Deerslayer," "The Two Admirals," "Wing and Wing," "Oak Openings," "The Sea Lions," "History of the Navy of the United States," "Lives of American Naval Officers."

(From "The Pathfinder")

THE ATTACK ON THE BLOCKHOUSE

The guide raised a finger for silence, and then beckoned to Cap to ascend the first ladder, and to allow Mabel to take his place at the side of the Sergeant.

"We must be prudent, and we must be bold too," said he in a low voice. "The riptyles are in earnest in their intention to fire the block: for they know there is now nothing to be gained by letting it stand. I hear the voice of that vagabond Arrowhead among them, and he is urging them to set about their deviltry this very night. We must be stirring, Saltwater, and doing too. Luckily there are four or five barrels of water in the block, and these are something towards a siege. My reckoning is wrong, too, or we shall yet reap some advantage from that honest fellow's, the Sarpent, being at liberty."

Cap did not wait for a second invitation; but, stealing away, he was soon in the upper room with Pathfinder, while Mabel took his post at the side of her father's humble bed. Pathfinder had opened a loop, having so far concealed the light that it

would not expose him to a treacherous shot; and, expecting a summons, he stood with his face near the hole, ready to answer. The stillness that succeeded was at length broken by the voice of Muir.

"Master Pathfinder," called out the Scotchman, "a friend summons you to a parley. Come freely to one of the loops; for you've nothing to fear so long as you are in converse with an officer of the 55th."

"What is your will, Quartermaster? what is your will? I know the 55th, and believe it to be a brave regiment; though I rather incline to the 60th as my favorite, and to the Delawares more than to either; but what would you have, Quartermaster? It must be a pressing errand that brings you under the loops of a blockhouse at this hour of the night, with the sartainty of Killdeer being inside of it."

"Oh, you'll no' harm a friend, Pathfinder, I'm certain; and that's my security. You're a man of judgment, and have gained too great a name on this frontier for bravery to feel the necessity of foolhardiness to obtain a character. You'll very well understand, my good friend, there is as much credit to be gained by submitting gracefully, when resistance becomes impossible, as by obstinately holding out contrary to the rules of war. The enemy is too strong for us, my brave comrade, and I come to counsel you to give up the block, on condition of being treated as a prisoner of war."

"I thank you for this advice, Quartermaster, which is the more acceptable as it costs nothing; but I do not think it belongs to my gifts to yield a place like this while food and water last."

"Well, I'd be the last, Pathfinder, to recommend anything against so brave a resolution, did I see the means of maintaining it. But ye'll remember that Master Cap has fallen."

"Not he, not he!" roared the individual in question through another loop; "and so far from that, Lieutenant, he has risen to the height of this here fortification, and has no mind to put his head of hair into the hands of such barbers again, so long as he can help it. I look upon this blockhouse as a circumstance, and have no mind to throw it away."

"If that is a living voice," returned Muir, "I am glad to hear

it; for we all thought the man had fallen in the late fearful confusion. But, Master Pathfinder, although ye're enjoying the society of your friend Cap, — and a great pleasure do I know it to be, by the experience of two days and a night passed in a hole in the earth, — we've lost that of Sergeant Dunham, who has fallen, with all the brave men he led in the late expedition. Lundie would have it so, though it would have been more discreet and becoming to send a commissioned officer in command. Dunham was a brave man, notwithstanding, and shall have justice done his memory. In short, we have all acted for the best, and that is as much as could be said in favor of Prince Eugene, the Duke of Marlborough, or the great Earl of Stair himself."

"You're wrong ag'in, Quartermaster, you're wrong ag'in," answered Pathfinder, resorting to a ruse to magnify his force. "The Sergeant is safe in the block too, where one might say the whole family is collected."

"Well, I rejoice to hear it, for we had certainly counted the Sergeant among the slain. If pretty Mabel is in the block still, let her not delay an instant, for heaven's sake, in quitting it, for the enemy is about to put it to the trial by fire. Ye know the potency of that dread element, and will be acting more like the discreet and experienced warrior ye're universally allowed to be, in yielding a place you canna' defend, than in drawing down ruin on yourself and companions."

"I know the potency of fire, as you call it, Quartermaster; and am not to be told, at this late hour, that it can be used for something else besides cooking a dinner. But I make no doubt you've heard of the potency of Killdeer, and the man who attempts to lay a pile of brush against these logs will get a taste of his power. As for arrows, it is not in their gift to set this building on fire, for we've no shingles on our roof, but good solid logs and green bark, and plenty of water besides. The roof is so flat, too, as you know yourself, Quartermaster, that we can walk on it, and so no danger on that score while water lasts. I'm peaceable enough if let alone; but he who endivours to burn this block over my head will find the fire squinched in his own blood."

"This is idle and romantic talk, Pathfinder, and ye'll no' maintain it yourself when ye come to meditate on the realities.

I hope ye'll no' gainsay the loyalty or the courage of the 55th, and I feel convinced that a council of war would decide on the propriety of a surrender forthwith. Na, na, Pathfinder, foolhardiness is na mair like the bravery o' Wallace or Bruce than Albany on the Hudson is like the old town of Edinbro'."

"As each of us seems to have made up his mind, Quartermaster, more words are useless. If the riptyles near you are disposed to set about their hellish job, let them begin at once. They can burn wood, and I'll burn powder. If I were an Indian at the stake, I suppose I could brag as well as the rest of them; but, my gifts and natur' being both white, my turn is rather for doing than talking. You've said quite enough, considering you carry the king's commission; and should we all be consumed, none of us will bear *you* any malice."

"Pathfinder, ye'll no' be exposing Mabel, pretty Mabel Dunham, to sic' a calamity!"

"Mabel Dunham is by the side of her wounded father, and God will care for the safety of a pious child. Not a hair of her head shall fall, while my arm and sight remain true; and though *you* may trust the Mingos, Master Muir, I put no faith in them. You've a knavish Tuscarora in your company there, who has art and malice enough to spoil the character of any tribe with which he consorts, though he found the Mingos ready ruined to his hands, I fear. But enough said; now let each party go to the use of his means and his gifts."

Throughout this dialogue Pathfinder had kept his body covered, lest a treacherous shot should be aimed at the loop; and he now directed Cap to ascend to the roof in order to be in readiness to meet the first assault. Although the latter used sufficient diligence, he found no less than ten blazing arrows sticking to the bark, while the air was filled with the yells and whoops of the enemy. A rapid discharge of rifles followed, and the bullets came pattering against the logs, in a way to show that the struggle had indeed seriously commenced.

These were sounds, however, that appalled neither Pathfinder nor Cap, while Mabel was too much absorbed in her affliction to feel alarm. She had good sense enough, too, to understand the nature of the defenses, and fully to appreciate their importance. As for her father, the familiar noises revived him; and it pained

his child, at such a moment, to see that his glassy eye began to kindle, and that the blood returned to a cheek it had deserted, as he listened to the uproar. It was now Mabel first perceived that his reason began slightly to wander.

"Order up the light companies," he muttered, "and let the grenadiers charge! Do they dare to attack us in our fort? Why does not the artillery open on them?"

At that instant the heavy report of a gun burst on the night; and the crashing of rending wood was heard, as a heavy shot tore the logs in the room above, and the whole block shook with the force of a shell that lodged in the work. The Pathfinder narrowly escaped the passage of this formidable missile as it entered; but when it exploded, Mabel could not suppress a shriek, for she supposed all over her head, whether animate or inanimate, destroyed. To increase her horror, her father shouted in a frantic voice to "charge!"

"Mabel," said Pathfinder, with his head at the trap, "this is true Mingo work — more noise than injury. The vagabonds have got the howitzer we took from the French, and have discharged it ag'in the block; but fortunately they have fired off the only shell we had, and there is an ind of its use for the present. There is some confusion among the stores up in this loft, but no one is hurt. Your uncle is still on the roof; and, as for myself, I've run the gantlet of too many rifles to be skeary about such a thing as a howitzer, and that in Indian hands."

Mabel murmured her thanks, and tried to give all her attention to her father, whose efforts to rise were only counteracted by his debility. During the fearful minutes that succeeded, she was so much occupied with the care of the invalid that she scarcely heeded the clamor that reigned around her. Indeed, the uproar was so great, that, had not her thoughts been otherwise employed, confusion of faculties rather than alarm would probably have been the consequence.

Cap preserved his coolness admirably. He had a profound and increasing respect for the power of the savages, and even for the majesty of fresh water, it is true; but his apprehensions of the former proceeded more from his dread of being scalped and tortured than from any unmanly fear of death; and, as he was now on the deck of a house, if not on the deck of a ship, and

knew that there was little danger of boarders, he moved about with a fearlessness and a rash exposure of his person that Pathfinder, had he been aware of the fact, would have been the first to condemn. Instead of keeping his body covered, agreeably to the usages of Indian warfare, he was seen on every part of the roof, dashing the water right and left, with the apparent steadiness and unconcern he would have manifested had he been a sail trimmer exercising his art in a battle afloat. His appearance was one of the causes of the extraordinary clamor among the assailants; who, unused to see their enemies so reckless, opened upon him with their tongues, like a pack that has the fox in view. Still he appeared to possess a charmed life; for, though the bullets whistled around him on every side, and his clothes were several times torn, nothing cut his skin. When the shell passed through the logs below, the old sailor dropped his bucket, waved his hat, and gave three cheers; in which heroic act he was employed as the dangerous missile exploded. This characteristic feat probably saved his life; for from that instant the Indians ceased to fire at him, and even to shoot their flaming arrows at the block, having taken up the notion simultaneously, and by common consent, that the "Saltwater" was mad; and it was a singular effect of their magnanimity never to lift a hand against those whom they imagined devoid of reason.

The conduct of Pathfinder was very different. Everything he did was regulated by the most exact calculation, the result of long experience and habitual thoughtfulness. His person was kept carefully out of a line with the loops, and the spot that he selected for his lookout was one quite removed from danger. This celebrated guide had often been known to lead forlorn hopes: he had once stood at the stake, suffering under the cruelties and taunts of savage ingenuity and savage ferocity without quailing; and legends of his exploits, coolness, and daring were to be heard all along that extensive frontier, or wherever men dwelt and men contended. But on this occasion, one who did not know his history and character might have thought his exceeding care and studied attention to self-preservation proceeded from an unworthy motive. But such a judge would not have understood his subject; the Pathfinder bethought him of Mabel, and of what might possibly be the consequences to that poor girl should any

casualty befall himself. But the recollection rather quickened his intellect than changed his customary prudence. He was, in fact, one of those who was so unaccustomed to fear, that he never bethought him of the constructions others might put upon his conduct. But while in moments of danger he acted with the wisdom of the serpent, it was also with the simplicity of a child.

For the first ten minutes of the assault, Pathfinder never raised the breech of his rifle from the floor, except when he changed his own position, for he well knew that the bullets of the enemy were thrown away upon the massive logs of the work; and, as he had been at the capture of the howitzer, he felt certain that the savages had no other shell than the one found in it when the piece was taken. There existed no reason, therefore, to dread the fire of the assailants, except as a casual bullet might find a passage through a loophole. One or two of these accidents did occur, but the balls entered at an angle that deprived them of all chance of doing any injury so long as the Indians kept near the block; and if discharged from a distance, there was scarcely the possibility of one in a hundred's striking the apertures. But when Pathfinder heard the sound of moccasined feet and the rustling of brush at the foot of the building, he knew that the attempt to build a fire against the logs was about to be renewed. He now summoned Cap from the roof, where, indeed, all the danger had ceased, and directed him to stand in readiness with his water at a hole immediately over the spot assailed.

One less trained than our hero would have been in a hurry to repel this dangerous attempt also, and might have resorted to his means prematurely; not so with Pathfinder. His aim was not only to extinguish the fire, about which he felt little apprehension, but to give the enemy a lesson that would render him wary during the remainder of the night. In order to effect the latter purpose, it became necessary to wait until the light of the intended conflagration should direct his aim, when he well knew that a very slight effort of his skill would suffice. The Iroquois were permitted to collect their heap of dried brush, to pile it against the block, to light it, and to return to their covers without molestation. All that Pathfinder would suffer Cap to do, was to roll a barrel filled with water to the hole immediately over the spot, in readiness to be used at the proper instant. That

moment, however, did not arrive, in his judgment, until the blaze illuminated the surrounding bushes, and there had been time for his quick and practised eye to detect the forms of three or four lurking savages, who were watching the progress of the flames, with the cool indifference of men accustomed to look on human misery with apathy. Then, indeed, he spoke.

"Are you ready, friend Cap?" he asked. "The heat begins to strike through the crevices; and although these green logs are not of the fiery natur' of an ill-tempered man, they may be kindled into a blaze if one provokes them too much. Are you ready with the barrel? See that it has the right cut, and that none of the water is wasted."

"All ready!" answered Cap, in the manner in which a seaman replies to such a demand.

"Then wait for the word. Never be over-impatient in a critical time, nor fool-risky in a battle. Wait for the word."

While the Pathfinder was giving these directions, he was also making his own preparations; for he saw it was time to act. Killdeer was deliberately raised, pointed, and discharged. The whole process occupied about half a minute, and as the rifle was drawn in the eye of the marksman was applied to the hole.

"There is one riptyle the less," Pathfinder muttered to himself; "I've seen that vagabond afore, and know him to be a marciless devil. Well, well! the man acted according to his gifts, and he has been rewarded according to his gifts. One more of the knaves, and that will sarve the turn for to-night. When daylight appears, we may have hotter work."

All this time another rifle was being got ready; and as Pathfinder ceased, a second savage fell. This indeed sufficed; for, indisposed to wait for a third visitation from the same hand, the whole band, which had been crouching in the bushes around the block, ignorant of who was and who was not exposed to view, leaped from their covers and fled to different places for safety.

"Now, pour away, Master Cap," said Pathfinder; "I've made my mark on the blackguards; and we shall have no more fires lighted to-night."

"Scaldings!" cried Cap, upsetting the barrel, with a care that at once and completely extinguished the flames.

This ended the singular conflict; and the remainder of the

night passed in peace. Pathfinder and Cap watched alternately, though neither can be said to have slept. Sleep indeed scarcely seemed necessary to them, for both were accustomed to protracted watchings; and there were seasons and times when the former appeared to be literally insensible to the demands of hunger and thirst and callous to the effects of fatigue.

Mabel watched by her father's pallet, and began to feel how much our happiness in this world depends even on things that are imaginary. Hitherto she had virtually lived without a father, the connection with her remaining parent being ideal rather than positive; but now that she was about to lose him, she thought for the moment that the world would be a void after his death, and that she could never be acquainted with happiness again.

As the light returned, Pathfinder and Cap ascended again to the roof, with a view to reconnoiter the state of things once more on the island. This part of the blockhouse had a low battlement around it, which afforded a considerable protection to those who stood in its center; the intention having been to enable marksmen to lie behind it and to fire over its top. By making proper use, therefore, of these slight defenses, — slight as to height, though abundantly ample as far as they went, — the two look-outs commanded a pretty good view of the island, its covers excepted, and of most of the channels that led to the spot.

The gale was still blowing very fresh at south; and there were places in the river where its surface looked green and angry, though the wind had hardly sweep enough to raise the water into foam. The shape of the little island was nearly oval, and its greater length was from east to west. By keeping in the channels that washed it, in consequence of their several courses and of the direction of the gale, it would have been possible for a vessel to range past the island on either of its principal sides, and always to keep the wind very nearly abeam. These were the facts first noticed by Cap, and explained to his companion; for the hopes of both now rested on the chances of relief sent from Oswego. At this instant, while they stood gazing anxiously about them, Cap cried out, in his lusty, hearty manner: —

"Sail, ho!"

Pathfinder turned quickly in the direction of his companion's face; and there, sure enough, was just visible the object of the old sailor's exclamation. The elevation enabled the two to overlook the low land of several of the adjacent islands; and the canvas of a vessel was seen through the bushes that fringed the shore of one that lay to the southward and westward. The stranger was under what seamen call low sail; but so great was the power of the wind, that her white outlines were seen flying past the openings of the verdure with the velocity of a fast-traveling horse — resembling a cloud driving in the heavens.

"That cannot be Jasper," said Pathfinder in disappointment; for he did not recognize the cutter of his friend in the swift-passing object. "No, no, the lad is behind the hour; and that is some craft which the Frenchers have sent to aid their friends, the accursed Mingos."

"This time you are out in your reckoning, friend Pathfinder, if you never were before," returned Cap in a manner that had lost none of its dogmatism by the critical circumstances in which they were placed. "Fresh water or salt, that is the head of the *Scud's* mainsail, for it is cut with a smaller gore than common; and then you can see that the gaff has been fished — quite neatly done, I admit, but fished."

"I can see none of this, I confess," answered Pathfinder, to whom even the terms of his companion were Greek.

"No! Well, I own that surprises me, for I thought *your* eyes could see anything! Now to me nothing is plainer than that gore and that fish; and I must say, my honest friend, that in your place I should apprehend that my sight was beginning to fail."

"If Jasper is truly coming, I shall apprehend but little. We can make good the block against the whole Mingo nation for the next eight or ten hours; and with Eau-douce to cover the retreat, I shall despair of nothing. God send that the lad may not run alongside of the bank, and fall into an ambushment, as befell the Sergeant!"

"Ay, there's the danger. There ought to have been signals concerted, and an anchorage-ground buoyed out, and even a quarantine station or a lazretto would have been useful, could we have made these Minks-ho respect the laws. If the lad

fetches up, as you say, anywhere in the neighborhood of this island, we may look upon the cutter as lost. And, after all, Master Pathfinder, ought we not to set down this same Jasper as a secret ally of the French, rather than as a friend of our own? I know the Sergeant views the matter in that light; and I must say this whole affair looks like treason."

"We shall soon know, we shall soon know, Master Cap; for there, indeed, comes the cutter clear of the other island, and five minutes must settle the matter. It would be no more than fair, however, if we could give the boy some sign in the way of warning. It is not right that he should fall into the trap without a notice that it has been laid."

Anxiety and suspense, notwithstanding, prevented either from attempting to make any signal. It was not easy, truly, to see how it could be done; for the *Scud* came foaming through the channel, on the weather side of the island, at a rate that scarcely admitted of the necessary time. Nor was any one visible on her deck to make signs to; even her helm seemed deserted, though her course was as steady as her progress was rapid.

Cap stood in silent admiration of a spectacle so unusual. But, as the *Scud* drew nearer, his practised eye detected the helm in play by means of tiller-ropes, though the person who steered was concealed. As the cutter had weather-boards of some little height, the mystery was explained, no doubt remaining that her people lay behind the latter, in order to be protected from the rifles of the enemy. As this fact showed that no force beyond that of the small crew could be on board, Pathfinder received his companion's explanation with an ominous shake of the head.

"This proves that the Sarpent has not reached Oswego," said he, "and that we are not to expect succor from the garrison. I hope Lundie has not taken it into his head to displace the lad, for Jasper Western would be a host of himself in such a strait. We three, Master Cap, ought to make a manful warfare: you, as a seaman, to keep up the intercourse with the cutter; Jasper, as a laker who knows all that is necessary to be done on the water; and I, with gifts that are as good as any among the Mingos, let me be what I may in other particulars. I say we ought to make a manful fight in Mabel's behalf."

"That we ought, and that we will," answered Cap heartily;

for he began to have more confidence in the security of his scalp now that he saw the sun again. "I set down the arrival of the *Scud* as one circumstance, and the chances of Oh-deuce's honesty as another. This Jasper is a young man of prudence, you find; for he keeps a good offing, and seems determined to know how matters stand on the island before he ventures to bring up."

"I have it! I have it!" exclaimed Pathfinder, with exultation. "There lies the canoe of the Sarpent on the cutter's deck; and the chief has got on board, and no doubt has given a true account of our condition; for, unlike a Mingo, a Delaware is sartain to get a story right, or to hold his tongue."

"That canoe may not belong to the cutter," said the captious seaman. "Oh-deuce had one on board when we sailed."

"Very true, friend Cap; but if you know your sails and masts by your gores and fishes, I know my canoes and my paths by frontier knowledge. If you can see new cloth in a sail, I can see new bark in a canoe. That is the boat of the Sarpent, and the noble fellow has struck off for the garrison as soon as he found the block besieged, has fallen in with the *Scud*, and, after telling his story, has brought the cutter down here to see what can be done. The Lord grant that Jasper Western be still on board her!"

"Yes, yes; it might not be amiss; for, traitor or loyal, the lad has a handy way with him in a gale, it must be owned."

"And in coming over waterfalls!" said Pathfinder, nudging the ribs of his companion with an elbow, and laughing in his silent but hearty manner. "We will give the boy his due, though he scalps us all with his own hand."

The *Scud* was now so near, that Cap made no reply. The scene, just at that instant, was so peculiar, that it merits a particular description, which may also aid the reader in forming a more accurate idea of the picture we wish to draw.

The gale was still blowing violently. Many of the smaller trees bowed their tops, as if ready to descend to the earth, while the rushing of the wind through the branches of the groves resembled the roar of distant chariots.

The air was filled with leaves, which, at that late season, were readily driven from their stems, and flew from island to island like flights of birds. With this exception, the spot seemed silent

as the grave. That the savages still remained, was to be inferred from the fact that their canoes, together with the boats of the 55th, lay in a group in the little cove that had been selected as a harbor. Otherwise, not a sign of their presence was to be detected. Though taken entirely by surprise by the cutter, the sudden return of which was altogether unlooked for, so uniform and inbred were their habits of caution while on the war-path, that the instant an alarm was given every man had taken to his cover with the instinct and cunning of a fox seeking his hole. The same stillness reigned in the blockhouse; for though Pathfinder and Cap could command a view of the channel, they took the precaution necessary to lie concealed. The unusual absence of anything like animal life on board the *Scud*, too, was still more remarkable. As the Indians witnessed her apparently undirected movements, a feeling of awe gained a footing among them, and some of the boldest of their party began to distrust the issue of an expedition that had commenced so prosperously. Even Arrowhead, accustomed as he was to intercourse with the whites on both sides of the lakes, fancied there was something ominous in the appearance of this unmanned vessel, and he would gladly at that moment have been landed again on the main.

In the meantime the progress of the cutter was steady and rapid. She held her way mid-channel, now inclining to the gusts, and now rising again, like the philosopher that bends to the calamities of life to resume his erect attitude as they pass away, but always piling the water beneath her bows in foam. Although she was under so very short canvas, her velocity was great, and there could not have elapsed ten minutes between the time when her sails were first seen glancing past the trees and bushes in the distance and the moment when she was abreast of the blockhouse. Cap and Pathfinder leaned forward, as the cutter came beneath their eyrie, eager to get a better view of her deck, when, to the delight of both, Jasper Eau-douce sprang upon his feet and gave three hearty cheers. Regardless of all risk, Cap leaped upon the rampart of logs and returned the greeting, cheer for cheer. Happily, the policy of the enemy saved the latter; for they still lay quiet, not a rifle being discharged. On the other hand, Pathfinder kept in view the

useful, utterly disregarding the mere dramatic part of warfare. The moment he beheld his friend Jasper, he called out to him with stentorian lungs: —

"Stand by us, lad, and the day's our own! Give 'em a grist in yonder bushes, and you'll put 'em up like partridges."

Part of this reached Jasper's ears, but most was borne off to leeward on the wings of the wind. By the time this was said, the *Scud* had driven past, and in the next moment she was hid from view by the grove in which the blockhouse was partially concealed.

Two anxious minutes succeeded; but, at the expiration of that brief space, the sails were again gleaming through the trees, Jasper having wore, jibed, and hauled up under the lee of the island on the other tack. The wind was free enough, as has been already explained, to admit of this manœuver; and the cutter, catching the current under her lee bow, was breasted up to her course in a way that showed she would come out to windward of the island again without any difficulty. This whole evolution was made with the greatest facility, not a sheet being touched, the sails trimming themselves, the rudder alone controlling the admirable machine. The object appeared to be a *reconnaissance*. When, however, the *Scud* had made the circuit of the entire island, and had again got her weatherly position in the channel by which she had first approached, her helm was put down, and she tacked. The noise of the mainsail flapping when it filled, close-reefed as it was, sounded like the report of a gun, and Cap trembled lest the seams should open.

"His Majesty gives good canvas, it must be owned," muttered the old seaman; "and it must be owned, too, that boy handles his boat as if he were thoroughly bred! D— me, Master Pathfinder, if I believe, after all that has been reported in the matter, that this Mister Oh-deuce got his trade on this bit of fresh water."

"He did; yes, he did. He never saw the ocean, and has come by his calling altogether up here on Ontario. I have often thought he has a nat'ral gift in the way of schooners and sloops, and have respected him accordingly. As for treason and lying and black-hearted vices, friend Cap, Jasper Western is as free as the most virtuousest of the Delaware warriors; and if you crave

to see a truly honest man, you must go among that tribe to discover him."

"There he comes round!" exclaimed the delighted Cap, the *Scud* at this moment filling on her original tack; "and now we shall see what the boy would be at; he cannot mean to keep running up and down these passages, like a girl footing it through a country-dance."

The *Scud* now kept so much away, that for a moment the two observers on the blockhouse feared Jasper meant to come-to; and the savages, in their lairs, gleamed out upon her with the sort of exultation that the crouching tiger may be supposed to feel as he sees his unconscious victim approach his bed. But Jasper had no such intention: familiar with the shore, and acquainted with the depth of water on every part of the island, he well knew that the *Scud* might be run against the bank with impunity, and he ventured fearlessly so near, that, as he passed through the little cove, he swept the two boats of the soldiers from their fastenings and forced them out into the channel, towing them with the cutter. As all the canoes were fastened to the two Dunham boats, by this bold and successful attempt the savages were at once deprived of the means of quitting the island, unless by swimming, and they appeared to be instantly aware of the very important fact. Rising in a body, they filled the air with yells, and poured in a harmless fire. While up in this unguarded manner, two rifles were discharged by their adversaries. One came from the summit of the block, and an Iroquois fell dead in his tracks, shot through the brain. The other came from the *Scud*. The last was the piece of the Delaware, but, less true than that of his friend, it only maimed an enemy for life. The people of the *Scud* shouted, and the savages sank again, to a man, as if it might be into the earth.

"That was the Sarpent's voice," said Pathfinder, as soon as the second piece was discharged. "I know the crack of his rifle as well as I do that of Killdeer. 'Tis a good barrel, though not sartain death. Well, well, with Chingachgook and Jasper on the water, and you and I in the block, friend Cap, it will be hard if we don't teach these Mingo scamps the rationality of a fight."

All this time the *Scud* was in motion. As soon as she had reached the end of the island, Jasper sent his prizes adrift; and

they went down before the wind until they stranded on a point half a mile to leeward. He then wore, and came stemming the current again, through the other passage. Those on the summit of the block could now perceive that something was in agitation on the deck of the *Scud;* and, to their great delight, just as the cutter came abreast of the principal cove, on the spot where most of the enemy lay, the howitzer which composed her sole armament was unmasked, and a shower of case-shot was sent hissing into the bushes. A bevy of quail would not have risen quicker than this unexpected discharge of iron hail put up the Iroquois; when a second savage fell by a messenger sent from Killdeer, and another went limping away by a visit from the rifle of Chingachgook. New covers were immediately found, however; and each party seemed to prepare for the renewal of the strife in another form. But the appearance of June, bearing a white flag, and accompanied by the French officer and Muir, stayed the hands of all, and was the forerunner of another parley.

The negotiation that followed was held beneath the block-house; and so near it as at once to put those who were uncovered completely at the mercy of Pathfinder's unerring aim. Jasper anchored directly abeam; and the howitzer, too, was kept trained upon the negotiators: so that the besieged and their friends, with the exception of the man who held the match, had no hesitation about exposing their persons. Chingachgook alone lay in ambush; more, however, from habit than distrust.

"You've triumphed, Pathfinder," called out the Quartermaster, "and Captain Sanglier has come himself to offer terms. You'll no' be denying a brave enemy honorable retreat, when he has fought ye fairly, and done all the credit he could to king and country. Ye are too loyal a subject yourself to visit loyalty and fidelity with a heavy judgment. I am authorized to offer, on the part of the enemy, an evacuation of the island, a mutual exchange of prisoners, and a restoration of scalps. In the absence of baggage and artillery, little more can be done."

As the conversation was necessarily carried on in a high key, both on account of the wind and of the distance, all that was said was heard equally by those in the block and those in the cutter.

"What do you say to that, Jasper?" called out Pathfinder.

"You hear the proposal. Shall we let the vagabonds go? or shall we mark them, as they mark their sheep in the settlements, that we may know them again?"

"What has befallen Mabel Dunham?" demanded the young man, with a frown on his handsome face, that was visible even to those on the block. "If a hair of her head has been touched, it will go hard with the whole Iroquois tribe."

"Nay, nay, she is safe below, nursing a dying parent, as becomes her sex. We owe no grudge on account of the Sergeant's hurt, which comes of lawful warfare; and as for Mabel — "

"She is here!" exclaimed the girl herself, who had mounted to the roof the moment she found the direction things were taking, — "she is here! and, in the name of our holy religion, and of that God whom we profess to worship in common, let there be no more bloodshed! Enough has been spilt already; and if these men will go away, Pathfinder, — if they will depart peaceably, Jasper, — oh, do not detain one of them! My poor father is approaching his end, and it were better that he should draw his last breath in peace with the world. Go, go, Frenchmen and Indians! we are no longer your enemies, and will harm none of you."

"Tut, tut, Magnet!" put in Cap; "this sounds religious, perhaps, or like a book of poetry; but it does not sound like common sense. The enemy is just ready to strike; Jasper is anchored with his broadside to bear, and, no doubt, with springs on his cables; Pathfinder's eye and hand are as true as the needle; and we shall get prize-money, head-money, and honor in the bargain, if you will not interfere for the next half hour."

"Well," said Pathfinder, "I incline to Mabel's way of thinking. There *has* been enough blood shed to answer our purpose and to sarve the king; and as for honor, in that meaning, it will do better for young ensigns and recruits than for cool-headed, obsarvant Christian men. There is honor in doing what's right, and unhonor in doing what's wrong; and I think it wrong to take the life even of a Mingo, without a useful end in view, I do; and right to hear reason at all times. So, Lieutenant Muir, let us know what your friends the Frenchers and Indians have to say for themselves."

"My friends!" said Muir, starting; "you'll no' be calling the king's enemies my friends, Pathfinder, because the fortune of war has thrown me into their hands? Some of the greatest warriors, both of ancient and modern times, have been prisoners of war; and yon is Master Cap, who can testify whether we did not do all that men could devise to escape the calamity."

"Ay, ay," dryly answered Cap; "escape is the proper word. We ran below and hid ourselves, and so discreetly, that we might have remained in the hole to this hour, had it not been for the necessity of restowing the bread lockers. You burrowed on that occasion, Quartermaster, as handily as a fox; and how the d—l you knew so well where to find the spot is a matter of wonder to me. A regular skulk on board ship does not trail aft more readily when the jib is to be stowed, than you went into that same hole."

"And did ye no' follow? There are moments in a man's life when reason ascends to instinct —"

"And men descend into holes," interrupted Cap, laughing in his boisterous way, while Pathfinder chimed in, in his peculiar manner. Even Jasper, though still filled with concern for Mabel, was obliged to smile. "They say the d—l wouldn't make a sailor if he didn't look aloft; and now it seems he'll not make a soldier if he doesn't look below!"

This burst of merriment, though it was anything but agreeable to Muir, contributed largely towards keeping the peace. Cap fancied he had said a thing much better than common; and that disposed him to yield his own opinion on the main point, so long as he got the good opinion of his companions on his novel claim to be a wit. After a short discussion, all the savages on the island were collected in a body, without arms, at the distance of a hundred yards from the block, and under the gun of the *Scud;* while Pathfinder descended to the door of the blockhouse and settled the terms on which the island was to be finally evacuated by the enemy. Considering all the circumstances, the conditions were not very discreditable to either party. The Indians were compelled to give up all their arms, even to their knives and tomahawks, as a measure of precaution, their force being still quadruple that of their foes. The French officer, Monsieur Sanglier, as he was usually styled, and chose to call himself,

remonstrated against this act as one likely to reflect more discredit on his command than any other part of the affair; but Pathfinder, who had witnessed one or two Indian massacres, and knew how valueless pledges became when put in opposition to interest where a savage was concerned, was obdurate. The second stipulation was of nearly the same importance. It compelled Captain Sanglier to give up all his prisoners, who had been kept well guarded in the very hole or cave in which Cap and Muir had taken refuge. When these men were produced, four of them were found to be unhurt; they had fallen merely to save their lives, a common artifice in that species of warfare; and of the remainder, two were so slightly injured as not to be unfit for service. As they brought their muskets with them, this addition to his force immediately put Pathfinder at his ease; for, having collected all the arms of the enemy in the blockhouse, he directed these men to take possession of the building, stationing a regular sentinel at the door. The remainder of the soldiers were dead, the badly wounded having been instantly despatched in order to obtain the much-coveted scalps.

As soon as Jasper was made acquainted with the terms, and the preliminaries had been so far observed as to render it safe for him to be absent, he got the *Scud* under way; and, running down to the point where the boats had stranded, he took them in tow again, and, making a few stretches, brought them into the leeward passage. Here all the savages instantly embarked, when Jasper took the boats in tow a third time, and, running off before the wind, he soon set them adrift full a mile to leeward of the island. The Indians were furnished with but a single oar in each boat to steer with, the young sailor well knowing that by keeping before the wind they would land on the shores of Canada in the course of the morning.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

ABRAHAM COWLEY. Born in London, in 1618; died at Chertsey, Surrey, July 28, 1667. Author of "Collected Poems." For many years Cowley was one of the most popular poets in England. Exceedingly precocious, even when a Westminster schoolboy, at the age of fifteen, many editions of his poems were sold. At Cambridge he formed the center of literary interest, and was active in poetical production. For half a century his poetry and essays made him recognized as one of the most eminent of British men of letters.

OF OBSCURITY

WHAT a brave privilege is it to be free from all contentions, from all envying or being envied, from receiving and from paying all kind of ceremonies! It is, in my mind, a very delightful pastime for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by nobody known, nor know anybody. It was the case of Æneas and his Achates, when they walked invisibly about the fields and streets of Carthage. Venus herself

> A veil of thickened air around them cast,
> That none might know, or see them, as they passed.
> — VIRG. 1 *Æn.*

The common story of Demosthenes' confession, that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a tanker-woman say, as he passed: "This is that Demosthenes," is wonderfully ridiculous from so solid an orator. I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity, if it were any; but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were, out of sight-shot. Democritus relates, and in such a manner as if he gloried in the good fortune and commodity of it, that, when he came to Athens, nobody there did so much as take notice of him; and Epicurus lived there very well, that is, lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus: after whose death, making, in one of his letters, a kind commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last that

he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that, in the midst of the most talked-of and talking country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of; and yet, within a very few years afterward, there were no two names of men more known or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time; we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honor that lies in that; whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord chief-justice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said: "This is that Bucephalus," or, "This is that Incitatus," when they were led prancing through the streets, as, "This is that Alexander," or, "This is that Domitian;" and truly, for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honorable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship than he the empire.

I love and commend a true good fame, because it is the shadow of virtue; not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow, and like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives; what it is to him after his death I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbors that know him, and is truly irreproachable by anybody; and so, after a healthful, quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes more silently out of it than he came in — for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit; this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this *muta persona*, I take to

have been more happy in his part than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise; nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked, with his last breath, whether he had not played his farce very well.

WILLIAM COWPER

WILLIAM COWPER. Born at Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, England, November, 1731; died at East Dereham, Norfolk, April 25, 1800. Author of several well-known hymns and poems, especially "The Task," which established his reputation as one of the gentlest and most lovable of English bards. The story of John Gilpin's Ride is one of the few humorous poems composed by him, and was produced in a single night, in one of those fits of hilarious gaiety which occasionally characterize people of extremely sensitive and melancholy temperaments.

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS

GOD moves in a mysterious way
  His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
  And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
  Of never failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
  And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
  The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
  In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
  But trust Him for His grace;

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

Written when the News Arrived

The *Royal George*, 108 guns, was lost off Spithead, on the 29th of August, 1782. She was undergoing some repairs and was careened over, when a sudden gust of wind overset her and she sank. A great number of persons were on board at the time from Portsmouth. Two or three hundred bodies floated on shore, and were buried in Kingston Churchyard.

TO THE MARCH IN SCIPIO

Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the *Royal George*
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plow the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plow the wave no more.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A trainband captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, — "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, — "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

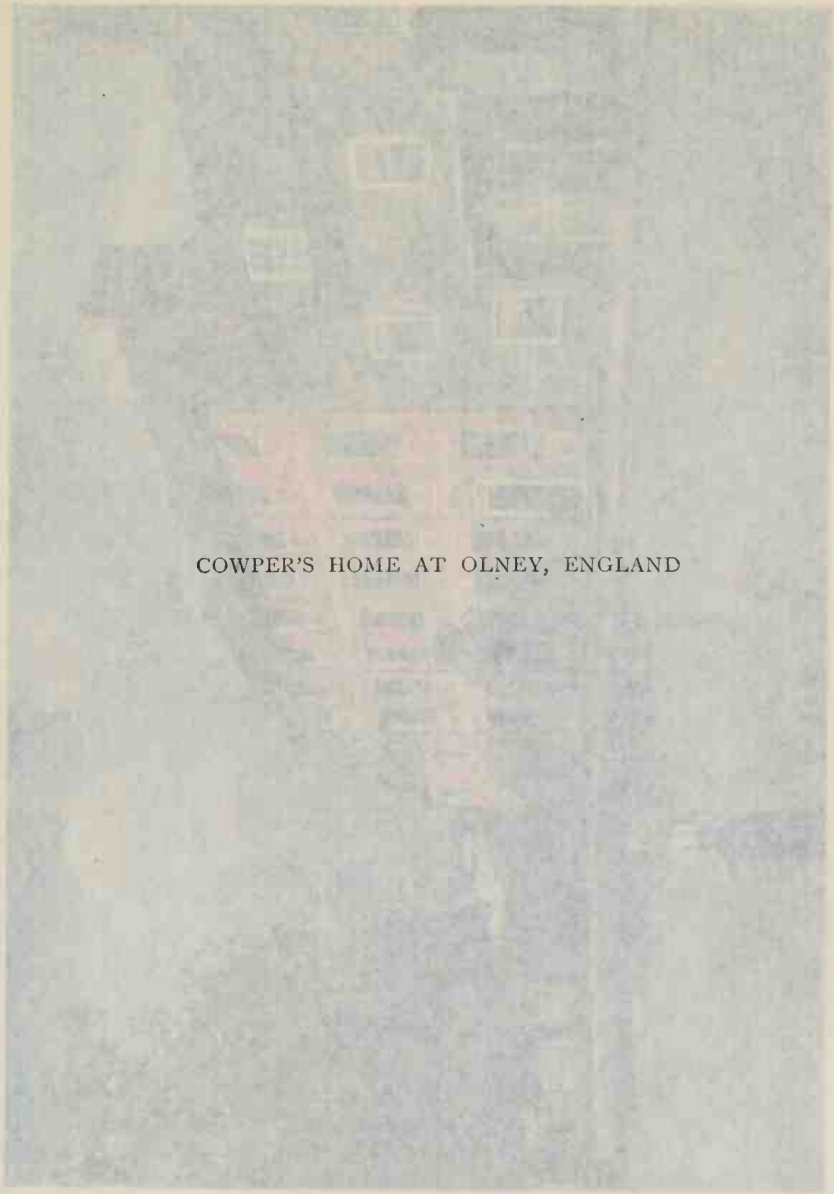
So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side
To make his balance true.



COWPER'S HOME AT OLNEY, ENGLAND

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

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Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
  Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
  He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
  Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
  With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
  Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
  Which galled him in his seat.

So "Fair and softly," John he cried,
  But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
  In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
  Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands
  And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
  Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
  Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;
  Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
  Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
  Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
  At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"
"'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington,
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about,
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! — Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired:" —
Said Gilpin — "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why? — his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly — which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till, at his friend the calender's,
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him: —

"What news? what news? your tidings tell,
Tell me you must and shall —
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender,
In merry guise, he spoke: —

"I came because your horse could come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here, —
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn,
Thus showed his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, — "It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? — they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
  Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
  They raised the hue and cry: —

"Stop thief! stop thief! — a highwayman
  Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
  Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
  Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before,
  That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
  For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
  He did again get down.

Now let us sing long live the King,
  And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
  May I be there to see!

DINAH M. MULOCK CRAIK

Dinah Maria Mulock Craik. A distinguished novelist and poetess, born at Stoke-upon-Trent, England, April 20, 1826; died in London, October, 1887. Author of some forty-five volumes. "John Halifax" — translated into many languages — is the admirable work by which she is best known; but many of her poems, such as "Philip, my King," "Douglas, Tender and True," and "Now and Afterwards," have endeared themselves to thousands, and have been set to music as beautiful as their words.

(From "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN")

THE BREAD-RIOT

AFTER midnight — I know not how long, for I lost count of the hours by the Abbey chimes, and our light had gone out — after midnight I heard by my father's breathing that he was asleep. I was thankful to see it for his sake, and also for another reason.

I could not sleep — all my faculties were preternaturally alive; my weak body and timid mind became strong and active, able to compass anything. For that one night, at least, I felt myself a man.

My father was a very sound sleeper. I knew nothing would disturb him till daylight; therefore my divided duty was at an end. I left him, and crept downstairs into Sally Watkin's kitchen. It was silent, only the faithful warder, Jem, dozed over the dull fire. I touched him on the shoulder — at which he collared me and nearly knocked me down.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Phineas — hope I didn't hurt 'ee, sir?" cried he, all but whimpering; for Jem, a big lad of fifteen, was the most tender-hearted fellow imaginable. "I thought it were some of them folk that Mr. Halifax ha' gone among."

"Where is Mr. Halifax?"

"Doan't know, sir — wish I did! wouldn't be long a-finding out, though — on'y he says: 'Jem, you stop 'ere wi' they'" (pointing his thumb up the staircase). "So, Master Phineas, I stop."

And Jem settled himself with a doggedly obedient, but most dissatisfied air, down by the fireplace. It was evident nothing would move him thence: so he was as safe a guard over my poor old father's slumber as the mastiff in the tan-yard, who was as brave as a lion and as docile as a child. My last lingering hesitation ended.

"Jem, lend me your coat and hat — I'm going out into the town."

Jem was so astonished, that he stood with open mouth while I took the said garments from him, and unbolted the door. At last it seemed to occur to him that he ought to intercept me.

"But, sir, Mr. Halifax said —"

"I am going to look for Mr. Halifax."

And I escaped outside. Anything beyond his literal duty did not strike the faithful Jem. He stood on the door-sill, and gazed after me with a hopeless expression.

"I 'spose you mun have your way, sir; but Mr. Halifax said, 'Jem, you stop y'ere,' and y'ere I stop."

He went in, and I heard him bolting the door, with a sullen determination, as if he would have kept guard against it — waiting for John — until doomsday.

I stole along the dark alley into the street. It was very silent — I need not have borrowed Jem's exterior, in order to creep through a throng of maddened rioters. There was no sign of any such, except that under one of the three oil-lamps that lit the night darkness at Norton Bury lay a few smoldering hanks of hemp, well resined. They, then, had thought of that dreadful engine of destruction — fire. Had my terrors been true? Our house — and perhaps John within it!

On I ran, speeded by a dull murmur, which I fancied I heard; but still there was no one in the street — no one except the Abbey watchman lounging in his box. I roused him, and asked if all was safe? — where were the rioters?

"What rioters?"

"At Abel Fletcher's mill; they may be at his house now —"

"Ay, I think they be."

"And will not one man in the town help him; no constables — no law?"

"Oh! he's a Quaker; the law don't help Quakers."

That was the truth — the hard, grinding truth — in those days. Liberty, justice, were idle names to Nonconformists of every kind; and all they knew of the glorious constitution of English law was when its iron hand was turned against them.

I had forgotten this; bitterly I remembered it now. So, wasting no more words, I flew along the churchyard, until I saw, shining against the boles of the chestnut trees, a red light. It was one of the hempen torches. Now, at last, I had got in the midst of that small body of men, "the rioters."

They were a mere handful — not above two score — apparently, the relics of the band which had attacked the mill, joined with a few plow-lads from the country around. But they were

desperate; they had come up the Coltham road so quietly, that, except this faint murmur, neither I nor any one in the town could have told they were near. Wherever they had been ransacking, as yet they had not attacked my father's house; it stood upon the other side of the road — barred, black, and silent.

I heard a muttering — "Th' old man bean't there; nobody knows where he be." No, thank God!

"Be us all y'ere?" said the man with the torch, holding it up so as to see round him. It was well then that I appeared as Jem Watkins. But no one noticed me, except one man, who skulked behind a tree, and of whom I was rather afraid, as he was apparently intent on watching.

"Ready, lads? Now for the rosin! Blaze 'un out."

But, in the eager scuffle, the torch, the only one alight, was knocked down and trodden out. A volley of oaths arose, though whose fault it was no one seemed to know; but I missed my man from behind the tree — nor found him till after the angry throng had rushed on to the nearest lamp. One of them was left behind, standing close to our own railings. He looked round to see if none were by, and then sprang over the gate. Dark as it was I thought I recognized him.

"John?"

"Phineas?" He was beside me in a bound. "How could you do —"

"I could do anything to-night. But you are safe; no one has harmed you. Oh, thank God, you are not hurt!"

And I clung to his arm — my friend, whom I had missed so long, so sorely.

He held me tight — his heart felt as mine, only more silently.

"Now, Phineas, we have a minute's time. I must have you safe — we must get into the house."

"Who is there?"

"Jael; she is as good as a host of constables; she has braved the fellows once to-night, but they're back again, or will be directly."

"And the mill?"

"Safe, as yet; I have had three of the tan-yard men there since yesterday morning, though your father did not know. I have been going to and fro all night, between there and here,

waiting till the rioters should come back from the Severn mills. Hist! here they are — I say, Jael?"

He tapped at the window. In a few seconds Jael had unbarred the door, let us in, and closed it again securely, mounting guard behind it with something that looked very like my father's pistols, though I would not discredit her among our peaceful society by positively stating the fact.

"Bravo!" said John, when we stood all together in the barricaded house, and heard the threatening murmur of voices and feet outside. "Bravo, Jael! The wife of Heber the Kenite was no braver woman than you." She looked gratified, and followed John obediently from room to room.

"I have done all as thee bade me — thee art a sensible lad, John Halifax. We are secure, I think."

Secure? bolts and bars secure against fire? For that was threatening us now.

"They can't mean it — surely they can't mean it," repeated John, as the cry of "Burn 'un out!" rose louder and louder.

But they did mean it. From the attic window we watched them light torch after torch, sometimes throwing one at the house — but it fell harmless against the stanch oaken door, and blazed itself out on our stone steps. All it did was to show, more plainly than even daylight had shown, the gaunt, ragged forms and pinched faces, furious with famine.

John, as well as I, recoiled at that miserable sight.

"I'll speak to them," he said. "Unbar the window, Jael;" and before I could hinder, he was leaning right out. "Hollo, there!"

At his loud and commanding voice a wave of upturned faces surged forward, expectant.

"My men, do you know what you are about? To burn down a gentleman's house is — hanging."

There was a hush, and then a shout of derision.

"Not a Quaker's! nobody'll get hanged for burning out a Quaker!"

"That be true enough," muttered Jael between her teeth. "We must e'en fight, as Mordecai's people fought, hand to hand, until they slew their enemies."

"Fight!" repeated John, half to himself as he stood at the

now closed window, against which more than one blazing torch began to rattle. "Fight — with these? What are you doing, Jael?"

For she had taken down a large Book — the last Book in the house she would have taken under less critical circumstances, and with it was trying to stop up a broken pane.

"No, my good Jael, not this;" and he carefully replaced the volume; that volume, in which he might have read, as day after day, and year after year, we Christians generally do read, such plain words as these — "*Love your enemies;*" "*bless them that curse you;*" "*pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.*"

A minute or two John stood with his hand on the Book, thinking. Then he touched me on the shoulder.

"Phineas, I'm going to try a new plan — at least, one so old, that it's almost new. Whether it succeeds or no, you'll bear me witness to your father that I did it for the best, and did it because I thought it right. Now for it."

To my horror, he threw up the window wide, and leant out.

"My men, I want to speak to you."

He might as well have spoken to the roaring sea. The only answer was a shower of missiles, which missed their aim. The rioters were too far off — our spiked iron railings, eight feet high or more, being a barrier which none had yet ventured to climb. But at length one random stone hit John on the chest.

I pulled him in, but he declared he was not hurt. Terrified, I implored him not to risk his life.

"Life is not always the first thing to be thought of," said he, gently. "Don't be afraid — I shall come to no harm. But I *must* do what I think right, if it is to be done."

While he spoke, I could hardly hear him for the bellowings outside. More savage still grew the cry: —

"Burn 'em out! burn 'em out! They be only Quakers!"

"There's not a minute to lose — stop — let me think — Jael, is that a pistol?"

"Loaded," she said, handing it over to him with a kind of stern delight. Certainly, Jael was not meant to be a Friend.

John ran downstairs, and before I guessed his purpose, had unbolted the hall door, and stood on the flight of steps, in full view of the mob.

There was no bringing him back, so of course I followed. A pillar sheltered me — I do not think he saw me, though I stood close behind him.

So sudden had been his act, that even the rioters did not seem to have noticed, or clearly understood it, till the next lighted torch showed them the young man standing there, with his back to the door — *outside* the door.

The sight fairly confounded them. Even I felt that for the moment he was safe. They were awed, — nay, paralyzed, by his daring.

But the storm raged too fiercely to be lulled, except for one brief minute. A confusion of voices burst out afresh: —

"Who be thee?" "It's one o' the Quakers." "No, he bean't." "Burn 'un, anyhow." "Touch 'un, if ye dare."

There was evidently a division arising. One big man, who had made himself very prominent all along, seemed trying to calm the tumult.

John stood his ground. Once a torch was flung at him — he stooped and picked it up. I thought he was going to hurl it back again, but he did not; he only threw it down, and stamped it out safely with his foot. This simple action had a wonderful effect on the crowd.

The big fellow advanced to the gate and called John by his name.

"Is that you, Jacob Baines? I am sorry to see you here."

"Be ye, sir?"

"What do you want?"

"Naught wi' thee. We wants Abel Fletcher. Where is 'un?"

"I shall certainly not tell you."

As John said this again the noise arose, and again Jacob Baines seemed to have power to quiet the rest.

John Halifax never stirred. Evidently he was pretty well known. I caught many a stray sentence, such as "Don't hurt the lad." "He were kind to my lad, he were." "No, he be a real gentleman." "No, he comed here as poor as us," and

the like. At length one voice, sharp and shrill, was heard above the rest.

"I zay, young man, didst ever know what it was to be pretty nigh vamished?"

"Ay, many a time."

The answer, so brief, so unexpected, struck a great hush into the throng. Then the same voice cried: —

"Speak up, man! we won't hurt 'ee! You be one o' we!"

"No, I am not one of you. I'd be ashamed to come in the night and burn my master's house down."

I expected an outbreak, but none came. They listened, as it were by compulsion, to the clear, manly voice that had not in it one shade of fear.

"What do you do it for?" John continued. "All because he would not sell you, or give you, his wheat. Even so — it was *his* wheat, not yours. May not a man do what he likes with his own?"

The argument seemed to strike home. There is always a lurking sense of rude justice in a mob — at least a British mob.

"Don't you see how foolish you were? You tried threats, too. Now you all know Mr. Fletcher; you are his men — some of you. He is not a man to be threatened."

This seemed to be taken rather angrily; but John went on speaking, as if he did not observe the fact.

"Nor am I one to be threatened, neither. Look here — the first one of you who attempted to break into Mr. Fletcher's house I should most certainly have shot. But I'd rather not shoot you, poor starving fellows! I know what it is to be hungry. I'm sorry for you — sorry from the bottom of my heart."

There was no mistaking that compassionate accent, nor the murmur which followed it.

"But what must us do, Mr. Halifax?" cried Jacob Baines; "us be starved a'most. What's the good o' talking to we?"

John's countenance relaxed. I saw him lift his head and shake his hair back, with that pleased gesture I remember so well of old. He went down to the locked gate.

"Suppose I gave you something to eat, would you listen to me afterwards?"

There rose up a frenzied shout of assent. Poor wretches! they were fighting for no principle, true or false, only for bare life. They would have bartered their very souls for a mouthful of bread.

"You must promise to be peaceable," said John again, very resolutely, as soon as he could obtain a hearing. "You are Norton Bury folk, I know you. I could get every one of you hanged, even though Abel Fletcher is a Quaker. Mind, you'll be peaceable?"

"Ay — ay! Some'at to eat; give us some'at to eat."

John Halifax called out to Jael: bade her bring all the food of every kind that there was in the house, and give it to him out of the parlor window. She obeyed — I marvel now to think of it — but she implicitly obeyed. Only I heard her fix the bar to the closed front door, and go back, with a strange, sharp sob, to her station at the hall window.

"Now, my lads, come in!" and he unlocked the gate.

They came thronging up the steps, not more than two score, I imagined, in spite of the noise they had made. But two score of such famished, desperate men, God grant I may never again see!

John divided the food as well as he could among them: they fell to it like wild beasts. Meat, cooked or raw, loaves, vegetables, meal; all came alike, and were clutched, gnawed, and scrambled for, in the fierce selfishness of hunger. Afterwards there was a call for drink.

"Water, Jael; bring them water."

"Beer!" shouted some.

"Water," repeated John. "Nothing but water. I'll have no drunkards rioting at my master's door."

And, either by chance or design, he let them hear the click of his pistol. But it was hardly needed. They were all cowed by a mightier weapon still — the best weapon a man can use — his own firm, indomitable will.

At length all the food we had in the house was consumed. John told them so; and they believed him. Little enough, indeed, was sufficient for some of them; wasted with long famine, they turned sick and faint, and dropped down even with bread in their mouths, unable to swallow it. Others gorged

themselves to the full, and then lay along the steps, supine as satisfied brutes. Only a few sat and ate like rational human beings; and there was but one, the little, shrill-voiced man, who asked me if he might "tak a bit o' bread to the old wench at home?"

John, hearing, turned, and for the first time noticed me.

"Phineas, it was very wrong of you; but there is no danger now."

No, there was none — not even for Abel Fletcher's son. I stood safe by John's side, very happy, very proud.

"Well, my men," he said, looking round with a smile, "have you had enough to eat?"

"Oh, ay!" they all cried

And one man added, "Thank the Lord!"

"That's right, Jacob Baines, and, another time, *trust* the Lord. You wouldn't then have been abroad this summer morning" — and he pointed to the dawn just reddening in the sky — "this quiet, blessed summer morning, burning and rioting, bringing yourselves to the gallows, and your children to starvation."

"They be nigh that a'ready," said Jacob, sullenly. "Us men ha' gotten a meal, thankee for it; but what'll become o' the little 'uns at home? I say, Mr. Halifax," and he seemed waxing desperate again, "we must get some food somehow."

John turned away, his countenance very sad. Another of the men plucked at him from behind.

"Sir, when thee was a poor lad I lent thee a rug to sleep on; I doan't grudge 'ee getting on; you was born for a gentleman, sure-ly. But Master Fletcher be a hard man."

"And a just one," persisted John. "You that work for him, did he ever stint you of a halfpenny? If you had come to him and said, 'Master, times are hard, we can't live upon our wages,' he might — I don't say that he would — but he *might* even have given you the food you tried to steal."

"D'ye think he'd give it us now?" And Jacob Baines, the big, gaunt, savage fellow, who had been the ringleader — the same, too, who had spoken of his "little 'uns" — came and looked steadily in John's face.

"I knew thee as a lad; thee'rt a young man now, as will be

a father some o' these days. Oh! Mr. Halifax, may 'ee ne'er want a meal o' good meat for the missus and the babbies at home, if 'ee'll get a bit o' bread for our'n this day."

"My man, I'll try."

He called me aside, explained to me, and asked my advice and consent, as Abel Fletcher's son, to a plan that had come into his mind. It was to write orders, which each man presenting at our mill should receive a certain amount of flour.

"Do you think your father would agree?"

"I think he would."

"Yes," John added, pondering, "I am sure he would. And besides, if he does not give some, he may lose all. But he would not do it for fear of that. No, he is a just man — I am not afraid. Give me some paper, Jael."

He sat down as composedly as if he had been alone in the counting-house, and wrote. I looked over his shoulder, admiring his clear, firm handwriting; the precision, concentrativeness, and quickness with which he first seemed to arrange and then execute his ideas. He possessed to the full that "business" faculty, so frequently despised, but which, out of very ordinary material, often makes a clever man; and without which the cleverest man alive can never be altogether a great man.

When about to sign the orders, John suddenly stopped. "No; I had better not."

"Why so?"

"I have no right; your father might think it presumption."

"Presumption? after to-night!"

"Oh, that's nothing! Take the pen. It is your part to sign them, Phineas."

I obeyed.

"Isn't this better than hanging?" said John to the men, when he had distributed the little bits of paper — precious as pound notes — and made them all fully understand the same. "Why, there isn't another gentleman in Norton Bury, who, if you had come to burn *his* house down, would not have had the constables or the soldiers, have shot down one half of you like mad dogs, and sent the other half to the county jail. Now, for all your misdoings, we let you go quietly home, well fed, and with food for children too. *Why*, think you?"

"I don't know," said Jacob Baines, humbly.

"I'll tell you. Because Abel Fletcher is a Quaker, and a Christian."

"Hurrah for Abel Fletcher! hurrah for the Quakers!" shouted they, waking up the echoes down Norton Bury streets; which, of a surety, had never echoed to *that* shout before. And so the riot was over.

John Halifax closed the hall door and came in — unsteadily — staggering. Jael placed a chair for him — worthy soul! she was wiping her old eyes. He sat down, shivering, speechless. I put my hand on his shoulder; he took it and pressed it hard.

"Oh! Phineas, lad, I'm glad; glad it's safe over."

"Yes, thank God!"

"Ay, indeed; thank God!"

He covered his eyes for a minute or two, then rose up pale, but quite himself again.

"Now let us go and fetch your father home."

We found him on John's bed, still asleep. But as we entered he woke. The daylight shone on his face — it looked ten years older since yesterday — he stared, bewildered and angry, at John Halifax.

"Eh, young man — oh! I remember. Where is my son — where's my Phineas?"

I fell on his neck as if I had been a child. And almost as if it had been a child's feeble head, mechanically he smoothed and patted mine.

"Thee art not hurt? Nor any one?"

"No," John answered; "nor is either the house or the tan-yard injured."

He looked amazed. "How has that been?"

"Phineas will tell you. Or, stay — better wait till you are at home."

But my father insisted on hearing. I told the whole, without any comments on John's behavior; he would not have liked it; and, besides, the facts spoke for themselves. I told the simple, plain story — nothing more.

Abel Fletcher listened at first in silence. As I proceeded he felt about for his hat, put it on, and drew its broad brim close down over his eyes. Not even when I told him of the flour we

had promised in his name, the giving of which would, as we had calculated, cost him considerable loss, did he utter a word or move a muscle.

John at length asked him if he were satisfied.

"Quite satisfied."

But, having said this, he sat so long, his hands locked together on his knees, and his hat drawn down, hiding all the face except the rigid mouth and chin — sat so long, so motionless, that we became uneasy.

John spoke to him gently, almost as a son would have spoken.

"Are you very lame still? Could I help you to walk home?"

My father looked up, and slowly held out his hand.

"Thee hast been a good lad, and a kind lad to us; I thank thee."

There was no answer, none. But all the words in the world could not match that happy silence.

By degrees we got my father home. It was just such another summer morning as the one, two years back, when we two had stood, exhausted and trembling, before that sternly bolted door. We both thought of that day: I knew not if my father did also.

He entered, leaning heavily on John. He sat down in the very seat, in the very room, where he had so harshly judged us — judged him.

Something, perhaps, of that bitterness rankled in the young man's spirit now, for he stopped on the threshold.

"Come in," said my father, looking up.

"If I am welcome; not otherwise."

"Thee art welcome."

He came in — I drew him in — and sat down with us. But his manner was irresolute, his fingers closed and unclosed nervously. My father, too, sat leaning his head on his two hands, not unmoved. I stole up to him, and thanked him softly for the welcome he had given.

"There is nothing to thank me for," said he, with something of his old hardness. "What I once did, was only justice — or I then believed so. What I have done, and am about to do, is still mere justice. John, how old art thee now?"

"Twenty."

"Then, for one year from this time I will take thee as my

'prentice, though thee knowest already nearly as much of the business as I do. At twenty-one thee wilt be able to set up for thyself, or I may take thee into partnership — we'll see. But" — and he looked at me, then sternly, nay, fiercely, into John's steadfast eyes — "remember, thee hast in some measure taken that lad's place. May God deal with thee as thou dealest with my son Phineas — my only son!"

"Amen!" was the solemn answer.

And God, who sees us both now — aye, *now!* and, perhaps, not so far apart as some may deem — He knows whether or no John Halifax kept that vow.

JOHN HALIFAX IN LOVE

Mrs. Jessop's drawing-room, ruddy with firelight, glittering with delicate wax candle-light; a few women in pale-colored gauzy dresses, a few men, sublime in blue coats, gold buttons, yellow waistcoats, and smiles — this was all I noticed of the scene, which was quite a novel scene to me.

The doctor's wife had introduced us formally to all her guests, as the custom then was, especially in these small cozy supper parties. How they greeted us I do not now remember; no doubt, with a kind of well-bred, formal surprise; but society was generally formal then. My chief recollection is of Mrs. Jessop's saying pointedly and aloud, though with a smile playing under the corners of her good little mouth —

"Mr. Halifax, it is kind of you to come; Lady Caroline Brithwood will be delighted. She longs to make your acquaintance."

After that everybody began to talk with extraordinary civility to Mr. Halifax.

For John, he soon took his place among them, with that modest self-possession which best becomes youth. Society's dangerous waters accordingly became smooth to him, as to a good swimmer who knows his own strength, trusts it, and struggles not.

"Mr. Brithwood and Lady Caroline will be late," I overheard the hostess say. "I think I told you that Miss March —"

But here the door was flung open, and the missing guests announced. John and I were in the alcove of the window;

I heard his breathing behind me, but I dared not look at or speak to him. In truth, I was scarcely calmer than he. For though it must be clearly understood I never was "in love" with any woman, still the reflected glamor of those Enderley days had fallen on me. It often seems now as if I too had passed the golden gate, and looked far enough into youth's Eden to be able ever after to weep with those that wept without the doors.

No — she was not there.

We both sat down. I know not if I was thankful or sorry.

I had seldom seen the squire or Lady Caroline. He was a portly young man, pinched in by tight, light-colored garments. She was a lady rather past her first youth, but very handsome still, who floated about, leaving a general impression of pseudo-Greek draperies, gleaming arms and shoulders, sparkling jewelry, and equally sparkling smiles. These smiles seemed to fall just as redundantly upon the family physician, whom by a rare favor — for so, I suppose, it must have been — she was honoring with a visit, as if worthy Dr. Jessop were the noblest in the land. He, poor man, was all bows and scrapes and pretty speeches, in the which came more than the usual amount of references to the time which had made his fortune, the day when Her Majesty Queen Charlotte had done him the honor to be graciously taken ill in passing through Norton Bury. Mrs. Jessop seemed to wear her honors as hostess to an earl's daughter very calmly indeed. She performed the ordinary courtesies, and then went over to talk with Mr. Brithwood. In their conversation I sought in vain the name of Ursula.

So it ended — the sickening expectation which I had read in the lad's face all day. He would not see her — perhaps it was best. Yet my heart bled when I looked at him. But such thoughts could not be indulged in now, especially as Mrs. Jessop's quick eyes seemed often upon him or me, with an expression that I could not make out at all, save that in such a good woman, whom Miss March so well loved, could lurk nothing evil or unkindly.

So I tried to turn my attention to the Brithwoods. One could not choose but look at her, this handsome Lady Caroline, whom half Norton Bury adored, the other half pursed up their lips at the mention of — but these were of the number she declined to

"know." All that she did know — all that came within her influence, were irresistibly attracted, for to please seemed a part of her nature. To-night nearly every one present stole gradually into the circle round her; men and women alike charmed by the fascination of her ripe beauty, her lively manner, her exquisite smile and laugh.

I wondered what John thought of Lady Caroline Brithwood. She could not easily see him, even though her acute glance seemed to take in everything and everybody in the room. But on her entrance John had drawn back a little, and our half-dozen of fellow-guests, who had been conversing with him, crept shyly out of his way; as if, now the visible reality appeared, they were aghast at the great gulf that lay between John Halifax the tanner and the Brithwoods of the Mythe. A few even looked askance at our hostess, as though some terrible judgment must fall upon poor ignorant Mrs. Jessop, who had dared to amalgamate such opposite ranks.

So it came to pass, that while everybody gathered round the Brithwoods, John and I stood alone, and half concealed by the window.

Very soon I heard Lady Caroline's loud whisper —

"Mrs. Jessop, my good friend, one moment. Where is your *jeune héros, l'homme du peuple?* I do not see him. Does he wear clouted shoes and woolen stockings? Has he a broad face and turned-up nose, like your *paysans anglais?*"

"Judge for yourself, my lady — he stands at your elbow. Mr. Halifax, let me present you to Lady Caroline Brithwood."

If Lord Luxmore's fair daughter ever looked confounded in her life she certainly did at this minute.

"*Lui? Mon dieu! Lui!*" And her shrug of amazement was stopped, her half-extended hand drawn back. No, it was quite impossible to patronize John Halifax.

He bowed gravely, she made a gracious courtesy; they met on equal terms, a lady and gentleman.

Soon her lively manner returned. She buckled on her spurs for a new conquest, and left the already vanquished gentilities of Norton Bury to amuse themselves as they best might.

"I am enchanted to meet you, Mr. Halifax; I adore *le peuple*. Especially" — with a sly glance at her husband, who, with Tory

Dr. Jessop, was vehemently exalting Mr. Pitt and abusing the First Consul, Buonaparte — "especially *le peuple français. Me comprenez-vous?*"

"*Madame, je vous comprends.*"

Her ladyship looked surprised. French was not very common among the honest trading class, or indeed any but the higher classes in England.

"But," John continued, "I must dissent from Lady Caroline Brithwood, if she mingles the English people with *le peuple français.* They are a very different class of beings."

"Ah, *Ça ira, ça ira*" — she laughed, humming beneath her breath a few notes out of that terrible song. "But you know French — let us talk in that language; we shall horrify no one then."

"I cannot speak it readily; I am chiefly self-taught."

"The best teaching. *Mon dieu!* Truly you are made to be *un héro* — just the last touch of grace that a woman's hand gives — had you ever a woman for your friend? — and you would be complete. But I cannot flatter — plain, blunt honesty for me. You must — you shall be — *l'homme du peuple.* Were you born such? Who were your parents?"

I saw John hesitate; I knew how rarely he ever uttered those names written in the old Bible — how infinitely sacred they were to him. Could he blazon them out now, to gratify this woman's idle curiosity?

"Madam," he said gravely, "I was introduced to you simply as John Halifax. It seems to me that, so long as I do no discredit to it, the name suffices to the world."

"Ah — I see! I see!" But he, with his downcast eyes, did not detect the meaning smile that just flashed in hers, then was changed into a tone of soft sympathy. "You are right; rank is nothing — a cold, glittering marble, with no soul under. Give me the rich flesh-and-blood life of the people. *Liberté — fraternité — égalité.* I would rather be a *gamin* in Paris streets than my brother William at Luxmore Hall."

Thus talked she, sometimes in French, sometimes in English, the young man answering little. She only threw her shining arts abroad the more; she seemed determined to please. And Nature fitted her for it. Even if not born an earl's daughter,

Lady Caroline would have been everywhere the magic center of any society wherein she chose to move. Not that her conversation was brilliant or deep, but she said the most frivolous things in a way that made them appear witty; and the grand art, to charm by appearing charmed, was hers in perfection. She seemed to float altogether upon and among the pleasantnesses of life; pain, either endured or inflicted, was to her an impossibility.

Thus her character struck me on this first meeting, and thus, after many years, it strikes me still. I look back upon what she appeared that evening — lovely, gay, attractive — in the zenith of her rich maturity. What her old age was the world knows, or thinks it knows. But Heaven may be more merciful — I cannot tell. Whatever is now said of her, I can only say, "Poor Lady Caroline!"

It must have indicated a grain of pure gold at the bottom of the gold-seeming dross, that, from the first moment she saw him, she liked John Halifax.

They talked a long time. She drew him out, as a well-bred woman always can draw out a young man of sense. He looked pleased; he conversed well. Had he forgotten? No; the restless wandering of his eyes at the slightest sound in the room told how impossible it was he should forget. Yet he comported himself bravely, and I was proud that Ursula's kindred should see him as he was.

"Lady Caroline" (her ladyship turned, with a slightly bored expression, to her intrusive hostess), "I fear we must give up all expectations of our young friend to-night."

"I told you so. Post-traveling is very uncertain, and the Bath roads are not good. Have you ever visited Bath, Mr. Halifax?"

"But she is surely long on the road," pursued Mrs. Jessop, rather anxiously. "What attendants had she?"

"Her own maid, and our man Laplace. Nay, don't be alarmed, excellent and faithful *gouvernante!* I assure you your fair ex-pupil is quite safe. The *furore* about her has considerably abated since the heiress-hunters at Bath discovered the melancholy fact that Miss March —"

"Pardon me," interrupted the other, "we are among strangers. I assure you I am quite satisfied about my dear child."

"What a charming thing is affectionate fidelity," observed her ladyship, turning once more to John, with a sweet, lazy dropping of the eyelids.

The young man only bowed. They resumed their conversation — at least, she did, talking volubly; satisfied with monosyllabic answers.

It was now almost supper-time — held a glorious hour at Norton Bury parties. People began to look anxiously to the door.

"Before we adjourn," said Lady Caroline, "I must do what it will be difficult to accomplish after supper;" and for the first time a sharp, sarcastic tone jarred in her smooth voice. "I must introduce you especially to my husband. Mr. Brithwood!"

"Madam!" He lounged up to her. They were a diverse pair. She, in her well-preserved beauty, and Gallic artificial grace — he, in his coarse, bloated youth, coarser and worse than the sensualism of middle age.

"Mr. Brithwood, let me introduce you to a new friend of mine."

The squire bowed, rather awkwardly; proving the truth of what Norton Bury often whispered, that Richard Brithwood was more at home with grooms than gentlemen.

"He belongs to this your town — you must have heard of him, perhaps met him."

"I have more than once had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Brithwood, but he has doubtless forgotten it."

"By Jove! I have. What might your name be, sir?"

"John Halifax."

"What, Halifax the tanner?"

"The same."

"Phew!" He began a low whistle, and turned on his heel.

John changed color a little. Lady Caroline laughed — a thoughtless, amused laugh, with a pleasant murmur of "*Bête!*" "*Anglais!*" Nevertheless, she whispered her husband —

"*Mon ami* — you forget; I have introduced you to this gentleman."

"Gentleman indeed! Pooh! rubbish! Lady Caroline — I'm busy talking."

"And so are we, most pleasantly. I only called you as a

matter of form, to ratify my invitation. Mr. Halifax will, I hope, dine with us next Sunday?"

"The devil he will!"

"Richard — you hurt me!" — with a little scream, as she pushed his rough fingers from her arm, so soft, and round, and fair.

"Madam, you must be crazy. The young man is a tradesman — a tanner. Not fit for *my* society."

"Precisely; I invite him for my own."

But the whispers and responses were alike unheeded by their object. For, at the doorway, entering with Mrs. Jessop, was a tall girl in deep mourning. We knew her — we both knew her — our dream at Enderley — our "nut-browne mayde."

John was near to the door — their eyes met. She bowed — he returned it. He was very pale. For Miss March, her face and neck were all in a glow. Neither spoke, nor offered more than this passing acknowledgment, and she moved on.

She came and sat down beside me, accidentally, I believe; but when she saw me she held out her hand. We exchanged a word or two — her manner was unaltered; but she spoke hurriedly, and her fingers had their old nervous twitch. She said this meeting was to her "unexpected," but "she was very glad to see me."

So she sat, and I looked sideways at her dropped eyes — her forehead with its coronet of chestnut curls. How would he bear the sight — he of whose heart mine was the mere faint echo? Yet truly an echo, repeating with cruel faithfulness every throb.

He kept his position, a little aloof from the Brithwoods, who were holding a slight altercation — though more of looks than words. John heeded them not. I was sure, though he had never looked directly towards us, that he had heard every syllable Miss March said to me.

The squire called across the room, in a patronizing tone: "My good fellow — that is, ahem! I say, young Halifax!"

"Were you addressing me, Mr. Brithwood?"

"I was. I want a quiet word or two — between ourselves."

"Certainly."

They stood face to face. The one seemed uncomfortable, the other was his natural self — a little graver, perhaps, as if he

felt what was coming, and prepared to meet it, knowing in whose presence he had to prove himself — what Richard Brithwood, with all his broad acres, could never be — a gentleman.

Few could doubt that fact, who looked at the two young men, as all were looking now.

"On my soul, it's awkward — I'll call at the tan-yard and explain."

"I had rather you would explain here."

"Well, then, though it's a confounded unpleasant thing to say — and I really wish I had not been brought into such a position — you'll not heed my wife's nonsense?"

"I do not understand you."

"Come, it's no use running to cover in that way. Let's be open and plain. I mean no offense. You may be a very respectable young man for aught I know, still, rank is rank. Of course Dr. Jessop asks whom he likes to his house — and, by George! I'm always civil to everybody — but really, in spite of my lady's likings, I can't well invite you to my table!"

"Nor could I humiliate myself by accepting any such invitation."

He said the words distinctly, so that the whole circle might have heard, and was turning away, when Mr. Brithwood fired up — as an angry man does in a losing game.

"Humiliate yourself! What do you mean, sir? Wouldn't you be only too thankful to crawl into the houses of your betters, anyhow, by hook or by crook? Ha! ha! I know you would. It's always the way with you common folk, you rioters, you revolutionists. By the Lord! I wish you were all hanged."

The young blood rose fiercely in John's cheek, but he restrained himself. "Sir, I am neither a rioter nor a revolutionist."

"But you are a tradesman? You used to drive Fletcher's cart of skins."

"I did."

"And are you not — I remember you now — the very lad, the tanner's lad, that once pulled us ashore from the eger — Cousin March and me?"

I heard a quick exclamation beside me, and saw Ursula listening intently — I had not noticed how intently till now. Her eyes were fixed on John, waiting for his answer. It came.

"Your memory is correct; I was that lad."

"Thank'ee for it, too. Lord! what a jolly life I should have missed! You got no reward, though. You threw away the guinea I offered you; come, I'll make it twenty guineas to-morrow."

The insult was too much. "Sir, you forget that whatever we may have been, to-night we meet as equals."

"Equals!"

"As guests in the same house — most certainly for the time being, equals."

Richard Brithwood stared, literally dumb with fury. The standers-by were dumb, too, though such *fracas* were then not uncommon even in drawing-rooms, and in women's presence, especially with men of Mr. Brithwood's stamp. His wife seemed quite used to it. She merely shrugged her shoulders and hummed a note or two of "Ça ira." It irritated the husband beyond all bounds.

"Hold your tongue, my lady. What, because a 'prentice lad once saved my life, and you choose to patronize him as you do many another vagabond, with your cursed liberty and equality, am I to have him at my table, and treat him as a gentleman? By ——, madam, never!"

He spoke savagely and loud. John was silent; he had locked his hands together convulsively; but it was easy to see that his blood was at boiling heat, and that, did he once slip the leash of his passions, it would go hard with Richard Brithwood.

The latter came up to him with clenched fist. "Now mark me, you — you vagabond!"

Ursula March crossed the room, and caught his arm, her eyes gleaming fire.

"Cousin, in my presence this gentleman shall be treated as a gentleman. He was kind to my father."

"Curse your father!"

John's right hand burst free; he clutched the savage by the shoulder.

"Be silent. You had better."

Brithwood shook off the grasp, turned and struck him; that last fatal insult, which offered from man to man, in those days, could only be wiped out with blood.

John staggered. For a moment he seemed as if he would have sprung on his adversary and felled him to the ground — but — he did it not.

Some one whispered, "He won't fight. He is a Quaker."

"No!" he said, and stood erect; though he was ghastly pale, and his voice sounded hoarse and strange. "But I am a Christian. I shall not return blow for blow."

It was a new doctrine; foreign to the practice, if familiar to the ear, of Christian Norton Bury. No one answered him; all stared at him; one or two sheered off from him with contemptuous smiles. Then Ursula March stretched out her friendly hand. John took it, and grew calm in a moment.

There arose a murmur of "Mr. Brithwood is going."

"Let him go!" Miss March cried, anger still glowing in her eyes.

"Not so — it is not right. I will speak to him. May I?" John softly unclosed her detaining hand, and went up to Mr. Brithwood. "Sir, there is no need for you to leave this house — I am leaving it. You and I shall not meet again if I can help it."

His proud courtesy, his absolute dignity and calmness, completely overwhelmed his blustering adversary, who gazed open-mouthed, while John made his adieu to his host and to those he knew. The women gathered round him — woman's instinct is usually true. Even Lady Caroline, amid a flutter of regrets, declared she did not believe there was a man in the universe who would have borne so charmingly such a "degradation."

At the word Miss March fired up. "Madam," she said, in her impetuous young voice, "no insult offered to a man can ever degrade him; the only real degradation is when he degrades himself."

John, passing out at the doorway, caught her words. As he quitted the room no crowned victor ever wore a look more joyful, more proud.

After a minute we followed him; the Doctor's wife and I. But now the pride and joy had both faded.

"Mrs. Jessop, you see I am right," he murmured. "I ought not to have come here. It is a hard world for such as I. I shall never conquer it — never."

"Yes — you will." And Ursula stood by him, with crimsoned cheek, and eyes no longer flashing, but fearless still.

Mrs. Jessop put her arm round the young girl. "I also think you need not dread the world, Mr. Halifax, if you always act as you did to-night; though I grieve that things should have happened thus, if only for the sake of this my child."

"Have I done her any harm? oh! tell me, have I done her any harm?"

"No!" cried Ursula, with the old impetuosity kindling anew in every feature of her noble face. "You have but shown me what I shall remember all my life — that a Christian only can be a true gentleman."

She understood him — he felt she did; understood him, as, if a man be understood by one woman in the world, he — and she too — is strong, safe, and happy. They grasped hands once more, and gazed unhesitatingly into each other's eyes. All human passion for the time being set aside, these two recognized each in the other one aim, one purpose, one faith; something higher than love, something better than happiness. It must have been a blessed moment for both.

Mrs. Jessop did not interfere. She had herself known what true love was, if, as gossips said, she had kept constant to our worthy doctor for thirty years. But still she was a prudent woman, not unused to the world.

"You must go now," she said, laying her hand gently on John's arm.

"I am going. But she — what will she do?"

"Never mind me. Jane will take care of me," said Ursula, winding her arms round her old governess, and leaning her cheek down on Mrs. Jessop's shoulder.

We had never seen Miss March show fondness, that is, caressing fondness, to any one before. It revealed her in a new light; betraying the depths there were in her nature; infinite depths of softness and of love.

John watched her for a minute; a long, wild, greedy minute, then whispered hoarsely to me, "I must go."

We made a hasty adieu, and went out together into the night — the cold, bleak night, all blast and storm.

. . . . . .

For weeks after then, we went on in our usual way; Ursula March living within a stone's throw of us. She had left her cousin's, and come to reside with Dr. Jessop and his wife.

It was a very hard trial for John.

Neither of us were again invited by Mrs. Jessop. We could not blame her; she held a precious charge, and Norton Bury was a horrible place for gossip. Already tale after tale had gone abroad about Miss March's "ingratitude" to her relations. Already tongue after tongue had repeated, in every possible form of lying, the anecdote of "young Halifax and the squire." Had it been "young Halifax and Miss March," I truly believe John could not have borne it.

As it was, though he saw her constantly, it was always by chance — a momentary glimpse at the window, or a passing acknowledgment in the street. I knew quite well when he had thus met her, whether he mentioned it or not — knew by the wild, troubled look, which did not wear off for hours.

I watched him closely, day by day, in an agony of doubt and pain.

For, though he said nothing, a great change was creeping over "the lad," as I still fondly called him. His strength, the glory of a young man, was going from him — he was becoming thin, weak, restless-eyed. That healthy energy and gentle composure which had been so beautiful in him all his life through, were utterly lost.

"What am I to do with thee, David?" said I to him one evening, when he had come in, looking worse than usual — I knew why; for Ursula and her friend had just passed our house taking their pleasant walk in the spring twilight. "Thou art very ill, I fear."

"Not at all. There is not the least thing the matter with me. Do let me alone."

Two minutes afterwards he begged my pardon for those sharp-spoken words. "It was not *thee* that spoke, John," I said.

"No, you are right, it was not I. It was a sort of devil that lodges here:" he touched his breast. "The chamber he lives in is at times a burning hell."

He spoke in a low tone of great anguish. What could I answer? Nothing.

We stood at the window, looking idly out. The chestnut trees in the Abbey yard were budding green: there came that faint, sweet sound of children at play, which one hears as the days begin to lengthen.

"It's a lovely evening," he said.

"John!" I looked him in the face. He could not palm off that kind of deceit upon me. "You have heard something about her?"

"I have," he groaned. "She is leaving Norton Bury."

"Thank God!" I muttered.

John turned fiercely upon me — but only for a moment. "Perhaps I too ought to say, 'Thank God.' This could not have lasted long, or it would have made me — what I pray His mercy to save me from, or to let me die. Oh, lad, if I could only die."

He bent down over the window-sill, crushing his forehead on his hands.

"John," I said, in this depth of despair snatching at an equally desperate hope, "what if, instead of keeping this silence, you were to go to her and tell her all?"

"I have thought of that: a noble thought, worthy of a poor 'prentice lad! Why, two several evenings I have been insane enough to walk to Dr. Jessop's door, which I have never entered, and — mark you well! they have never asked me to enter since that night. But each time ere I knocked my senses came back, and I went home — luckily having made myself neither a fool nor a knave."

There was no answer to this either. Alas! I knew as well as he did, that in the eye of the world's common sense, for a young man not twenty-one, a tradesman's apprentice, to ask the hand of a young gentlewoman, uncertain if she loved him, was most utter folly. Also, for a penniless youth to sue a lady with a fortune, even though it was (the Brithwoods took care to publish the fact) smaller than was at first supposed — would, in the eye of the world's honor, be not very much unlike knavery. There was no help — none!

"David," I groaned, "I would you had never seen her."

"Hush! — not a word like that. If you heard all I hear of her — daily — hourly — her unselfishness, her energy, her

generous, warm heart! It is blessedness even to have known her. She is an angel — no, better than that, a woman! I did not want her for a saint in a shrine — I wanted her as a help-meet, to walk with me in my daily life, to comfort me, strengthen me, make me pure and good. I could be a good man if I had her for my wife. Now —"

He rose, and walked rapidly up and down. His looks were becoming altogether wild.

"Come, Phineas, suppose we go to meet her up the road — as I meet her almost every day. Sometimes she merely bends and smiles, sometimes she holds out her little hand, and 'hopes I am quite well'! And then they pass on, and I stand gaping and staring after them like an idiot. There — look — there they are now."

Aye! walking leisurely along the other side of the road — talking and smiling to one another, in their own merry, familiar way, were Mrs. Jessop and Miss March.

They were not thinking of us, not the least. Only, just ere they passed our house, Ursula turned slightly round, and looked behind; a quiet, maidenly look, with the smile still lingering on her mouth. She saw nothing, and no one; for John had pulled me from the window, and placed himself out of sight. So, turning back again, she went on her way. They both disappeared.

"Now, Phineas, it is all ended."

"What do you mean?"

"I have looked on her for the last time."

"Nay — she is not going yet."

"But I am — fleeing from the devil and his angels. Hurrah, Phineas, lad! We'll have a merry night. To-morrow I am away to Bristol, to set sail for America."

He wrung my hands with a long, loud, half-mad laugh; and then dropped heavily on a chair.

A few hours after, he was lying on my bed, struck down by the first real sickness he had ever known. It was apparently a low, aguish fever, which had been much about Norton Bury since the famine of last year. At least, so Jael said; and she was a wise doctoress, and had cured many. He would have no one else to attend him — seemed terrified at the mere mention of

Dr. Jessop. I opposed him not at first, for well I knew, whatever the proximate cause of his sickness might be, its root was in that mental pang which no doctors could cure. So I trusted to the blessed quiet of a sick-room — often so healing to misery — to Jael's nursing, and his brother's love.

After a few days we called in a physician — a stranger from Coltham — who pronounced it to be this Norton Bury fever, caught through living, as he still persisted in doing, in his old attic, in that unhealthy alley where was Sally Watkin's house. It must have been coming on, the doctor said, for a long time; but it had no doubt now reached its crisis. He would be better soon.

But he did not get better. Days slid into weeks, and still he lay there, never complaining, scarcely appearing to suffer, except from the wasting of the fever; yet when I spoke of recovery he "turned his face unto the wall" — weary of living.

Once, when he had lain thus a whole morning, hardly speaking a word, I began to feel growing palpable the truth which day by day I had thrust behind me as some intangible, impossible dread — that ere now people had died of mere soul-sickness, without any bodily disease. I took up his poor hand that lay on the counterpane; once, at Enderley, he had regretted its somewhat coarse strength: now Ursula's own was not thinner or whiter. He drew it back.

"Oh, Phineas, lad, don't touch me — only let me rest."

The weak, querulous voice — that awful longing for rest! What if, despite all the physician's assurances, he might be sinking, sinking — my friend, my hope, my pride, all my comfort in this life — passing from it and from me into another, where, let me call never so wildly, he could not answer me any more, nor come back to me any more.

Oh, God of mercy! if I were to be left in this world without my brother!

I had many a time thought over the leaving him, going quietly away when it should please the Giver of all breath to recall mine, falling asleep, encompassed and sustained by his love until the last; then, a burden no longer, leaving him to work out a glorious life, whose rich web should include and bring to beautiful perfection all the poor broken threads in mine.

But now, if this should be all vain, if he should go from me, not I from him — I slid down to the ground, to my knees, and the dumb cry of my agony went up on high.

How could I save him?

There seemed but one way; I sprang at it; stayed not to think if it were right or wrong, honorable or dishonorable. His life hung in the balance, and there was but one way; besides, had I not cried unto God for help?

I put aside the blind, and looked out of doors. For weeks I had not crossed the threshold; I almost started to find that it was spring. Everything looked lovely in the colored twilight; a blackbird was singing loudly in the Abbey trees across the way; all things were fresh and glowing, laden with the hope of the advancing year. And there he lay on his sick-bed, dying!

All he said, as I drew the curtain back, was a faint moan: —

"No light! I can't bear the light! Do let me rest!"

In half an hour, without saying a word to human being, I was on my way to Ursula March.

She sat knitting in the summer parlor alone. The doctor was out; Mrs. Jessop I saw down the long garden, bonneted and shawled, busy among her gooseberry bushes — so we were safe.

As I have said, Ursula sat knitting, but her eyes had a soft dreaminess. My entrance had evidently startled her, and driven some sweet, shy thought away.

But she met me cordially — said she was glad to see me — that she had not seen either of us lately; and the knitting pins began to move quickly again.

Those dainty fingers — that soft, tremulous smile — I could have hated her!

"No wonder you did not see us, Miss March; John has been very ill, is ill now — almost dying."

I hurled the words at her, sharp as javelins, and watched to see them strike.

They struck — they wounded; I could see her shiver.

"Ill! — and no one ever told me!"

"You? How could it affect you? To me, now" — and my savage words, for they were savage, broke down in a burst of misery — "nothing in this world to me is worth a straw, in comparison with John. If he dies —"

I let loose the flood of my misery. I dashed it over her, that she might see it — feel it; that it might enter all the fair and sightly chambers of her happy life, and make them desolate as mine. For was she not the cause?

Forgive me! I was cruel to thee, Ursula: and thou wert so good — so kind!

She rose, came to me, and took my hand. Hers was very cold, and her voice trembled much.

"Be comforted. He is young, and God is very merciful."

She could say no more, but sat down, nervously twisting and untwisting her fingers. There was in her looks a wild sorrow — a longing to escape from notice; but mine held her fast, mercilessly, as a snake holds a little bird. She sat cowering, almost like a bird, a poor, broken-winged, helpless little bird — whom the storm has overtaken.

Rising, she made an attempt to quit the room.

"I will call Mrs. Jessop: she may be of use —"

"She cannot. Stay!"

"Further advice, perhaps? Dr. Jessop — you must want help —"

"None save that which will never come. His bodily sickness is conquered — it is his mind. Oh, Miss March!" and I looked up at her like a wretch begging for life. "Do *you* not know of what my brother is dying?"

"Dying!" A long shudder passed over her, from head to foot — but I relented not.

"Think — a life like his, that might be made a blessing to all he loves — to all the world — is it to be sacrificed thus? It may be — I do not say it will — but it may be. While in health he could fight against this — this which I must not speak of; but now his health is gone. He cannot rally. Without some change, I see clearly, even I who love him better than any one can love him —"

She stirred a little here.

"Far better," I repeated; "for while John does *not* love me best, he to me is more than any one else in the world. Yet even I have given up hope, unless — but I have no right to say more."

There was no need. She began to understand. A deep, soft red, sunrise color, dawned all over her face and neck, nay,

tinged her very arms — her delicate, bare arms. She looked at me once — just once — with a mute but keen inquiry.

"It is the truth, Miss March — aye, ever since last year. You will respect it? You will, you shall respect it!"

She bent her head in acquiescence — that was all. She had not uttered a single syllable. Her silence almost drove me wild.

"What! not one word? not one ordinary message from a friend to a friend? — one who is lying ill, too!"

Still silence.

"Better so!" I cried, made desperate at last. "Better, if it must be, that he should die and go to the God who made him — aye, made him, as you shall yet see, too noble a man to die for any woman's love."

I left her — left her where she sat, and went my way.

Of the hours that followed the less I say the better. My mind was in a tumult of pain, in which right and wrong were strangely confused. I could not decide — I can scarcely decide now — whether what I had done ought to have been done; I only know that I did it — did it under an impulse so sudden and impetuous that it seemed to me like the guidance of Providence. All I could do afterwards was to trust the result where we say we trust all things, and yet are forever disquieting ourselves in vain — we of little faith!

I have said, and I say again, that I believe every true marriage — of which there is probably one in every five thousand of conjugal unions — is brought about by Heaven, and Heaven only; and that all human influence is powerless either to make or to mar that happy end. Therefore, to Heaven I left this marriage, if such it was destined to be. And so, after a season, I calmed myself enough to dare entering that quiet sick-chamber, where no one ever entered but Jael and me.

The old woman met me at the door.

"Come in gently, Phineas; I do think there is a change."

A change — that awful word! I staggered rather than walked to John's bedside.

Aye, there was a change, but not *that* one — which made my blood run cold in my veins even to think of. Thank God forevermore for His great mercies — not *that* change!

John was sitting up in bed. New life shone in his eyes, in his

whole aspect. Life and — no, not hope, but something far better, diviner.

"Phineas, how tired you look; it is time you were in bed."

The old way of speaking — the old, natural voice, as I had not heard it for weeks. I flung myself by the bedside — perhaps I wept outright — God knows! It is thought a shame for a man to weep; yet one Man wept, and that too was over His friend — His brother.

"You must not grieve over me any more, dear lad; to-morrow, please God! I mean to be quite well again."

Amidst all my joy, I marveled over what could be the cause of so miraculous a change.

"You would smile if I told you — only a dream."

No, I did not smile; for I believed in the Ruler of all our spirits, sleeping or waking.

"A dream so curious, that I have scarcely lost the impression of it yet. Do you know, Phineas, she has been sitting by me, just where you sit now."

"She?"

"Ursula."

If I could express the tone in which he uttered the word, which had never fallen from his lips before — it was always either "Miss March," or the impersonal form used by all lovers to disguise the beloved name — "*Ursula*," spoken as no man speaks any woman's name save the one which is the music of his heart, which he foresees shall be the one fireside tune of his life, ever familiar, yet ever sweet.

"Yes, she sat there, talking. She told me she knew I loved her — loved her so much that I was dying for her; that it was very wrong; that I must rise up and do my work in the world — do it for Heaven's sake, not for hers; that a true man should live, and live nobly, for the woman he loves — it is only a coward who dies for her."

I listened, wonder-struck — for these were the very words that Ursula March might have uttered; the very spirit that seemed to shine in her eyes that night — the last night she and John spoke to one another. I asked him if there was any more of the dream?

"Nothing clear. I thought we were on the Flat at Enderley,

and I was following her; whether I reached her or not I cannot tell. And whether I ever shall reach her I cannot tell. But this I know, Phineas, I will do as she bade me; I will arise and walk."

And so he did. He slept quietly as an infant all that night. Next morning I found him up and dressed. Looking like a specter, indeed; but with health, courage, and hope in his eyes. Even my father noticed it, when at dinner-time, with Jael's help — poor old Jael! how proud she was — John crawled downstairs.

"Why, thee art picking up, lad! Thee'lt be a man again in no time."

"I hope so. And a better man than ever I was before."

"Thee might be better, and thee might be worse. Anyhow, we couldn't do without thee, John. Hey, Phineas! who's been meddling with my spectacles?"

The old man turned his back upon us, and busily read his newspaper upside down.

We never had a happier meal in our house than that dinner.

In the afternoon my father stayed at home — a rare thing for him to do; nay, more, he went and smoked his peaceful pipe in the garden. John lay on an extempore sofa, made of three of our high-backed chairs and the window-sill. I read to him — trying to keep his attention, and mine too, solely to the Great Plague of London and Daniel Defoe. When, just as I was stealthily glancing at his face, fancying it looked whiter and more sunken, that his smile was fading, and his thoughts were wandering — Jael burst in.

"John Halifax, there be a woman asking for thee."

No, John — no need for that start — that rush of impetuous blood to thy poor thin cheek, as if there were but one woman in all the world. No, it was only Mrs. Jessop.

At sight of him, standing up, tall and gaunt and pale, the good lady's eyes brimmed over.

"You have been very ill, my poor boy! Forgive me — but I am an old woman, you know. Lie down again."

With gentle force she compelled him, and sat down by his side.

"I had no idea — why did you not let us know — the doctor and me? How long have you been ill?"

"I am quite well now — I am indeed. I shall be about again to-morrow, shall I not, Phineas?" and he looked eagerly to me for confirmation.

I gave it, firmly and proudly. I was glad she should know it — glad she should see that the priceless jewel of his heart would not lie tossing in the mire because a haughty girl scorned to wear it. Glad that she might one day find out there lived not the woman of whom John Halifax was not worthy.

"But you must be very careful — very careful of yourself, indeed."

"He will, Mrs. Jessop. Or, if not, he has many to take care of him. Many to whom his life is most precious and most dear."

I spoke — perhaps more abruptly than I ought to have spoken to that good old lady — but her gentle answer seemed at once to understand and forgive me.

"I well believe that, Mr. Fletcher. And I think Mr. Halifax hardly knows how much we — we all — esteem him." And with a kind motherly gesture she took John's hand. "You must make haste and get well now. My husband will come and see you to-morrow. For Ursula," here she carefully busied herself in the depths of her pocket, "my dear child sends you this."

It was a little note — unsealed. The superscription was simply his name, in her clear, round, fair handwriting — "*John Halifax.*"

His fingers closed over it convulsively. "I — she is — very kind." The words died away — the hand which grasped, aye, for more than a minute, the unopened letter, trembled like an aspen leaf.

"Yes, hers is a grateful nature," observed Mrs. Jessop, sedulously looking at and speaking to me. "I would not wish it otherwise — I would not wish her to forget those whose worth she proved in her season of trouble."

I was silent. The old lady's tongue likewise failed her. She took off her glove, wiped a finger across each eyelash, and sat still.

"Have you read your little note, Mr. Halifax?"

No answer.

"I will take your message back. She told me what she had said to you."

Aye, all the world might have read those simple lines: —

"My dear Friend,

"I did not know till yesterday that you had been ill. I have not forgotten how kind you were to my poor father. I should like to come and see you if you would allow me.

"Yours sincerely,

"Ursula March."

This was all the note. I saw it, more than thirty years afterwards, yellow and faded, in the corner of his pocket-book.

"Well, what shall I say to my child?"

"Say" — he half rose, struggling to speak — "ask her to come."

He turned his head towards the window, and the sunshine glittered on two great drops, large as a child's tear.

Mrs. Jessop went away. And now for a long hour we waited — scarcely moving. John lay, his eyes sometimes closed, sometimes fixed dreamily on the bit of blue sky that shone out above the iron railings between the Abbey trees. More than once they wandered to the little letter, which lay buried in his hands. He felt it there — that was enough.

My father came in from the garden, and settled to his afternoon doze; but I think John hardly noticed him — nor I. My poor old father! Yet we were all young once — let youth enjoy its day!

At length Ursula came. She stood at the parlor door, rosy with walking — a vision of youth and candid innocence, which blushed not, nor had need to blush, at any intent or act that was sanctified by the law of God, and by her own heart.

John rose to meet her. They did not speak, but only clasped hands.

He was not strong enough for disguises now — in his first look she might have seen, have felt, that I had told her the truth. For hers — but it dropped down, down, as Ursula March's clear glance had never dropped before. Then I knew how all would end.

Jael's voice broke in sharply. "Abel Fletcher, the doctor's wife is wanting thee down in the kitchen garden, and she says her green gooseberries bean't half as big as our'n."

My father awoke — rubbed his eyes — became aware of a lady's presence — rubbed them again, and sat staring.

John led Ursula to the old man's chair.

"Mr. Fletcher, this is Miss March, a friend of mine, who, hearing I was ill, out of her great kindness —"

His voice faltered. Miss March added, in a low tone, with downcast eyelids —

"I am an orphan, and he was kind to my dear father."

Abel Fletcher nodded — adjusted his spectacles — eyed her all over — and nodded again; slowly, gravely, with a satisfied inspection. His hard gaze lingered, and softened while it lingered, on that young face, whereon was written simplicity, dignity, truth.

"If thee be a friend of John's, welcome to my house. Wilt thee sit down?"

Offering his hand, with a mixture of kindness and ceremonious grace that I had never before seen in my Quaker father, he placed her in his own arm-chair. How well I remember her sitting there, in her black silk pelisse, trimmed with the white fur she was so fond of wearing, and her riding-hat, the soft feathers of which dropped on her shoulder, trembling as she trembled. For she did tremble very much.

Gradually the old man's perception opened to the facts before him. He ceased his sharp scrutiny, and half smiled.

"Wilt thee stay, and have a dish of tea with us?"

So it came to pass, I hardly remember how, that in an hour's space our parlor beheld the strangest sight it had beheld since — ah! no wonder that when she took her place at the table's foot, and gave him his dish of tea with her own hand — her pretty ringed lady's hand — my old father started, as if it had been another than Miss March who was sitting there. No wonder that, more than once, catching the sound of her low, quiet, gentlewomanlike speech, different from any female voices here, he turned round suddenly with a glance, half-scared, half-eager, as if she had been a ghost from the grave.

But Mrs. Jessop engaged him in talk, and, woman-hater as he

was, he could not resist the pleasantness of the doctor's little wife. The doctor, too, came in after tea, and the old folk all settled themselves for a cozy chat, taking very little notice of us three.

Miss March sat at a little table near the window, admiring some hyacinths that Mrs. Jessop had brought us. A wise present: for all Norton Bury knew that if Abel Fletcher had a soft place in his heart it was for his garden and his flowers. These were very lovely; in color and scent delicious to one who had been long ill. John lay looking at them and her, as if, oblivious of past and future, his whole life were absorbed into that one exquisite hour.

For me — where I sat I do not clearly know, nor probably did any one else.

"There," said Miss March to herself, in a tone of almost childish satisfaction, as she arranged the last hyacinth to her liking.

"They are very beautiful," I heard John's voice answer, with a strange trembling in it. "It is growing too dark to judge of colors; but the scent is delicious, even here."

"I could move the table closer to you."

"Thank you — let me do it — will you sit down?"

She did so, after a very slight hesitation, by John's side. Neither spoke — but sat quietly there, with the sunset light on their two heads, softly touching them both, and then as softly melting away.

"There is a new moon to-night," Miss March remarked, appositely and gravely.

"Is there? Then I have been ill a whole month. For I remember noticing it through the trees the night when —" He did not say what night, and she did not ask. To such a very unimportant conversation as they were apparently holding my involuntary listening could do no harm.

"You will be able to walk out soon, I hope," said Miss March again. "Norton Bury is a pretty town."

John asked suddenly, "Are you going to leave it?"

"Not yet — I do not know for certain — perhaps not at all. I mean," she added hurriedly, "that being independent, and having entirely separated from, and been given up by, my cousins, I prefer residing with Mrs. Jessop altogether."

"Of course — most natural." The words were formally spoken, and John did not speak again for some time.

"I hope —" said Ursula, breaking the pause, and then stopping, as if her own voice frightened her.

"What do you hope?"

"That long before this moon has grown old you will be quite strong again."

"Thank you! I hope so too. I have need for strength, God knows!" He sighed heavily.

"And you will have what you need, so as to do your work in the world. You must not be afraid."

"I am not afraid. I shall bear my burthen like other men. Every one has some inevitable burthen to bear."

"So I believe."

And now the room darkened so fast that I could not see them; but their voices seemed a great way off, as the children's voices playing at the old well-head used to sound to me when I lay under the brow of the Flat — in the dim twilights at Enderley.

"I intend," John said, "as soon as I am able, to leave Norton Bury and go abroad for some time."

"Where?"

"To America. It is the best country for a young man who has neither money, nor kindred, nor position — nothing, in fact, but his own right hand with which to carve out his own fortune — as I will, if I can."

She murmured something about this being "quite right."

"I am glad you think so." But his voice had resumed that formal tone which ever and anon mingled strangely with its low, deep tenderness. "In any case, I must quit England. I have reasons for so doing."

"What reasons?"

The question seemed to startle John — he did not reply at once.

"If you wish, I will tell you; in order that, should I ever come back — or if I should not come back at all, you who were kind enough to be my friend will know I did not go away from mere youthful recklessness, or love of change."

He waited, apparently for some answer — but it came not, and he continued —

"I am going because there has befallen me a great trouble, which, while I stay here, I cannot get free from or overcome. I do not wish to sink under it — I had rather, as you said, 'do my work in the world' as a man ought. No man has a right to say unto his Maker, 'My burthen is heavier than I can bear.' Do you not think so?"

"I do."

"Do you not think I am right in thus meeting, and trying to conquer, an inevitable ill?"

"*Is* it inevitable?"

"Hush!" John answered wildly. "Don't reason with me — you cannot judge — you do not know. It is enough that I must go. If I stay I shall become unworthy of myself, unworthy of — Forgive me, I have no right to talk thus; but you called me 'friend,' and I would like you to think kindly of me always. Because — because —" and his voice shook — broke down utterly. "God love thee and take care of thee, wherever I may go!"

"John, stay!"

It was but a low, faint cry, like that of a little bird. But he heard it — felt it. In the silence of the dark she crept up to him, like a young bird to its mate, and he took her into the shelter of his love forevermore. At once all was made clear between them; for whatever the world might say, they were in the sight of Heaven equal, and she received as much as she gave.

. . . . . .

When Jael brought in lights the room seemed to me, at first, all in a wild dazzle. Then I saw John rise, and Miss March with him. Holding her hand, he led her across the room. His head was erect, his eyes shining — his whole aspect that of a man who declares before all the world, "This is *my own*."

"Eh?" said my father, gazing at them from over his spectacles.

John spoke brokenly, "We have no parents, neither she nor I. Bless her — for she has promised to be my wife."

And the old man blessed her with tears.

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD

Francis Marion Crawford. A popular American novelist; born in Bagni di Lucca, Italy, August 2, 1854; died April 9, 1909. Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Dr. Claudius," "To Leeward," "A Roman Singer," "An American Politician," "Zoroaster," "A Tale of a Lonely Parish," "Saracinesca," "Marzio's Crucifix," "Paul Patoff," "With the Immortals," "Greifenstein," "Sant' Ilario," "A Cigarette-maker's Romance," "The Witch of Prague," "Khaled," "The Three Fates," "Love in Idleness," "Katharine Lauderdale," "The Ralstons," "Casa Braccio," "Taquisara," "A Rose of Yesterday," "Corleone."

Crawford was highly educated and a student in many lands. "Mr. Isaacs" was written at Newport, and "Dr. Claudius" at the Boston home of his aunt, Julia Ward Howe. His father was a most eminent American sculptor residing in Rome. His works, which have been widely translated, are eminently cosmopolitan. Their incidents occur in different lands, but in whatever country the plot is laid, he writes of it like a native.

When he died, at his villa near Sorrento, it was on Good Friday; and he said, "I enter serenely into eternity; I die with the dying Christ."

THE UPPER BERTH

Somebody asked for the cigars. We had talked long, and the conversation was beginning to languish; the tobacco smoke had got into the heavy curtains, the wine had got into those brains which were liable to become heavy, and it was already perfectly evident that, unless somebody did something to rouse our oppressed spirits, the meeting would soon come to its natural conclusion, and we, the guests, would speedily go home to bed, and most certainly to sleep. No one had said anything very remarkable; it may be that no one had anything very remarkable to say. Jones had given us every particular of his last hunting adventure in Yorkshire. Mr. Tompkins, of Boston, had explained at elaborate length those working principles, by the due and careful maintenance of which the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad not only extended its territory, increased its departmental influence, and transported live stock without starving them to death before the day of actual delivery, but, also, had for years succeeded in deceiving those passengers who bought its tickets into the fallacious belief that the corporation aforesaid was really able to

transport human life without destroying it. Signor Tombola had endeavored to persuade us, by arguments which we took no trouble to oppose, that the unity of his country in no way resembled the average modern torpedo, carefully planned, constructed with all the skill of the greatest European arsenals, but, when constructed, destined to be directed by feeble hands into a region where it must undoubtedly explode, unseen, unfeared, and unheard, into the illimitable wastes of political chaos.

It is unnecessary to go into further details. The conversation had assumed proportions which would have bored Prometheus on his rock, which would have driven Tantalus to distraction, and which would have impelled Ixion to seek relaxation in the simple but instructive dialogues of Herr Ollendorff, rather than submit to the greater evil of listening to our talk. We had sat at table for hours; we were bored, we were tired, and nobody showed signs of moving.

Somebody called for cigars. We all instinctively looked towards the speaker. Brisbane was a man of five-and-thirty years of age, and remarkable for those gifts which chiefly attract the attention of men. He was a strong man. The external proportions of his figure presented nothing extraordinary to the common eye, though his size was above the average. He was a little over six feet in height, and moderately broad in the shoulder; he did not appear to be stout, but, on the other hand, he was certainly not thin; his small head was supported by a strong and sinewy neck; his broad, muscular hands appeared to possess a peculiar skill in breaking walnuts without the assistance of the ordinary cracker, and, seeing him in profile, one could not help remarking the extraordinary breadth of his sleeves and the unusual thickness of his chest. He was one of those men who are commonly spoken of among men as deceptive; that is to say that though he looked exceedingly strong he was in reality very much stronger than he looked. Of his features I need say little. His head is small, his hair is thin, his eyes are blue, his nose is large, he has a small mustache and a square jaw. Everybody knows Brisbane, and when he asked for a cigar everybody looked at him.

"It is a very singular thing," said Brisbane.

Everybody stopped talking. Brisbane's voice was not loud,

but possessed a peculiar quality of penetrating general conversation and cutting it like a knife. Everybody listened. Brisbane, perceiving that he had attracted their general attention, lit his cigar with great equanimity.

"It is very singular," he continued, "that thing about ghosts. People are always asking whether anybody has seen a ghost. I have."

"Bosh! What, you? You don't mean to say so, Brisbane? Well, for a man of his intelligence!"

A chorus of exclamations greeted Brisbane's remarkable statement. Everybody called for cigars, and Stubbs the butler suddenly appeared from the depths of nowhere with a fresh bottle of dry champagne. The situation was saved; Brisbane was going to tell a story.

I am an old sailor, said Brisbane, and as I have to cross the Atlantic pretty often, I have my favorites. Most men have their favorites. I have seen a man wait in a Broadway bar for three quarters of an hour for a particular car which he liked. I believe the bar-keeper made at least one third of his living by that man's preference. I have a habit of waiting for certain ships when I am obliged to cross that duck-pond. It may be a prejudice, but I was never cheated out of a good passage but once in my life. I remember it very well; it was a warm morning in June, and the Custom House officials, who were hanging about waiting for a steamer already on her way up from the Quarantine, presented a peculiarly hazy and thoughtful appearance. I had not much luggage — I never have. I mingled with the crowd of passengers, porters, and officious individuals in blue coats and brass buttons, who seemed to spring up like mushrooms from the deck of a moored steamer to obtrude their unnecessary services upon the independent passenger. I have often noticed with a certain interest the spontaneous evolution of these fellows. They are not there when you arrive; five minutes after the pilot has called "Go ahead!" they, or at least their blue coats and brass buttons, have disappeared from deck and gangway as completely as though they had been consigned to that locker which tradition unanimously ascribes to Davy Jones. But, at the moment of starting, they are there, clean-shaved, blue-

coated, and ravenous for fees. I hastened on board. The *Kamtschatka* was one of my favorite ships. I say was, because she emphatically no longer is. I cannot conceive of any inducement which could entice me to make another voyage in her. Yes, I know what you are going to say. She is uncommonly clean in the run aft, she has enough bluffing off in the bows to keep her dry, and the lower berths are most of them double. She has a lot of advantages, but I won't cross in her again. Excuse the digression. I got on board. I hailed a steward, whose red nose and redder whiskers were equally familiar to me.

"One hundred and five, lower berth," said I, in the business-like tone peculiar to men who think no more of crossing the Atlantic than taking a whisky cocktail at downtown Delmonico's.

The steward took my portmanteau, greatcoat, and rug. I shall never forget the expression of his face. Not that he turned pale. It is maintained by the most eminent divines that even miracles cannot change the course of nature. I have no hesitation in saying that he did not turn pale; but, from his expression, I judged that he was either about to shed tears, to sneeze, or to drop my portmanteau. As the latter contained two bottles of particularly fine old sherry presented to me for my voyage by my old friend Snigginson van Pickyns, I felt extremely nervous. But the steward did none of these things.

"Well, I'm d——d!" said he in a low voice, and led the way.

I supposed my Hermes, as he led me to the lower regions, had had a little grog, but I said nothing, and followed him. One hundred and five was on the port side, well aft. There was nothing remarkable about the stateroom. The lower berth, like most of those upon the *Kamtschatka*, was double. There was plenty of room; there was the usual washing apparatus, calculated to convey an idea of luxury to the mind of a North American Indian; there were the usual inefficient racks of brown wood, in which it is more easy to hang a large-sized umbrella than the common tooth-brush of commerce. Upon the uninviting mattresses were carefully folded together those blankets which a great modern humorist has aptly compared to cold buckwheat cakes. The question of towels was left entirely to the imagination. The glass decanters were filled with a transparent liquid faintly tinged with brown, but from which an odor less faint, but

not more pleasing, ascended to the nostrils, like a far-off seasick reminiscence of oily machinery. Sad-colored curtains half closed the upper berth. The hazy June daylight shed a faint illumination upon the desolate little scene. Ugh! how I hate that stateroom!

The steward deposited my traps and looked at me, as though he wanted to get away — probably in search of more passengers and more fees. It is always a good plan to start in favor with those functionaries, and I accordingly gave him certain coins there and then.

"I'll try and make yer comfortable all I can," he remarked, as he put the coins in his pocket. Nevertheless, there was a doubtful intonation in his voice which surprised me. Possibly his scale of fees had gone up, and he was not satisfied; but on the whole I was inclined to think that, as he himself would have expressed it, he was "the better for a glass." I was wrong, however, and did the man injustice.

Nothing especially worthy of mention occurred during that day. We left the pier punctually, and it was very pleasant to be fairly under way, for the weather was warm and sultry, and the motion of the steamer produced a refreshing breeze. Everybody knows what the first day at sea is like. People pace the decks and stare at each other, and occasionally meet acquaintances whom they did not know to be on board. There is the usual uncertainty as to whether the food will be good, bad, or indifferent, until the first two meals have put the matter beyond a doubt; there is the usual uncertainty about the weather, until the ship is fairly off Fire Island. The tables are crowded at first, and then suddenly thinned. Pale-faced people spring from their seats and precipitate themselves towards the door, and each old sailor breathes more freely as his seasick neighbor rushes from his side, leaving him plenty of elbow-room and an unlimited command over the mustard.

One passage across the Atlantic is very much like another, and we who cross very often do not make the voyage for the sake of novelty. Whales and icebergs are indeed always objects of interest, but, after all, one whale is very much like another whale, and one rarely sees an iceberg at close quarters. To

the majority of us the most delightful moment of the day on board an ocean steamer is when we have taken our last turn on deck, have smoked our last cigar, and having succeeded in tiring ourselves, feel at liberty to turn in with a clear conscience. On that first night of the voyage I felt particularly lazy, and went to bed in one hundred and five rather earlier than I usually do. As I turned in, I was amazed to see that I was to have a companion. A portmanteau, very like my own, lay in the opposite corner, and in the upper berth had been deposited a neatly folded rug with a stick and umbrella. I had hoped to be alone, and I was disappointed; but I wondered who my roommate was to be, and I determined to have a look at him.

Before I had been long in bed he entered. He was, as far as I could see, a very tall man, very thin, very pale, with sandy hair and whiskers and colorless gray eyes. He had about him, I thought, an air of rather dubious fashion; the sort of man you might see in Wall Street, without being able precisely to say what he was doing there — the sort of man who frequents the Café Anglais, who always seems to be alone and who drinks champagne; you might meet him on a race-course, but he would never appear to be doing anything there either. A little overdressed — a little odd. There are three or four of his kind on every ocean steamer. I made up my mind that I did not care to make his acquaintance, and I went to sleep saying to myself that I would study his habits in order to avoid him. If he rose early, I would rise late; if he went to bed late, I would go to bed early. I did not care to know him. If you once know people of that kind they are always turning up. Poor fellow! I need not have taken the trouble to come to so many decisions about him, for I never saw him again after that first night in one hundred and five.

I was sleeping soundly when I was suddenly waked by a loud noise. To judge from the sound, my roommate must have sprung with a single leap from the upper berth to the floor. I heard him fumbling with the latch and bolt of the door, which opened almost immediately, and then I heard his footsteps as he ran at full speed down the passage, leaving the door open behind him. The ship was rolling a little, and I expected to hear him stumble or fall, but he ran as though he were running

for his life. The door swung on its hinges with the motion of the vessel, and the sound annoyed me. I got up and shut it, and groped my way back to my berth in the darkness. I went to sleep again; but I have no idea how long I slept.

When I awoke it was still quite dark, but I felt a disagreeable sensation of cold, and it seemed to me that the air was damp. You know the peculiar smell of a cabin which has been wet with sea water. I covered myself up as well as I could and dozed off again, framing complaints to be made the next day, and selecting the most powerful epithets in the language. I could hear my roommate turn over in the upper berth. He had probably returned while I was asleep. Once I thought I heard him groan, and I argued that he was seasick. That is particularly unpleasant when one is below. Nevertheless I dozed off and slept till early daylight.

The ship was rolling heavily, much more than on the previous evening, and the gray light which came in through the porthole changed in tint with every movement according as the angle of the vessel's side turned the glass seawards or skywards. It was very cold — unaccountably so for the month of June. I turned my head and looked at the porthole, and saw to my surprise that it was wide open and hooked back. I believe I swore audibly. Then I got up and shut it. As I turned back I glanced at the upper berth. The curtains were drawn close together; my companion had probably felt cold as well as I. It struck me that I had slept enough. The stateroom was uncomfortable, though, strange to say, I could not smell the dampness which had annoyed me in the night. My roommate was still asleep — excellent opportunity for avoiding him, so I dressed at once and went on deck. The day was warm and cloudy, with an oily smell on the water. It was seven o'clock as I came out — much later than I had imagined. I came across the doctor, who was taking his first sniff of the morning air. He was a young man from the West of Ireland — a tremendous fellow, with black hair and blue eyes, already inclined to be stout; he had a happy-go-lucky, healthy look about him which was rather attractive.

"Fine morning," I remarked, by way of introduction.

"Well," said he, eying me with an air of ready interest, "it's

a fine morning and it's not a fine morning. I don't think it's much of a morning."

"Well, no — it is not so very fine," said I.

"It's just what I call fuggly weather," replied the doctor.

"It was very cold last night, I thought," I remarked. "However, when I looked about, I found that the porthole was wide open. I had not noticed it when I went to bed. And the stateroom was damp, too."

"Damp!" said he. "Whereabouts are you?"

"One hundred and five —"

To my surprise the doctor started visibly, and stared at me.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Oh — nothing," he answered; "only everybody has complained of that stateroom for the last three trips."

"I shall complain, too," I said. "It has certainly not been properly aired. It is a shame!"

"I don't believe it can be helped," answered the doctor. "I believe there is something — well, it is not my business to frighten passengers."

"You need not be afraid of frightening me," I replied. "I can stand any amount of damp. If I should get a bad cold I will come to you."

I offered the doctor a cigar, which he took and examined very critically.

"It is not so much the damp," he remarked. "However, I dare say you will get on very well. Have you a roommate?"

"Yes; a deuce of a fellow, who bolts out in the middle of the night and leaves the door open."

Again the doctor glanced curiously at me. Then he lit the cigar and looked grave.

"Did he come back?" he asked presently.

"Yes. I was asleep, but I waked up and heard him moving. Then I felt cold and went to sleep again. This morning I found the porthole open."

"Look here," said the doctor, quietly, "I don't care much for this ship. I don't care a rap for her reputation. I tell you what I will do. I have a good-sized place up here. I will share it with you, though I don't know you from Adam."

I was very much surprised at the proposition. I could not

imagine why he should take such a sudden interest in my welfare. However, his manner as he spoke of the ship was peculiar.

"You are very good, Doctor," I said. "But really, I believe even now the cabin could be aired, or cleaned out, or something. Why do you not care for the ship?"

"We are not superstitious in our profession, sir," replied the doctor. "But the sea makes people so. I don't want to prejudice you, and I don't want to frighten you, but if you will take my advice you will move in here. I would as soon see you overboard," he added, "as know that you or any other man was to sleep in one hundred and five."

"Good gracious! Why?" I asked.

"Just because on the last three trips the people who have slept there actually have gone overboard," he answered gravely.

The intelligence was startling and exceedingly unpleasant, I confess. I looked hard at the doctor to see whether he was making game of me, but he looked perfectly serious. I thanked him warmly for his offer, but told him I intended to be the exception to the rule by which every one who slept in that particular stateroom went overboard. He did not say much, but looked as grave as ever, and hinted that before we got across I should probably reconsider his proposal. In the course of time we went to breakfast, at which only an inconsiderable number of passengers assembled. I noticed that one or two of the officers who breakfasted with us looked grave. After breakfast I went into my stateroom in order to get a book. The curtains of the upper berth were still closely drawn. Not a word was to be heard. My roommate was probably still asleep.

As I came out I met the steward whose business it was to look after me. He whispered that the captain wanted to see me, and then scuttled away down the passage as if very anxious to avoid any questions. I went toward the captain's cabin, and found him waiting for me.

"Sir," said he, "I want to ask a favor of you."

I answered that I would do anything to oblige him.

"Your roommate has disappeared," he said. "He is known to have turned in early last night. Did you notice anything extraordinary in his manner?"

The question, coming, as it did, in exact confirmation of the

fears the doctor had expressed half an hour earlier, staggered me. "You don't mean to say he has gone overboard?" I asked.

"I fear he has," answered the captain.

"This is the most extraordinary thing — " I began.

"Why?" he asked.

"He is the fourth, then?" I exclaimed. In answer to another question from the captain, I explained, without mentioning the doctor, that I had heard the story concerning one hundred and five. He seemed very much annoyed at hearing that I knew of it. I told him what had occurred in the night.

"What you say," he replied, "coincides almost exactly with what was told me by the roommates of two of the other three. They bolt out of bed and run down the passage. Two of them were seen to go overboard by the watch; we stopped and lowered boats, but they were not found. Nobody, however, saw or heard the man who was lost last night — if he is really lost. The steward, who is a superstitious fellow, perhaps, and expected something to go wrong, went to look for him this morning, and found his berth empty, but his clothes lying about, just as he had left them. The steward was the only man on board who knew him by sight, and he has been searching everywhere for him. He has disappeared! Now, sir, I want to beg you not to mention the circumstance to any of the passengers; I don't want the ship to get a bad name, and nothing hangs about an ocean-goer like stories of suicides. You shall have your choice of any one of the officers' cabins you like, including my own, for the rest of the passage. Is that a fair bargain?"

"Very," said I; "and I am much obliged to you. But since I am alone, and have the stateroom to myself, I would rather not move. If the steward will take out that unfortunate man's things, I would as lief stay where I am. I will not say anything about the matter, and I think I can promise you that I will not follow my roommate."

The captain tried to dissuade me from my intention, but I preferred having a stateroom alone to being the chum of any officer on board. I do not know whether I acted foolishly, but if I had taken his advice I should have had nothing more to tell. There would have remained the disagreeable coincidence of sev-

eral suicides occurring among men who had slept in the same cabin, but that would have been all.

That was not the end of the matter, however, by any means. I obstinately made up my mind that I would not be disturbed by such tales, and I even went so far as to argue the question with the captain. There was something wrong about the stateroom, I said. It was rather damp. The porthole had been left open last night. My roommate might have been ill when he came on board, and he might have become delirious after he went to bed. He might even now be hiding somewhere on board, and might be found later. The place ought to be aired and the fastening of the port looked to. If the captain would give me leave, I would see that what I thought necessary was done immediately.

"Of course you have a right to stay where you are if you please," he replied, rather petulantly; "but I wish you would turn out and let me lock the place up, and be done with it."

I did not see it in the same light, and left the captain, after promising to be silent concerning the disappearance of my companion. The latter had had no acquaintances on board, and was not missed in the course of the day. Towards evening I met the doctor again, and he asked me whether I had changed my mind. I told him I had not.

"Then you will before long," he said, very gravely.

We played whist in the evening, and I went to bed late. I will confess now that I felt a disagreeable sensation when I entered my stateroom. I could not help thinking of the tall man I had seen on the previous night, who was now dead, drowned, tossing about in the long swell, two or three hundred miles astern. His face rose very distinctly before me as I undressed, and I even went so far as to draw back the curtains of the upper berth, as though to persuade myself that he was actually gone. I also bolted the door of the stateroom. Suddenly I became aware that the porthole was open and fastened back. This was more than I could stand. I hastily threw on my dressing-gown and went in search of Robert, the steward of my passage. I was very angry, I remember, and when I found him I dragged him roughly to the door of one hundred and five, and pushed him towards the open porthole.

"What the deuce do you mean, you scoundrel, by leaving that

port open every night? Don't you know it is against the regulations? Don't you know that if the ship heeled and the water began to come in ten men could not shut it? I will report you to the captain, you blackguard, for endangering the ship!"

I was exceedingly wroth. The man trembled and turned pale, and then began to shut the round glass plate with the heavy brass fittings.

"Why don't you answer me?" I said roughly.

"If you please, sir," faltered Robert, "there's nobody on board as can keep this 'ere port shut at night. You can try it yourself, sir. I ain't a-going to stop hany longer on board o' this vessel, sir; I ain't, indeed. But if I was you, sir, I'd just clear out and go and sleep with the surgeon, or something, I would. Look 'ere, sir, is that fastened what you may call securely, or not, sir? Try it, sir, see if it will move a hinch."

I tried the port, and found it perfectly tight.

"Well, sir," continued Robert, triumphantly, "I wager my reputation as a A1 steward, that in arf an hour it will be open again; fastened back, too, sir, that's the horful thing — fastened back!"

I examined the great screw and the looped nut that ran on it.

"If I find it open in the night, Robert, I will give you a sovereign. It is not possible. You may go."

"Soverin' did you say, sir? Very good, sir. Thank ye, sir. Good-night, sir. Pleasant reepose, sir, and all manner of hinchantin' dreams, sir."

Robert scuttled away, delighted at being released. Of course, I thought he was trying to account for his negligence by a silly story, intended to frighten me, and I disbelieved him. The consequence was that he got his sovereign, and I spent a very peculiarly unpleasant night.

I went to bed, and five minutes after I had rolled myself up in my blankets the inexorable Robert extinguished the light that burned steadily behind the ground-glass pane near the door. I lay quite still in the dark trying to go to sleep, but I soon found that impossible. It had been some satisfaction to be angry with the steward, and the diversion had banished that unpleasant sensation I had at first experienced when I thought of the drowned man who had been my chum; but I was no longer sleepy, and I

lay awake for some time, occasionally glancing at the porthole, which I could just see from where I lay, and which, in the darkness, looked like a faintly luminous soup-plate suspended in blackness. I believe I must have lain there for an hour, and, as I remember, I was just dozing into sleep when I was roused by a draught of cold air and by distinctly feeling the spray of the sea blown upon my face. I started to my feet, and not having allowed in the dark for the motion of the ship, I was instantly thrown violently across the stateroom upon the couch which was placed beneath the porthole. I recovered myself immediately, however, and climbed upon my knees. The porthole was again wide open and fastened back!

Now these things are facts. I was wide awake when I got up, and I should certainly have been waked by the fall had I still been dozing. Moreover, I bruised my elbows and knees badly, and the bruises were there on the following morning to testify to the fact, if I myself had doubted it. The porthole was wide open and fastened back — a thing so unaccountable that I remember very well feeling astonishment rather than fear when I discovered it. I at once closed the plate again and screwed down the loop nut with all my strength. It was very dark in the stateroom. I reflected that the port had certainly been opened within an hour after Robert had at first shut it in my presence, and I determined to watch it and see whether it would open again. Those brass fittings are very heavy and by no means easy to move; I could not believe that the clamp had been turned by the shaking of the screw. I stood peering out through the thick glass at the alternate white and gray streaks of the sea that foamed beneath the ship's side. I must have remained there a quarter of an hour.

Suddenly, as I stood, I distinctly heard something moving behind me in one of the berths, and a moment afterwards, just as I turned instinctively to look — though I could, of course, see nothing in the darkness — I heard a very faint groan. I sprang across the stateroom, and tore the curtains of the upper berth aside, thrusting in my hands to discover if there were any one there. There was some one.

I remember that the sensation as I put my hands forward was as though I were plunging them into the air of a damp cellar,

and from behind the curtain came a gust of wind that smelled horribly of stagnant sea-water. I laid hold of something that had the shape of a man's arm, but was smooth, and wet, and icy cold. But suddenly, as I pulled, the creature sprang violently forward against me, a clammy, oozy mass, as it seemed to me, heavy and wet, yet endowed with a sort of supernatural strength. I reeled across the stateroom, and in an instant the door opened and the thing rushed out. I had not had time to be frightened, and quickly recovering myself, I sprang through the door and gave chase at the top of my speed, but I was too late. Ten yards before me I could see — I am sure I saw it — a dark shadow moving in the dimly lighted passage, quickly as the shadow of a fast horse thrown before a dog-cart by the lamp on a dark night. But in a moment it had disappeared, and I found myself holding on to the polished rail that ran along the bulkhead where the passage turned towards the companion. My hair stood on end, and the cold perspiration rolled down my face. I am not ashamed of it in the least: I was very badly frightened.

Still I doubted my senses, and pulled myself together. It was absurd, I thought. The Welsh rarebit I had eaten had disagreed with me. I had been in a nightmare. I made my way back to my stateroom, and entered it with an effort. The whole place smelled of stagnant sea-water, as it had when I had waked on the previous evening. It required my utmost strength to go in and grope among my things for a box of wax-lights. As I lighted a railway reading-lantern which I always carry in case I want to read after the lamps are out, I perceived that the porthole was again open, and a sort of creeping horror began to take possession of me which I never felt before, nor wish to feel again. But I got a light and proceeded to examine the upper berth, expecting to find it drenched with sea-water.

But I was disappointed. The bed had been slept in, and the smell of the sea was strong; but the bedding was as dry as a bone. I fancied that Robert had not had the courage to make the bed after the accident of the previous night — it had all been a hideous dream. I drew the curtains back as far as I could and examined the place very carefully. It was perfectly dry. But the porthole was open again. With a sort of dull bewilderment of horror, I closed it and screwed it down, and thrusting my

heavy stick through the brass loop, wrenched it with all my might, till the thick metal began to bend under the pressure. Then I hooked my reading-lantern into the red velvet at the head of the couch, and sat down to recover my senses if I could. I sat there all night, unable to think of rest—hardly able to think at all. But the porthole remained closed, and I did not believe it would now open again without the application of a considerable force.

The morning dawned at last, and I dressed myself slowly, thinking over all that had happened in the night. It was a beautiful day and I went on deck, glad to get out in the early pure sunshine, and to smell the breeze from the blue water, so different from the noisome, stagnant odor from my stateroom. Instinctively I turned aft, towards the surgeon's cabin. There he stood with a pipe in his mouth, taking his morning airing precisely as on the preceding day.

"Good morning," said he, quietly, but looking at me with evident curiosity.

"Doctor, you were quite right," said I. "There is something wrong about that place."

"I thought you would change your mind," he answered, rather triumphantly. "You have had a bad night, eh? Shall I make you a pick-me-up? I have a capital recipe."

"No, thanks," I cried. "But I would like to tell you what happened."

I then tried to explain as clearly as possible precisely what had occurred, not omitting to state that I had been scared as I had never been scared in my whole life before. I dwelt particularly on the phenomenon of the port-hole, which was a fact to which I could testify, even if the rest had been an illusion. I had closed it twice in the night, and the second time I had actually bent the brass in wrenching it with my stick. I believe I insisted a good deal on this point.

"You seem to think I am likely to doubt the story," said the doctor, smiling at the detailed account of the state of the port-hole. "I do not doubt it in the least. I renew my invitation to you. Bring your traps here, and take half my cabin."

"Come and take half of mine for one night," I said. "Help me to get at the bottom of this thing."

"You will get to the bottom of something else if you try," answered the doctor.

"What?" I asked.

"The bottom of the sea. I am going to leave the ship. It is not canny."

"Then you will not help me to find out —"

"Not I," said the doctor, quickly. "It is my business to keep my wits about me — not to go fiddling about with ghosts and things."

"Do you really believe it is a ghost?" I inquired, rather contemptuously. But as I spoke I remembered very well the horrible sensation of the supernatural which had got possession of me during the night. The doctor turned sharply on me:—

"Have you any reasonable explanation of these things to offer?" he asked. "No; you have not. Well, you say you will find an explanation. I say that you won't, sir, simply because there is not any."

"But, my dear sir," I retorted, "do you, a man of science, mean to tell me that such things cannot be explained?"

"I do," he answered stoutly. "And, if they could, I would not be concerned in the explanation."

I did not care to spend another night alone in the stateroom, and yet I was obstinately determined to get at the root of the disturbances. I do not believe there are many men who would have slept there alone, after passing two such nights. But I made up my mind to try it, if I could not get any one to share a watch with me. The doctor was evidently not inclined for such an experiment. He said he was a surgeon, and that in case any accident occurred on board he must always be in readiness. He could not afford to have his nerves unsettled. Perhaps he was quite right, but I am inclined to think that his precaution was prompted by his inclination. On inquiry, he informed me that there was no one on board who would be likely to join me in my investigations, and after a little more conversation I left him. A little later I met the captain, and told him my story. I said that if no one would spend the night with me, I would ask leave to have the light burning all night, and would try it alone.

"Look here," said he, "I will tell you what I will do. I will share your watch myself, and we will see what happens. It is

my belief that we can find out between us. There may be some fellow skulking on board who steals a passage by frightening the passengers. It is just possible that there may be something queer in the carpentering of that berth."

I suggested taking the ship's carpenter below and examining the place; but I was overjoyed at the captain's offer to spend the night with me. He accordingly sent for the workman and ordered him to do anything I required. We went below at once. I had all the bedding cleared out of the upper berth, and we examined the place thoroughly to see if there was a board loose anywhere, or a panel which could be opened or pushed aside. We tried the planks everywhere, tapped the flooring, unscrewed the fittings of the lower berth and took it to pieces — in short, there was not a square inch of the stateroom which was not searched and tested. Everything was in perfect order, and we put everything back in its place. As we were finishing our work, Robert came to the door and looked in.

"Well, sir — find anything, sir?" he asked with a ghastly grin.

"You were right about the porthole, Robert," I said, and I gave him the promised sovereign. The carpenter did his work silently and skilfully, following my directions. When he had done he spoke.

"I'm a plain man, sir," he said. "But it's my belief you had better just turn out your things and let me run half a dozen four-inch screws through the door of this cabin. There's no good never came o' this cabin yet, sir, and that's all about it. There's been four lives lost out o' here to my own remembrance, and that in four trips. Better give it up, sir — better give it up!"

"I will try it for one night more," I said.

"Better give it up, sir — better give it up! It's a precious bad job," repeated the workman, putting his tools in his bag and leaving the cabin.

But my spirits had risen considerably at the prospect of having the captain's company, and I made up my mind not to be prevented from going to the end of the strange business. I abstained from Welsh rarebits and grog that evening, and did not even join in the customary game of whist. I wanted to be quite sure of my nerves, and my vanity made me anxious to make a good figure in the captain's eyes.

The captain was one of those splendidly tough and cheerful specimens of seafaring humanity whose combined courage, hardihood, and calmness in difficulty leads them naturally into high positions of trust. He was not the man to be led away by an idle tale, and the mere fact that he was willing to join me in the investigation was proof that he thought there was something seriously wrong, which could not be accounted for on ordinary theories, nor laughed down as a common superstition. To some extent, too, his reputation was at stake, as well as the reputation of the ship. It is no light thing to lose passengers overboard, and he knew it.

About ten o'clock that evening, as I was smoking a last cigar, he came up to me and drew me aside from the beat of the other passengers who were patrolling the deck in the warm darkness.

"This is a serious matter, Mr. Brisbane," he said. "We must make up our minds either way — to be disappointed or to have a pretty rough time of it. You see, I cannot afford to laugh at the affair, and I will ask you to sign your name to a statement of whatever occurs. If nothing happens to-night, we will try it again to-morrow and next day. Are you ready?"

So we went below and entered the stateroom. As we went in, I could see Robert the steward, who stood a little farther down the passage, watching us, with his usual grin, as though certain that something dreadful was about to happen. The captain closed the door behind us and bolted it.

"Supposing we put your portmanteau before the door," he suggested. "One of us can sit on it. Nothing can get out then. Is the port screwed down?"

I found it as I had left it in the morning. Indeed, without using a lever, as I had done, no one could have opened it. I drew back the curtains of the upper berth so that I could see well into it. By the captain's advice I lighted my reading-lantern, and placed it so that it shone upon the white sheets above. He insisted upon sitting on the portmanteau, declaring that he wished to be able to swear that he had sat before the door.

Then he requested me to search the stateroom thoroughly,

an operation very soon accomplished, as it consisted merely in looking beneath the lower berth and under the couch below the porthole. The spaces were quite empty.

"It is impossible for any human being to get in," I said, "or for any human being to open the port."

"Very good," said the captain, calmly. "If we see anything now, it must be either imagination or something supernatural."

I sat down on the edge of the lower berth.

"The first time it happened," said the captain, crossing his legs and leaning back against the door, "was in March. The passenger who slept here, in the upper berth, turned out to have been a lunatic — at all events, he was known to have been a little touched, and he had taken his passage without the knowledge of his friends. He rushed out in the middle of the night, and threw himself overboard, before the officer who had the watch could stop him. We stopped and lowered a boat; it was a quiet night, just before that heavy weather came on; but we could not find him. Of course his suicide was afterwards accounted for on the ground of his insanity."

"I suppose that often happens?" I remarked, rather absently.

"Not often — no," said the captain; "never before in my experience, though I have heard of it happening on board of other ships. Well, as I was saying, that occurred in March. On the very next trip — What are you looking at?" he asked, stopping suddenly in his narration.

I believe I gave no answer. My eyes were riveted upon the porthole. It seemed to me that the brass loop-nut was beginning to turn very slowly upon the screw — so slowly, however, that I was not sure it moved at all. I watched it intently, fixing its position in my mind, and trying to ascertain whether it changed. Seeing where I was looking, the captain looked too.

"It moves!" he exclaimed, in a tone of conviction. "No, it does not," he added, after a minute.

"If it were the jarring of the screw," said I, "it would have opened during the day; but I found it this evening jammed tight as I left it this morning."

I rose and tried the nut. It was certainly loosened, for by an effort I could move it with my hands.

"The queer thing," said the captain, "is that the second

man who was lost is supposed to have got through that very port. We had a terrible time over it. It was in the middle of the night, and the weather was very heavy; there was an alarm that one of the ports was open and the sea running in. I came below and found everything flooded, the water pouring in every time she rolled, and the whole port swinging from the top bolts — not the porthole in the middle. Well, we managed to shut it, but the water did some damage. Ever since that the place smells of sea-water from time to time. We supposed the passenger had thrown himself out, though the Lord only knows how he did it. The steward kept telling me that he could not keep anything shut here. Upon my word — I can smell it now, cannot you?" he inquired, sniffing the air suspiciously.

"Yes — distinctly," I said, and I shuddered as that same odor of stagnant sea-water grew stronger in the cabin. "Now, to smell like this, the place must be damp," I continued, "and yet when I examined it with the carpenter this morning, everything was perfectly dry. It is most extraordinary — hallo!"

My reading-lantern, which had been placed in the upper berth, was suddenly extinguished. There was still a good deal of light from the pane of ground glass near the door, behind which loomed the regulation lamp. The ship rolled heavily, and the curtain of the upper berth swung far out into the stateroom and back again. I rose quickly from my seat on the edge of the bed, and the captain at the same moment started to his feet with a loud cry of surprise. I had turned with the intention of taking down the lantern to examine it, when I heard his exclamation, and immediately afterwards his call for help. I sprang towards him. He was wrestling with all his might with the brass loop of the port. It seemed to turn against his hands in spite of all his efforts. I caught up my cane, a heavy oak stick I always used to carry, and thrust it through the ring and bore on it with all my strength. But the strong wood snapped suddenly, and I fell upon the couch. When I rose again the port was wide open, and the captain was standing with his back against the door, pale to the lips.

"There is something in that berth!" he cried, in a strange voice, his eyes almost starting from his head. "Hold the door, while I look — it shall not escape us, whatever it is!"

But instead of taking his place, I sprang upon the lower bed and seized something which lay in the upper berth.

It was something ghostly, horrible beyond words, and it moved in my grip. It was like the body of a man long drowned, and yet it moved, and had the strength of ten men living; but I gripped it with all my might — the slippery, oozy, horrible thing. The dead white eyes seemed to stare at me out of the dusk; the putrid odor of rank sea-water was about it, and its shiny hair hung in foul wet curls over its dead face. I wrestled with the dead thing; it thrust itself upon me and forced me back and nearly broke my arms; it wound its corpse's arms about my neck, the living death, and overpowered me, so that I, at last, cried aloud and fell and left my hold.

As I fell, the thing sprang across me, and seemed to throw itself upon the captain. When I last saw him on his feet, his face was white and his lips set. It seemed to me that he struck a violent blow at the dead being, and then he, too, fell forward upon his face, with an inarticulate cry of horror.

The thing paused an instant, seeming to hover over his prostrate body, and I could have screamed again for very fright, but I had no voice left. The thing vanished suddenly, and it seemed to my disturbed senses that it made its exit through the open port, though how that was possible, considering the smallness of the aperture, is more than any one can tell. I lay a long time upon the floor, and the captain lay beside me. At last I partially recovered my senses and moved, and I instantly knew that my arm was broken — the small bone of the left forearm near the wrist.

I got upon my feet somehow, and with my remaining hand I tried to raise the captain. He groaned and moved, and at last came to himself. He was not hurt, but he seemed badly stunned.

Well, do you want to hear any more? There is nothing more. That is the end of my story. The carpenter carried out his scheme of running half a dozen four-inch screws through the door of one hundred and five, and if ever you take a passage in the *Kamtschatka*, you may ask for a berth in that stateroom. You will be told that it is engaged — yes — it is engaged by that dead thing.

I finished the trip in the surgeon's cabin. He doctored my

broken arm, and advised me not to "fiddle about with ghosts and things" any more. The captain was very silent, and never sailed again in that ship, though it is still running. And I will not sail in her either. It was a very disagreeable experience, and I was very badly frightened, which is a thing I do not like. That is all. That is how I saw a ghost — if it was a ghost. It was dead, anyhow.

LOUISA MACARTNEY CRAWFORD

LOUISA MACARTNEY CRAWFORD. Born in London, 1808. Although she has dealt with varied subjects this writer is chiefly remembered to-day as the author of the words of the well-known song "Kathleen Mavourneen."

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

KATHLEEN mavourneen! the gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,
Kathleen mavourneen! what, slumbering still?
Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part,
It may be for years, and it may be forever,
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen mavourneen?

Kathleen mavourneen! awake from thy slumbers,
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light,
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers,
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night,
Mavourneen, mavourneen, thy sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part,
It may be for years, and it may be forever!
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen mavourneen?